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THE HEART AND THE FANCY,

OR

VALSINORE.

A TALE.

By MISS BENDER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

IN the following Tale, the scenes undoubtedly refer to some period prior to that state of warfare which has so long prevailed in Europe : but to one which is evidently not far remote from our own times. The principal personage belongs decidedly to the present age : his sentiments have been imbibed from our friends and compatriots ; his virtues are exemplified by our living cotemporaries ; and we have lately witnessed the triumph of his philanthropic principles.

Valfinore is no chimera of a romantic imagination ; his story may be fictitious ; but his character, divested of the singularity which

PREFACE.

which might have attached to it half a century ago, is no longer even of the novel cast. Such a being is not only of our age, but our people; his prototypes are discovered in that country where the progress of civilization is still attested by the diffusion of truth and benevolence; by respect for the noblest prerogatives of human nature, and for the best and dearest interests of mankind.

VAL.

VALSINORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE curate of Beachdale was taking his usual morning walk through the shrubbery, so completely absorbed in meditations on his beloved plants, that he heard not the shrill voice behind exclaiming, Valsinore ! Valsinore ! the mystery must be one day discovered ! He quietly pursued his steps to the green-house, and was most affectionately greeting a new-blown *Hydrangia*, when Celia Gladwin came running towards him, almost breathless with haste and perturbation, and at last touching his shoulder, cried, " So, " Mr. Bruce, you have not kept your word ; " you have not yet revealed to Herbert

VOL. I.

B

" Altamont "

“ Altamont his obligations to that unknown benefactor.” The good curate, who would have been seriously alarmed by such symptoms of inquietude in any other person, coolly turned round, and confessed the truth, that he had broken his word, because he forgot to keep it. “ You must forget no more,” returned his female complainant; and then drawing up her long, lean neck, and raising her arm to the configuration of the handle of a tea-urn, she began to speak, whilst Mr. Bruce, fully prepared for the theatrical exhibition, picked off the dead leaves from a *Fuscia*, and appeared to listen with attention.

The Celia in question resembled not the Celias of poetry and romance; she had reached the stand-still of life, and was not unwilling to assume that matronly title of *Mrs.*, which is sometimes permitted to attest the triumphs of spinsterhip; but however ready she might be to disclaim pretensions to juvenility, it was impossible to discover in her the marks of approaching age; she retained

tained all the elasticity of youth, or even of childhood. No girl of fifteen had more vivid impressions, no boy more energetic impulses, more rapid movements. Rather ardent than tender, she was seldom seen to weep from pity, but often to skip with gladness. Sorrow was no inmate of her bosom, for of hope and credulity she had a fund inexhaustible, and to suspicions or selfishness was wholly a stranger. Her actions inspired admiration; yet was it difficult to see her, and not to smile at her expence; for to a tall, lank figure, and a dark, homely visage, to a person in which Time was baulked of his spoils by the original penury of nature, she added that picturesque style of dress, equally distant from precision and elegance, and which at once offends the grave, and diverts the gay.

Yet was Celia ever brooding on visions of celestial beauty, for the basis of her character was romance; she delighted to trace the progress of mutual sentiment, and had cases and precedents without number concerning the tender passion. Her own heart had

once been eminently susceptible of *fancy*, if not of love; but her chagrins had never been deep or permanent, and so quickly did one dream efface another, that she was now persuaded she had never really suffered but for one object, the father of Herbert Altamont; and it was probably this circumstance which really prompted her to take so warm an interest in his future destiny. Of late, indeed, her speculations had assumed a higher cast: she talked and thought of the Roman senate, and the House of Commons; of patricians and peers; of the forum and the bar; but all with some mysterious reference to Herbert; and a secret being almost as necessary to her happiness as an idol, she had idioms and gestures of her own to indicate the most common occurrence. With this vocabulary her intimate friends were so perfectly familiar, that when Mr. Bruce saw her enter the green-house with such theatrical agitation, he expected only a repetition of the emphatic phrases to which he had been long accustomed to listen with indulgent com-

complacency : " Mr. Bruce, the Ides are
 " approaching, it is time to make the essay
 " on Herbert's character, I see his father's
 " spirit in him ; his father was formed to
 " win all hearts, and charm all eyes. De-
 " scended from one of the noblest houses in
 " Ireland, he spent his little patrimony with
 " the liberality of his nation and his tem-
 " per ; but in nothing that disgraced him."

" I dare say not," said Mr. Bruce, who, per-
 ceiving an insect about to settle on the petals
 of his *Hydrangia*, took out his microscope,
 and began to examine it. " Oh ! he was
 " gallant as Alcibiades, and generous as
 " Cyrus ; he was the only man I ever saw
 " who did not lose dignity in walking a
 " minuet. I always called him my Grandi-
 " son, and he perhaps thought me his Cle-
 " mentina. Ah ! first impressions are inde-
 " libile, *never, never* to be erased."

" I hope not always so, Miss Gladwin."
 " Why I do not mean to make a rule without
 " exception ; for I believe Altamont's widow
 " loves you as much as if you had been her

“ first husband. Well, characters differ ; *my*
“ *badge* is *constancy*, I shall always cherish
“ Herbert for his father’s sake ; and there-
“ fore, Mr. Bruce, I do *solemnly* conjure you
“ to reveal to him this very day, the myf-
“ terious benefaction of Valsinore.” “ That
“ is *truly* his mother’s concern, he cer-
“ tainly is now of an age to choose a pro-
“ fession.” “ A profession ! would you con-
“ demn him to the sorry drudgery of a
“ profession ? No, let him go to college
“ with Edward Vallancy.” “ Admitted ;
“ but let this be done with some specific ob-
“ ject.” “ *His* object,” retorted Celia,
jerking her elbow with a vehemence that
alarmed Mr. Bruce for the glass window,
“ *his* object must be *honor*, his *goal*, glory.
“ Why don’t you see his transcendent talents ?
“ don’t you know how superior he is to your
“ pupil Vallancy ?” “ They are different,
“ but perhaps not unequal.” “ Not un-
“ equal ! this is all modesty. You disparage
“ Herbert, because he is your wife’s son,
“ and extol Vallancy, because he is the
“ grandson

“grandson of Lord Marmiton.” “No,
“Miss Gladwin, no human being can im-
“pute to me such flattery; this is the first
“and last connexion I have ever formed
“with the great, and I am, you know, in-
“debted for it to the recommendation of
“Mr. De Lille, who was willing, in this
“way, to requite my wife’s kindness, in
“giving protection to his daughter Cor-
“delia.”

“Aye, that De Lille is an Apollo.”
“Surely,” retorted Mr. Bruce, in whom the
insinuation against his independence had
inspired unwonted energy, “surely he is
“but a Mercury.” “Why he is not so
“grand a creature as *my* Altamont; Her-
“bert resembles *him*, and Herbert will be,
“must be a great man. I see genius in his
“eyes; I discover talents in his translations;
“and he certainly construes Cicero, or
“Demosthenes, with more spirit than any
“other person I have ever known. I foresee
“he will be the first orator in the house.”
“My dear Miss Gladwin, how unlikely it

“ is that Herbert should ever sit in Parlia-
“ ment. You know the provision made by
“ Valsinore is not large ; my income expires
“ with me ; and should I ever be so happy
“ as to return to Switzerland, I should not
“ be able to dispose of my property in that
“ country in his favour. The best lesson,
“ therefore, I can give to Herbert, is mo-
“ deration and diligence. By pursuing a
“ profession, he may make himself happy
“ and respectable ; without it, he must either
“ languish in obscurity, or crouch to de-
“ pendence.” “ Well, well, keep but your
“ word ; let the *escritoire* be produced this
“ night, let the letter be read, let him learn
“ to venerate the name of Valsinore.”
“ With all my heart,” said Mr. Bruce, “ I
“ will persuade my wife to perform this task,
“ which, perhaps, as you say, has been too
“ long delayed.”

Here, finding by his watch that he had exceeded his usual time for going to his pupils, he tenderly stroaked a *Mimoso*, and turned into one path, whilst Celia, to allay the

the tumultuous sensations the conference had excited, darted through another, overturning with the train of her gown a beautiful myrtle, just opening its delicate white blossoms, the sight of which might have discomposed even Mr. Bruce, who, having spent his childhood in Switzerland, of which his mother was a native, had imbibed in its romantic scenery an ardent passion for the beauties of nature; and though married to an amiable woman, was disposed to consider flowers as the loveliest, if not the best, part of the creation.

Impressed with respect for the real, substantial virtues of Miss Gladwin, he looked with tender indulgence on her extravagance, and never suffered his orderly muscles to be discomposed by her oddity or indecorous risibility. Although at first sight this singular being had the air of a recluse, she had lived in the world, and, being genteelly connected, was admitted with her small stipend to what is called the best society. Many a fashionable lady welcomed her to the toilette,

toilette, who would not have been seen with the ill-dressed creature in public for all the world. She had correspondents by dozens, from whom she received long and tender epistles, in which she was addressed as the "best and dearest Celia;" the "one" "and only beloved." Sometimes, indeed, on her visits to these professing friends, she was struck with the disparity in their letters and their looks; but then, the recollection of some tender parting came opportunely to console her for the frigid meeting. Enthusiasm was transferred from the present to the absent; and still revolving in one circle of amiable egotism, her dream of life, like the shifting sands in the hour-glass, changed its position, but not its course. For the last eight years, and almost from the commencement of her acquaintance with the afflicted relict of her cherished *first love*, all other confidants and correspondents had been secondary objects of interest; her *heart*, and even her *fancy*, seemed stationary at Beachdale. Nor did her friendship

ship

ship vary, when Mrs. Altamont consented to become the wife of the amiable Mr. Bruce; and since that event she had regularly spent some months of every summer at the vicarage, where she caught the spirit of her classical circle with child-like docility, and learnt to talk of the heroes of Greece and Rome with as much fluency as of Lovelace and Sir Charles Grandison. This pedantry flowed from sympathy, and like every thing in her character, was blended with romance; even her benevolence partook of this mixture; and after having diligently assisted Mrs. Bruce, in working for the poor, and comforting the afflicted, she found her recompence in imagining some state of society in which no misery should exist.

If ever there was a scene congenial to such Utopian visions, it was to be found in Mr. Bruce's study; the world was there excluded, and peace and concord reigned within. It was a scene of quiet, home-bred happiness, supplying a

regular succession of cheap, salubrious pleasures. The room opened on a lawn, on which the syringa and rose acacia now intermingled their luxurious blossom. The lawn sloped towards delicious fields. A lofty amphitheatre of hanging woods rose on the other side, concealing in its first ascent the ambitious hill, whose summit bounded the horizon.

It was a sweet pastoral landscape, and never was wisdom presented under a more engaging form, than in this happy academy ; where, in his own domestic circle, Mr. Bruce almost forgot the Lake of Geneva, and the enchanting scenery of Lausanne. His two pupils, Herbert Altamont and Edward Vallancy, had each his classical pursuit. At her work table appears Mrs. Bruce, alternately occupied with her needle or her book, often casting an affectionate glance on her son, or exchanging a few friendly words with her ever-approved and approving husband. Near her sits Cordelia, the youngest of the group, now verging on thirteen, who has for some
years

years been Herbert's *pupil*, and cheerfully pursues her allotted task, but always suspends her diligence when she hears the voice of her preceptor. It was the privilege of this little community, that though each had his independent pursuit, none was insulated from the rest; there was no solitary interest, no undivided pleasure. When Mr. Bruce and his young friends dwelt with delight on some splendid classical passage, Mrs. Bruce, in noticing the expression of each animated countenance, had her share, and perhaps the largest share, of the enjoyment.

Another privilege belonging to this social academy, was its perfect exemption from Pythagorean discipline. Even in the hours of study, no other laws and limitations were imposed on the liberty of speech, than those which good sense and good breeding dictated. In a larger circle such liberality might have proved pernicious; but here, in this family of harmony and love, it produced only that flow of cheerfulness.

fulness, which is the purest source of benevolence; and improvement was not really impeded, though gaiety and good humour were essentially promoted, by occasional digressions from books to the observations they suggested, Herbert was sparing in his use of this privilege; but to Vallancy, it formed the first blessing of existence. Lively and desultory, he fluttered from page to page with such volatile rapidity, that he would seem to have tasted no beauties, when he had in reality extracted all. He had a strong relish for humour, and a most poignant sense of ridicule; but this morning he was so unusually serious, that not even the entrance of Celia Gladwin excited his spirits. He had now entered on the last week of his residence at Beachdale; and though by the sudden death of his elder brother, on whom he conceived both his mother and grandfather to have lavished undue partiality, he was himself put in possession of the rank and consideration he had formerly envied, he could not
without

Marine, W
take

designed for the church, it was thought necessary to make him a scholar ; but now that his destination was changed, it was Lord Marmiton's earnest wish that he should be ushered into society more conversant with the world. A few years ago Vallancy would have hailed with rapture the approach of liberty ; but now he was serious, and Herbert almost dejected ; for he had not only to endure the loss of his friend's society, but to struggle with his own eagerness to accompany him to college, to silence the whispers of ambition, and calm the ardent, aspiring soul that now languished at the name of tranquillity.

Nor was even Cordelia without her cares ; since Herbert, who, in common with all juvenile masters, was apt to be somewhat rigorous in his exactions, had lately taxed her with want of memory and attention, protesting his astonishment, that she, who had heard so much and so long of Grecian and Roman history, should yet know it so little. The timid girl, who, whatever repugnance

nance she might occasionally discover to the requisitions of Mrs. Bruce, to him, at least, was ever loyal and obedient ; after shedding some bitter tears, unseen, unnoticed, resolved to repel the charge, heroically resumed her studies, read by stealth, and with such ardour, that she almost fancied she had known the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ. She commented on what she had read, and, inspired by a mind superior to her own, soon produced a comparison between the patriots of Greece and Rome, which would not have disgraced her severe preceptor. This task atchieved, there yet remained another, of far greater difficulty—in what manner to present to his eye, for whom alone it was written, the honourable record of her diligence and docility. And now, how many plans were suggested and rejected ; how many questions canvassed and dismissed ; how many thoughts and feelings, till then unknown, were complicated in this first secret, and were harboured in her innocent bosom. To give it to him, might appear too

too bold; to slip it into his desk, too cunning; she fears not his censure, but feels she could not bear the cold, unthankful silence; or, bitterer still, the faint, forced praise. Already, on this delicate point, she has acquired a new faculty of discrimination, that sense of dignity shrinking from intrusion, that pride mingled with humility, which asserts itself by gentleness and forbearance; that tender, timid consciousness, so sensitive to alarm, so jealous of reproach, which belongs exclusively to the female soul. The result of all her long deliberation, was to hide her performance in Mrs. Bruce's work-basket, leaving to chance alone to make the momentous disclosure.

Miss Gladwin had also ample subject for reflection, in the expected communication. She took up the newspaper, but in reading the debates, at every animated speech, was ready to exclaim, "And such shall be Altamont!" Nor was she satisfied with adjudging to him the prize of senatorial

senatorial eloquence. In FANCY she had long since burthened him with the oppressive charge of the budget; and being led by this reflection, to speculate on future blessings to be derived from his administration, she exclaimed, involuntarily, "What a consolation it would be to see the national debt paid off*!" "For which," cried Vallancy, "you require nothing more than the philosopher's stone!" "Oh yes," said Celia, who always overlooked raillery in her zeal for argument, "we require a patriot king, and an immaculate ministry." "Dear Madam, do you require only this? You believe then in the transmigration of souls." "Who, I, believe in any article not to be found in the church of England?" "You admit the existence of apparitions and dæmons." "Who, I? what do you take me for? I have no such absurdity." "You at least reverence the miraculous

* The observation of Celia will not appear so extravagant when it is known that it was made prior to the French revolution.

“ head of Januarius?” “ Nonsense, Val-
“ lancy ; what has the head of Januarius to
“ do with Altamont’s being Prime Minister?”
“ Altamont ! and is it from him you expect
“ a greater miracle than was ever wrought
“ by all the saints in the calendar ?”

Celia was preparing to demand an expla-
nation, when an incident occurred which
completely deranged the argument.

CHAPTER II.

THE village of Beachdale was at some distance from any public road, and the white walls of the vicarage were so completely sequestered, that it was possible to spend in them the longest summer's-day, without being once reminded of the busy, turbulent world. What then was the surprise of its amiable inhabitants, when a chariot and four was descried, heavily rolling over the green sward which impeded its progress, through the long winding lane, leading to the house. In one instant the family were all in motion. Even the sedate Mr. Bruce put down his folio, and took up his pocket telescope; and Celia herself was in such suspense, that for two minutes she stood still, and looked like other people. Conjecture was now ended; for the carriage stopt, and the person alighting

ing from it was no other than Mr. De Lille, the father of Cordelia. He was instantly surrounded by the whole family, all offering the most cordial welcome. But De Lille was evidently impatient of every impediment to his mission; and after paying his compliments to all, and most obsequiously to Vallancy, he abruptly announced the object of his visit, which was to take back his Cordelia. At the same time he assured Vallancy that both his mother and Lord Marmiton were perfectly well, and expecting to see him in his way to college.

The tears started to Cordelia's eyes, which had been radiant with joy at her father's approach. To soften her regret, De Lille assured her she should return in a few weeks to Beachdale. "But surely," cried Mrs. Bruce, "you will not leave us to-day." He was "extremely sorry, it was very unfortunate, but it was absolutely necessary he should tear himself away." Here again his fine eyes were cast down, whilst a conscious smile of exultation stole over his countenance. But perceiving

ceiving his daughter's dejection, he pinched her cheek, and promised not to detain her more than one fortnight; adding, "I have a thousand things to say to you." Her eyes brightened at this assurance, but still her heart was heavy; and though when felicitated by her friends on her approaching excursion, she tried to smile, she felt so much more inclined to weep, that she was glad to steal out of the room, softly murmuring to herself, "Had it been but to-morrow, I should then perhaps for *once* have pleased Herbert." And for that once, that all-precious moment, even fancy could suggest no equivalent. The heart is too tenacious to accept a compromise. De Lille, after glancing from one to the other, with a mysterious air, addressing Mrs. Gladwin, professed to have some commission with which to entrust her; and she, enchanted with any thing in the shape of a secret, instantly arose, and with great complacency permitted him to conduct her to an arbour in the garden. Vallancy followed them

them with his eyes; and when he observed Celia's energetic gesticulation, and saw by the violent motion of her muscles, that she was in rapturous amazement, he exclaimed, "If David Hartley had known thee, I should not have wondered at his theory of thought and vibration." De Lille was in every respect the pupil of the graces, and strikingly exemplified the remark of Lord Chesterfield, that superficial elegance almost invariably extorts success before solid unattractive merit. Mr. Bruce was a man of sound learning, of correct taste, of strict piety, and unblemished reputation; but his manners were cold and reserved, and though generally esteemed, it was necessary that he should be intimately known to be loved. A moderate competence had been the boundary of his ambition, and he seemed destined to live and die in quiet obscurity.

De Lille, with scarcely any other advantage than a captivating exterior, though originally without fortune or connexions, had

had shaped his way to something like distinction. In early life he had won the affections of a lovely girl of family, who for his sake incurred the parental malediction, and was renounced by all her connexions. She possessed some fortune independent of her father, of which De Lille was put into possession, but which was soon dissipated in fashionable follies. Reduced to indigence, he was happily recommended as private secretary to Lord Marmiton, who was then going abroad in a diplomatic capacity. To this politic nobleman, De Lille was fortunate enough to render some essential services, and on his return to England was invited by him to superintend the education of his two grandsons, till he should be able to procure him a situation more worthy of his talents. De Lille contrived to render this office a sinecure, by getting rid of the younger Vallancy, whose brilliant capacity was but too formidable to a man of his moderate attainments. Here therefore he lived at ease, flattered and caressed by Lord

Marmiton, who was happy to discover so cheap a mode of compensating former services, and trusted and courted by the mother of his pupil, who commonly resided with her father-in-law, under his immediate protection.

In the meantime, the unhappy wife of De Lille died, withering in her bloom at Beachdale, to which she had retired for cheapness and privacy ; and with her last breath implored Mrs. Bruce to take her little Cordelia under her maternal care. Mrs. Bruce had so well performed her promise, that Cordelia scarcely felt the loss of either parent ; she had indeed sometimes seen her father for a few days, and in common with every body else, thought him the handsomest man in the world : but it was not possible, during such transient interviews, to inspire all the filial love of which her nature was capable, and little could it occasion surprize, that she was alarmed by any intimation of being removed from the vicarage. It was the first time such a requisition had ever been made,
and

and Mrs. Bruce had a painful surmise that the separation was intended to be final ; she therefore awaited with some impatience the conclusion of the conference between De Lille and Miss Gladwin. When they at length returned, exultation was still more strongly imprinted in his countenance ; Celia's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and most unusually the crimson mingled with the yellow in her sun-burnt cheeks. " Surely," whispers Vallancy to Mrs. Bruce, " he has made love to her." Mrs. Bruce was in no humour to relish the pleasantry, and never was any surmise more invidious. Celia was the egotist of fancy, but her heart was pure from selfish feelings : nature had stamped on it an honourable singularity, for generosity is eccentricity. A disinterested being is seldom understood and appreciated.

Cordelia now throwing her arms around Mrs. Bruce's neck, spoke not, lest she should sob aloud ; her friend, equally affected, pressed her to her bosom in silence ; the agitated girl, spreading her hands over her

face, and not daring to look back, was passively conducted by her father to the carriage.

"Very strange," cried Vallancy, "that my mother should not have written by him, and stranger still, that he should have come to day, when, had he waited till next week, we might have gone together."

"De Lille has acted with the utmost delicacy," said Celia, "he has left a letter from your mother, which he would not produce lest he should distress you; and he has taken away his daughter, lest the sight of her should offend you."

"Offend me! how can I be offended by Cordelia?"

"You may happen to be displeased with her father without a cause; for was he bound to sacrifice his own happiness, and that of a being dearer than existence? No! no! there are limitations to sacrifice."

"Of what sacrifice are you speaking?"

"He

“ He has shewn his disinterested regard,
 “ since her jointure cannot be touched, and
 “ the remainder of her fortune he reserves
 “ only to the chance of survivorship.”

“ For heaven’s sake, of what are you
 “ speaking ?”

“ You must exert your magnanimity ;
 “ he is married to your mother.”

“ Married to my mother ! impossible !”

“ It is true.”

“ What the honorable Mrs. Vallancy, the
 “ sister of Baron Rouvigny, the discreet,
 “ prudent widow, who has lived in such
 “ strict retirement !”

“ And that was the very reason. For one
 “ instance of love in town, there are known
 “ ten in the country ;—then they lived in
 “ the same house, and love is all fatality.”

“ Pray, Madam, let me hear no more of
 “ fatalities. I do not believe it.”

“ There’s your mother’s letter, then ; will
 “ you admit such evidence ?”

Vallancy tore it open, and discovering by
 the signature, that what he had heard was

true, threw it down indignantly, exclaiming,
“ Married ! and within two months of my
“ brother’s death ! ”

“ A most unjust aspersi^on,” replied Celia,
“ they were privately united two months
“ before.”

“ What, steal a match too ! Worse and
“ worse, the very climax of degradation !
“ and does my grandfather sanction this
“ union ? ”

“ Assuredly,—he has set you a noble lesson
“ of moderation and magnanimity.”

“ Oh, spare me the eulogium of Lord
“ Marmiton’s *magnanimity* ! As well might
“ you celebrate my mother’s delicacy and
“ propriety. No, if His Lordship chooses
“ to harbour a paramour and a seducer, I
“ shall not trouble him with my presence.”

“ Well, Sir, that obstacle will soon be
“ removed ; your mother and Mr. De Lille
“ are going abroad.”

“ Oh, I am glad of it, I rejoice that they
“ can yet feel ashamed.”

“ And

“ And is my sweet Cordelia to go with them?” said Mrs. Bruce.

“ I believe so,” replied Miss Gladwin, “ but don’t grieve, she will be happy with Adela.”

“ Oh, that was my brother’s intended. Miss Rouvigny’s fortune was to have been kept in the family. I well know my mother’s motive for taking charge of her education; she has at least afforded her a warning, if not an example.”

“ She may be your bride, perhaps,” said Celia, willing to soften his indignation.

“ My bride! never; may I perish if I ever take a girl who has been brought up under Mrs. De Lille’s auspices. As to Lord Marmiton, he must act as he thinks proper, but for myself, I never” —

Here Mr. Bruce entreated him to be calm. Mrs. Bruce wept. Herbert looked his feelings. Vallancy was so much touched by this commiseration, that, checking his violence, he only said, “ Leave me to myself, I will endeavour to master the folly. I

“ am not now fit for society.” With these words he rushed out of the room, and retired to his own apartment.

Mrs. Bruce could not restrain her tears, at the idea that she had finally parted from Cordelia ; and Celia, willing to divert her thoughts from the principal subject, reminded Mr. Bruce of the promised communication. He looked at his wife, as if he feared to afflict her, but she readily assented to the request ; and whilst she left the room to fetch the *escritoire* containing the manuscripts, her husband, perceiving the surprize in Herbert’s countenance, thus addressed him : “ You are not
“ ignorant that your father, Captain Alta-
“ mont, was several years in America, where
“ he married your mother, at that time in
“ the bloom of youth. He returned to
“ Europe previous to the commencement
“ of hostilities between Great Britain and
“ the Colonies ; and that he might not serve
“ against a people for whom he felt paternal
“ affection, he sold his commission, and
“ leaving his wife at Beachdale, adventured
“ in

“ in an expedition to one of the new settle-
“ ments, with the hope of soon realizing an
“ ample fortune. Of the events which
“ happened after his embarkation, it remains
“ for your mother to inform you ; and she
“ will at the same time explain what our
“ friend Miss Gladwin means by the myste-
“ rious benefactor.” At this moment Mrs.
Bruce returned ; when her husband, having,
as he hoped, facilitated her destined task,
with that innate delicacy which nature fre-
quently denies, and which education can
never fully supply, quickly withdrew,
unwilling to embarrass the expression of
those feelings, which the recital must call
up in the heart of his beloved wife.

Mrs. Bruce then produced her escritoire,
from which she took out a pocket-book in-
scribed with the name of *Valsinore*. “ In this
“ pocket-book, Herbert, you will find a little
“ narrative of our misfortunes, which, had
“ it pleased heaven to take me during your
“ childhood, was to have served for a
“ memorial of our unexpected deliver-
“ ance.”

“ance.” Here Mrs. Bruce appearing affected, Celia offered to read the letter; and almost tearing the paper in her eagerness to favor Herbert with its contents, began as follows :

“ My dear son, I have been in great and
“ overwhelming affliction, of which you, the
“ innocent witness, were happily too young
“ to partake. Lest the hand of death should
“ snatch from you your only remaining
“ parent, she submits to paper, for your
“ future information, the events which
“ saddened the morning of your existence.
“ I arrived in England with my husband,
“ and for some months enjoyed perfect
“ felicity. Hostilities now commenced with
“ America ; and your father, though fondly
“ attached to military distinction, renounced
“ all hopes of preferment by the disposal
“ of his commission, which he was sensible
“ he could not keep without serving against
“ my native country.

“ An expedition of a commercial
“ nature was at that time planned for
“ the

“ the New Settlements, and my husband,
“ but too zealous for my welfare, and
“ that of his child, resolved to engage in it
“ with the greater part of his property, not
“ doubting but that he should soon return
“ to me with affluence at his disposal.

“ Previous to his departure, he placed
“ me in this quiet cottage, leaving in his
“ agent’s hands a considerable sum for my
“ use. His temper was so sanguine, his
“ heart so generous, that he seemed insen-
“ sible to every thing but my comfort and
“ security. When we parted, he promised
“ to return in fifteen months; and though
“ tears were stealing from his eyes, there
“ was the smile of hope on his lips. I
“ know not how I endured the separation.
“ I mourned over him as if he had been
“ already dead, till his first letter arrived;
“ and when I saw his writing, and recalled
“ his words, I seemed once more to live
“ under his protection. But I was soon
“ forced from our pleasant retreat, by the
“ failure of the agent in whose hands he

“ had placed the money destined for my
“ support.

“ On this unexpected intelligence, I
“ hastened to London, though totally ig-
“ norant of the forms of business, where I
“ learnt that this base man had appropriated
“ to his own emolument the money with
“ which he should have ensured my hus-
“ band's life and property ; that he had
“ absconded with the greater part of his
“ effects, and was now sheltered from jus-
“ tice, in a foreign country. Whilst I was
“ still lingering in the metropolis, unwilling
“ to communicate such intelligence to
“ my absent husband, a dreadful rumour
“ reached me that, the ship in which he
“ had sailed was wrecked, and that all had
“ perished. It may appear strange to you
“ that I, who had before desponded, now
“ resisted despair ; that I clung even to
“ doubt and suspense, with obstinate unbe-
“ lief. But too soon the confirmation
“ came of this fatal news, which rendered
“ me the most desolate of human beings. I

“ was left without money in a land of
“ strangers; of your father's relations I
“ knew nothing, but that he had renounced
“ them; of his friends as little, for they
“ had been estranged by his long absence.
“ In the great metropolis I could scarcely
“ challenge a single acquaintance. I was
“ precluded from the provision to which,
“ as an officer's widow, I should have been
“ entitled, by the sale of my husband's com-
“ mission. The agent's fraud had inter-
“ cepted whatever benefit I might have
“ derived from other resources. I had no
“ means of returning to my native country,
“ and had I even been transported thither,
“ I should have found no home. My family
“ were all scattered, many had perished,
“ and the survivors were withdrawn to the
“ Back Settlements.

“ By the disposal of my few valuables, I
“ raised a small sum, very inadequate to
“ our future subsistence. In a few months
“ I became experienced in penury and mi-
“ sery, and having no other resource, took
“ in

“ in plain-work ; in which I persisted, till
“ I became afflicted with a numbness in my
“ joints, which rendered me incapable of
“ that exertion. Then, indeed, I saw no
“ help under heaven, and often did I say,
“ I shall see my child perish in a land of
“ strangers. We were lodged in a garret,
“ whose smoke-stained walls were less dis-
“ gusting than the squalid looks and coarse,
“ brutal manners of my landlady and her
“ other inmates. Often, when no longer
“ able to employ my hands in industry, have
“ I stolen forth with you, dearest Herbert,
“ happy to escape awhile from my loath-
“ some quarters, by going to any church
“ or meeting in the neighbourhood. How
“ reluctantly did I quit those sacred walls,
“ where I was at least sheltered from wanton
“ insult ! with what bitter despondence did
“ I turn from those doors, where only ad-
“ mission was offered to the wretched and
“ the destitute !

“ At length, after having pawned every
“ article of the smallest value, I was enabled
“ to

“ to resume my employment, and had just
“ procured a fresh supply of work, when
“ my landlady, to whom I had been for
“ some weeks in arrears, abruptly entering
“ my wretched apartment, demanded immediate payment. Not having money
“ enough to discharge the debt, I besought
“ her patience till the morrow: she despised my entreaties, and after having
“ cast on me the most odious aspersions,
“ insisted that I should either pay, or turn
“ out that very night. Terrified by her
“ abuse, I promised to depart I knew not
“ whither.

“ Among other articles lately left in
“ pawn, was an elegant seal ring, which
“ I had hitherto preserved for you, as a last
“ relic of your father’s memory, and which I
“ prized far beyond its value, because it bore
“ his name, and the crest of his ancestors.
“ In this extreme distress, I resolved to dispose even of this last record of my happy
“ days. The shop in which it was left was
“ at some distance; but I determined to go
“ thither

“ thither. It was a chill November even-
“ ing, and much it grieved me to expose
“ my Herbert to the damp unwholesome air;
“ but to trust him from my arms was im-
“ possible. So, wrapping my cloak round
“ you, I sallied forth, a sort of desperate
“ hope floating in my mind that we might
“ perhaps die together.

“ We had not proceeded far, when there
“ came on one of those dense fogs which
“ sometimes cause real alarm. It was a
“ dark and fearful obscurity; even the peo-
“ ple, who jostled me as they passed, till we
“ came in actual contact, remained invisible.
“ I knew not in what direction I was pro-
“ ceeding; I knew as little whether to ad-
“ vance or retreat; every moment terri-
“ fied, abused, or insulted, I exclaimed,
“ ‘ And is this England, the region of cha-
“ rity and benevolence!’ I was at length
“ pushed down, and must have been tram-
“ pled under foot, but for a gentleman,
“ who, discovering our situation, rescued us
“ both in his arms, and finding me stunned,
“ by

“ by the fall, conducted us to a chemist’s shop, where he used proper means
“ for my recovery. When I was restored
“ to consciousness, my full heart relieved
“ itself in tears. ‘ Be calm, be composed,’
“ were the first words that met mine ear;
“ and in a voice so deep, so clear, so harmonious;
“ the first impression they gave me, was, that of being translated to a
“ happier world. I looked up, and beheld
“ a man, not aged, but venerable, whose
“ countenance had in it something beyond
“ frail mortality; so benign, so faintly, yet
“ so noble, so majestic. Hope revived in
“ my soul; and when, seeing my tears, he
“ said, ‘ Take comfort,’ I felt consoled
“ already. He enquired whither I was
“ going. I named the street, and he promised to be our guard and guide. When
“ we reached the place, I will own I felt
“ ashamed of my sad errand; but it was
“ not for me to be thus delicate: so I
“ asked for the ring, and begged to receive
“ its full value. The man declared he
“ had

“ had already advanced more than it was
“ worth. At this news I staggered, and
“ had almost fainted. ‘ Oh, God!’ cried I,
“ and what will become of me?’ I had
“ involuntarily turned to our conductor,
“ and met those eyes that seemed to speak
“ only of pity and benevolence.

“ ‘ Let me see the ring’ cried he, ‘ I
“ will be the purchaser.’ With these words
“ he slipped into my hand five guineas, and
“ then, as if to divert my attention, began to
“ examine the impression on the seal. On
“ observing the name of Altamont, he
“ changed countenance. ‘ Whose crest is
“ this?’ ‘ It was my husband’s.’ ‘ And is
“ this your name?’ ‘ That name, Sir, be-
“ longs to me and this boy, who has now
“ no other friend.’ ‘ And have you then
“ no connexions in this country?’ ‘ No,
“ Sir, I was born in America ; my husband
“ brought me to England ; he was then an
“ officer, but sold his commission.’ ‘ A
“ commission ! and was he not greatly your
“ elder?’ ‘ Only fifteen years.’ He raised
“ his

“ his eyes to heaven, with a piteous expression ; then he breathed a deep sigh, as if
“ his soul was departing : but he shed no
“ tear ; and I felt that it would have been
“ a sort of sacrilege to see him weep.

“ Turning at length to me, as if he had
“ been suddenly roused from a dream, he
“ exclaimed, ‘ And you are my sister in
“ affliction, bereaved and desolate ; let me
“ guide your steps.’ I again leaned on his
“ arm ; but he now shook so violently that
“ I had to lend him support. At length he
“ said, ‘ I shall restore your ring, and to-
“ morrow you must give me your history.’

“ When we reached my fordid door, I was
“ abashed that he should see me enter such
“ a place. Perhaps he guessed my feelings,
“ yet he insisted on mounting to my garret ;
“ he gazed all around on the dreary walls,
“ the almost fireless chimney, the bare rug
“ and uncurtained bed ; and, seating himself,
“ exclaimed, ‘ I feel I am punished for ob-
“ duracy ; what a lesson for humanity ! Tell
“ me

“ me by what strange fatality you are thus
“ cruelly reduced.’

“ My story was soon told, and when it was
“ ended, I offered to confirm it by docu-
“ ments, such as the certificate of my
“ marriage, and the instrument by which
“ your father had sold his commission. He
“ passed his hand over his forehead. ‘ No,
“ no, I want no other evidence ; I have that
“ within,’ striking his breast, ‘ which vouches
“ for you ; too well have I presaged that
“ you were my sister in affliction. And that
“ poor boy, — I perceive the resemblance ;
“ he is like his family.’ ‘ How !’ cried I, with
“ involuntary transport, ‘ did you know my
“ husband ?’ He cast down his eyes. ‘ I have
“ seen him once, and in a moment never
“ to be forgotten.’ These words were mur-
“ mured in a low, deep tone, with fearful
“ solemnity. A cloud passed over his
“ countenance, and another piercing sigh
“ burst from his heart. At length he arose
“ abruptly. ‘ You shall not stay in this pur-
“ gatory another hour : come, my inn will
“ supply

“ supply better accommodation for the
“ night. To-morrow I leave this great city,
“ never to return. I am like you, a wan-
“ derer, an universal alien.’ He then bade
“ me follow him ; and there was something
“ in his manner which compelled obe-
“ dience.

“ I suffered him to conduct us to an
“ inn, where, at his request, a comfort-
“ able apartment was assigned for our use,
“ with suitable accommodation. I saw
“ him no more that night : the next
“ morning the servant informed me, the
“ foreign gentleman (for by that appella-
“ tion only was he distinguished) was
“ gone out, but had left word that he should
“ expect to find me there in the afternoon.
“ I waited with a conviction that he would
“ not be unpunctual ; nor was I deceived in
“ my expectations : he came at the hour
“ appointed, and his aspect was calm and
“ serene. He enquired where I had
“ lived on my first arrival in England, and
“ earnestly recommended to me to return
“ to

“ to Beachdale. He then restored the ring,
“ but without any allusion to what had
“ past the preceding evening. He sat about
“ half an hour ; then rising from his seat,
“ put into my hands a pocket-book, ex-
“ claiming, in a solemn voice, ‘ Be this the
“ memorial of our meeting.’ He then took
“ you in his arms, and I perceived a tear
“ drop on your cheek ; but he soon put
“ you down, without any caresses or any
“ words of tender endearment ; and before I
“ could articulate a word, he said ‘ Farewell !’
“ and vanished. I started from my seat ;
“ I would have called him back, but an
“ impression of awe restrained my im-
“ patience ; I returned to the room, and
“ opening the pocket-book, found the fol-
“ lowing letter ;
“ ‘ In this pocket-book you will find a
“ paper authorizing you to claim a certain
“ sum vested in your and your son’s name,
“ which will at least preserve you from
“ penury. Cherish this last scion of a noble
“ house, and may he prove a blessing to his
“ mother,

“ mother, and an honour to his country !
“ I am leaving this country, in which I find
“ no place. I am a poor cast-away ; but
“ wherever I may be drifted by destiny, be
“ assured of my fervent prayers for your
“ peace and prosperity. It has pleased God
“ to make me your comforter, and thus to
“ administer to my own consolation.

“ ‘ VALSINORE.’

“ By these papers, I found myself entitled
“ to claim three thousand pounds in the 3 per
“ cents., to which, for our immediate ne-
“ cessities, our benefactor had added a bill
“ for 80l. so carefully had he considered
“ every circumstance in my situation. It
“ will be needless to say how much I was
“ oppressed by gratitude. It was some
“ relief to my full heart to adopt his kind
“ suggestion of returning to Beachdale ;
“ still better would it have satisfied me to
“ have had some stronger test of obedience.
“ It remains for you, my son, to discharge
“ the debt I owe to this mysterious being,
“ who

“ who has been to me a messenger of
“ hope and mercy. May you but fulfil
“ his wishes—and your mother must be
“ happy.”

Here Miss Gladwin paused, and Mrs. Bruce said, taking up the pocket-book, “ I preserved
“ for you this sacred relic of Valsinore.”
“ And the letter!” exclaimed Herbert. “ It
“ is here,” she replied; “ I give it into your
“ possession.” Her son received it with reverence, and eagerly enquired if she had ever since seen him. “ Never, Herbert,
“ nor am I in the least degree able to divine
“ his particular motives for showering on
“ me such munificence.” “ He mentioned
“ my father?” “ Yes, but I am wholly un-
“ acquainted with any circumstance in your
“ father’s life which could have related to
“ such a man; yet I cannot doubt that there
“ was some secret cause for his agitation on
“ discovering the name of Altamont. And
“ now,” continued she, “ I have only to
“ add, that on my marriage with Mr. Bruce,
“ he insisted on securing Valsinore’s bounty
“ for

“ for your sole advantage. It is wholly
“ yours; and I doubt not you will use it
“ wisely.” “ And,” rejoined Celia, who
had hitherto been silent, “ I trust *nobly*.”
She fixed her eyes on Herbert, who was at
that moment so little disposed to bear the
scrutiny that he suddenly darted from the
room, and walked out, invoking the spirits of
solitude and meditation to calm his perturbed
mind. This romantic friend gazing after
him, exclaimed, “ The spell works; he has
“ received the impression; that letter shall
“ be to him like the inscription on the bust
“ of Brutus, ‘ Thou sleepest.’ Brutus
“ awoke, and so shall Altamont: he is
“ nearly eighteen, and ought to put on the
“ manly toga. Ah! I see it in his eyes;
“ he will restore the honours of his house.
“ Trust me, he is born to be a peer of the
“ realm, and to rival the noblest of his
“ ancestors.”

CHAPTER III.

WHOEVER has been suddenly presented with a living example of virtue, long since cherished in the dreams of fancy, but never before attested on the records of experience, will easily conceive with what rapturous emotions Altamont contemplated the sublime character of Valsinore. Hitherto his sensibilities had been restrained by a situation which gave no scope for energy or enthusiasm. In the respectable Mr. Bruce, he had an object of esteem; in his mother, of tenderness and affection; in Vallancy he had a companion for his gayer hours; but no where did he find the being who answered to himself, who could partake his higher feelings, and at once excite and satisfy his noblest faculties.

The

The mystery of Valsinore had revealed to him his own heart, and the ardent romantic spirit, so long latent and repressed, burst forth; his mental horizon was suddenly expanded, a new glory seemed to emanate on the earth; he felt ennobled by the thought that he belonged to the same nature with so exalted a being.—“And shall I never see him!” cried he; “this man of sorrows, as he calls himself, bereaved and destitute, yet lives to comfort the helpless and afflicted.” At this moment even gratitude was absorbed in a stronger sentiment. He read and re-read the letter, and dwelt with mingled diffidence and pride on the passage in which he was mentioned as a future honor to his country. For the first time he remembered, with complacency, the dignity of his family, and became ambitious, not only of distinction, but of excellence.

Nothing could have been more flattering to Miss Gladwin’s prognostics than to have witnessed his perturbation; but when he

returned to the domestic circle he had resumed his wonted self-command ; and as he had the defect incident to all characters of extreme susceptibility, that of being disposed to distrust the sympathy of others, he struggled to conceal those high-impassioned feelings for which he expected neither participation nor indulgence. In vain, therefore, did Celia watch his countenance, in which the strong impressions he had lately received were no longer legible.

In a few hours, Vallancy had also recovered his spirits, and freely indulged his satiric vein against the inconstancy of women. The next day he received a letter from his grandfather, requesting him to visit his mother, for whose conduct he seemed disposed to suggest excuses ; for his Lordship was the most candid of all human beings, whenever he had no interest to be otherwise. In the present instance he considered that the evil was without a remedy ; and since he was fully sensible of his

his own serious obligations to De Lille, he was, perhaps, in his heart not very sorry, that his daughter-in-law had saved him the trouble of repaying them; finally he reflected, that his grandson's interests were not essentially injured, since of her jointure he could not be deprived; and of her remaining property, should she survive her present husband, she might dispose in his favor.

Luckily for the success of his negotiation, he concealed in his own bosom this consolatory reflection, or it would have produced an effect far different from what he wished in the high-spirited Vallancy; how, after two or three other ineffectual attempts at reconciliation, at length graciously consented to meet his mother in London, on the express condition that there should be no witness of their interview. He was induced to make this restriction, by having discovered, in his correspondence with Lord Marmiton, that his mother had transferred to him her interest with the young lady previously destined to his brother; and that much of her anxiety

to effect the reconciliation arose from her zeal to secure Adela and her fortune to her own family. There was a natural perverseness in Vallancy's temper, which, though softened, was not subdued: to have persisted in open hostility to his mother would have given him pain; but indirectly to thwart her views, and mortify her expectations, afforded him extreme pleasure.—He was happy to have found out the means of inflicting punishment, at the very moment when he seemed to have overlooked the delinquency; and when he met Mrs. De Lille, affected to have conceived an antipathy to her niece in childhood; protesting he wondered his brother could have been induced to think of her.

He was infinitely amused by her solicitude to remove this prejudice: he listened with malicious exultation to her assurances that Adela was so much improved in person and manner that he could no longer know her; and with contempt, to her repeated insinuations, that whenever he went abroad
it

it would be incumbent on him to visit his uncle Baron Rouvigny, who was by birth an Irishman, but had entered the Austrian service, and held a post of considerable eminence under the Emperor Joseph.

Vallancy assented to all she said, secretly wishing that this visit should be deferred till his cousin's return to England; for as great part of her fortune had been bequeathed by her maternal grandfather, on condition that she should marry an Englishman, the Baron had consented that she should always make her residence in this country.

Flattered by her son's concessions, Mrs. De Lille parted from him with strong professions of attachment, and two days after, accompanied by her husband, her niece, and Cordelia, embarked for Ostend, in her way to Franckfort. The latter sent, on this occasion, a farewell letter to Mrs. Bruce, expressing, with much simple pathos, her grief and surprize at not having been allowed to revisit Beachdale: she begged to be remembered most gratefully to Herbert,

but never alluded to the manuscript left in her friend's custody. She seemed already to have learnt reserve, and to have submitted to restraint.

Altamont would have missed his little interesting pupil, had he not been now completely absorbed by the idea of Valsinore. Since Vallancy's departure he had indulged a thousand romantic dreams in his solitary rambles, and was happy to escape from any society which interfered with these delightful speculations. Miss Gladwin observed the change with delight, Mrs. Bruce with alarm, her husband with regret. It was in vain to urge on him the necessity of choosing a profession; the young man revolted at its limitation: he no longer desired to go to college; he rather wished to explore some other country, with the vague hope of meeting with the mysterious stranger. At this time an incident occurred the most favourable to his wishes. By the death of his maternal uncle, a small estate near Lausanne devolved on Mr. Bruce, who
having

having always hoped to spend his last days in Switzerland, joyfully resigned his curacy, and dismissing his two pupils whom he had received since Vallancy's establishment at college, prepared to fix his residence in Switzerland. Mrs. Bruce readily acquiesced in the change. Inured in youth to adversity, she submitted gracefully to all the lighter trials of domestic life; and though proud to consider her son as an Englishman, she had no difficulty in consenting to love her husband's country as her own. The only objection she could have formed to the proposal was obviated by the ardour with which Altamont offered to accompany them, and which rendered her satisfaction complete. But it was otherwise with Miss Gladwin, who ceased not to employ all her emphatic arguments against a waste of talents so contrary, as she conceived, to the wishes of Valsinore.

She had been one morning expatiating on this subject with even more than usual energy, when a letter arrived addressed for

Altamont. The character was unknown, and he tore open the seal with impatience ; but great was his surprize when a bill for 150l. dropped from the envelope, which contained only these words, “ Accept the “ inclosed, to enable you to pursue your “ studies at college, to become an honour “ to your country,—from your father’s “ friend.”—“ And does he really exist ?” cried Altamont. “ No doubt he does,” echoed Miss Gladwin, who had carefully watched the variation in his countenance, “ and he commands you to go to college.” “ —Surely,” cried Mrs. Bruce, “ this cannot come from our benefactor, the writing is so different.”—“ But there is the “ initial of his name on the seal,” said Miss Gladwin.—“ That V.” rejoined Altamont, “ might suit Vallancy, but then he is ignorant of the circumstance.” Here Miss Gladwin pointed out the phrase “ an honour to his country,” so exactly corresponding with the sentence employed by Valsinore. This evidence appeared almost conclusive even

even with the rational, judicious pastor, when his wife suggested that the inclosure might perhaps come from De Lille, in return for her attentions to his daughter; and she fancied she had once mentioned the circumstance to Miss Gladwin in Cordelia's presence, who might easily have furnished her father with the necessary hints for assuming the character of Valsinore. The downright Mr. Bruce could see no cause for such subtle refinement. Besides, De Lille was too vain to hide his beneficence; Altamont recoiled from the supposition; Miss Gladwin protested against it; and the subject was finally dismissed for another equally interesting. It was decided that Altamont should lose no time in going to Cambridge, and that his visit to Switzerland should be deferred to a later period. His mother endeavoured to subdue her selfish regrets, and Mr. Bruce, happy to observe that the mind was roused from its dream of romance, no longer insisted on the subject of a profession, but trusted to chance and opportunity for Altamont's making a final decision.

CHAPTER IV.

THE reunion of the two young friends was a source of mutual pleasure: though essentially different in character, they were now associated in similar pursuits, and aspired without rivalry to the same object: but Vallancy, was still as little capable as ever of sympathizing in Altamont's romantic enthusiasm; and Altamont, to escape the raillery of Vallancy, was often at some pains to conceal his own feelings. Thus, though he had now communicated all he knew, he was far from confessing all he expected, of his mysterious benefactor; and Vallancy, though struck with the circumstance, could not help hazarding the facetious surmise, that the late donation had come from the presiding genius of love and marriage, the fairy Amatonda, by which name he always designated Miss Gladwin.

Gladwin. "You forget," said Altamont, "that the amount doubles her income."
"Really that is a very impertinent suggestion now," answered Vallancy; "however, who knows but she may be in possession of some wonder-working talisman?" "Who knows, indeed," said Altamont, "but I have been a changeling, and that I shall at some future period become an emperor?"

With all these points of disagreement, there subsisted between the young men a strong and sincere attachment. There was no clashing of interest; no contention for pre-eminence. Vallancy was content with popularity; Altamont, aspired to fame. The former slighted the muses for the graces, and was more ambitious of possessing wit than eloquence; he cultivated his taste for satire, and was always throwing out epigrammatic censures; not because he was ill-natured, but because he aimed at being *piquant*. Altamont on the contrary, employed no arts to extort applause; saw few by whose notice he could be flattered, and
none

none with whose praise he should be satisfied. In one word, as Celia once observed, with her usual aptness at classical allusion, Altamont would have accepted only of the *triumph*, whilst Vallancy would have canvassed for the *ovation*.

The two friends spent the long autumnal vacation at Lord Marmiton's seat, which was distant about twenty-five miles from Beachdale. Among the other visitors collected by his hospitality, was a young man, some years older than Altamont, who had been lately recommended to his Lordship's patronage. His name was Woodville; born in the condition of a gentleman, and accustomed rather to confer favors than to solicit them, he was altogether new to the state of dependence. He had lost his father in infancy; his education was domestic; and the sensibilities of his soul had been fostered by maternal tenderness. Endued with exquisite sympathies, and a delicacy which should seem to belong exclusively to the female character, he wanted but the boons

of fortune to have been the friend and benefactor of mankind; but his mother, who had been left encumbered with a law-suit, after a long interval of suspense, was suddenly by its unfavourable termination reduced to a small stipend, which being only for her life, secured no provision to her beloved Eustace. Being like the rest of his family, a Catholic, he was excluded by his religion from most of the professions; and by his habits of elegance and refinement, unfitted for ordinary pursuits and vulgar occupations. They had hitherto resided in a beautiful retirement, in the North of England; but it was too painful to remain in the same neighbourhood, exciting pity, where they had formerly dispensed charity. They therefore removed to a village near London, where the affectionate mother flattered herself it was impossible, but with all their numerous and respectable friends, they should meet with some who were both willing and able to make exertions of interest in favor of her son.

Of

Of all men, perhaps Woodville was the most irresistibly engaging; but the least likely to force his way to preferment: not only his delicacy revolted from the meanness of solicitation; but his honor, his integrity, and even his benevolence. He was always placing himself in the situation of those from whom he expected assistance: his candid mind suggested the various calls on their duty, the numerous claimants for their influence; he was grieved to occupy their precious moments; grieved to be the occasion of intercepting one of their social pleasures. But if his *friend* had to ask another *friend*, for his sake to be exposed to rudeness and repulse, he was oppressed by gratitude; he was overwhelmed with thankfulness; whatever success resulted from the magnanimous effort, his generous, susceptible soul could set no limits to the kindness and the obligation.

With such feminine diffidence, and susceptibility, Woodville was certain to be neglected and forgotten. In the course of
a few

a few months, he learnt from experience, not indeed to suspect a promise, (for of *that* his honorable nature was not capable,) but to distrust its performance. Still his heart resisted chagrin, in submitting to disappointment; he was so susceptible of enthusiasm, so tremblingly alive to the interests, the pursuits, the pleasures of others, he was so much gratified by participation, so accessible to all amiable and happy influences, that he seemed to share the felicity he witnessed; and when he was admitted to some cheerful domestic circle forgot his own mortifications, and felt that he was satisfied. Hitherto, however, he was but little acquainted with real adversity. His mother's stipend, small as it was, secured them from penury; honour, delicacy, in some degree, supplied to both the place of discretion. They contracted no debts, and cheerfully submitted to privations to preserve tranquillity. Woodville had still access to elegant society; and his mother, though she renounced the world for herself,

self, yet for his sake, was anxious to preserve their common connexions ; and when she saw his preparations to visit those she had once hospitably entertained at her own table, was flattered by a secret presage of his approaching fortune. Among his various well-wishers, he at length obtained an introduction to Lord Marmiton, who was well pleased to add to his list of dependents, a gentleman of Woodville's appearance, and cordially invited him for the shooting season, to his splendid mansion. Woodville was so touched by the unexpected kindness, that without sharing in his mother's sanguine anticipations, he was full of gratitude and delight ; for when he received from another that delicate attention which his own heart would have dictated, he rejoiced not merely for his own sake, but for the credit of human nature ; and said to himself, ' I am satisfied.' Under such pleasing auspices was Altamont's acquaintance formed with Woodville, who was ever afterwards accustomed
to

to consider this circumstance as one of the few bright specks in his existence. His society was an incalculable improvement to his young friend; since Woodville had wisdom for every body but himself, and condemned, by his precepts, even the romance he sanctioned with his example. In his private conversations with Altamont, he strenuously recommended him to pursue the bar, for which he possessed talents. "No man," added he, breathing a conscious sigh, "can so truly appreciate the advantage of a profession, as the man **who is without one.**" He encouraged not the visionary hope of meeting Valsinore. "Make honour," said he, "your first object, and leave to chance the rest."

With all his rationality, however, there were some subjects on which Woodville vied with Altamont in enthusiastic sentiment: he had an ardent belief in human excellence, and for human errors, unbounded charity: never was there a more liberal or more benevolent faith.

In

In this delightful intercourse nothing was wanting but mutual confidence; but the delicacy of Woodville's mind revolted from a full disclosure of his situation. Why should he sadden his friend with the representation of evils he could not redress? Why abridge the few brief moments of happiness, by anticipations of future care and embarrassment? This fatal period approached sooner than he expected. His mother was suddenly attacked by alarming symptoms, and he hastened back to her humble home, only to watch one night by her pillow, and see her die. On the first news of her illness, he had felt too much for her to feel for himself; grief excluded all fordid participation with care; poverty was forgotten, and every want, or privation, of which the heart was not sensible.

On quitting Lord Marmiton's splendid mansion, he had made no provision for this event; and His Lordship, who had never intended to offer any thing better than polite attentions, suffered him to depart with
abundant

abundant professions of concern, and no allusion to his former promises, which Woodville never meant to recall to his memory. It was enough for him that he had received kindness : he had not only too much delicacy to be importunate ; he was too grateful to be intrusive.

Altamont heard with deep concern of his friend's domestic loss, and believed he fully sympathized in his feelings. Little did he think for what worse cares, what revolting pursuits, his pensive friend was compelled to forsake his cherished parent's lonely grave. Little did he imagine in what difficulties he was involved, or what bitter cause there was to mourn the loss of freedom and independence. The spirit of Woodville could not easily adapt itself to his fortunes. He still felt as a gentleman, even when forced to descend to revolting occupations for immediate subsistence. He still loved mankind when he was pining in neglect ; and even cherished dreams of benevolence, when he was himself the victim
of

of selfishness and apathy. It is true he now shunned his former friends and associates; but it was to spare them the pain of witnessing his struggles with misery.

With Altamont, however, he continued to correspond, though always with the same reservation on his own affairs. But however he might suppress such facts, he was sometimes unable to disguise his feelings; and he occasionally wrote from the impression of the moment, but without any reference to his own destiny. "It is a great evil," said he, in one of his letters, "to have been born a gentleman. It is without wealth an attainer of all our useful and happy faculties." "It is dangerous," said he in another, "to cherish the dreams of fancy, for they make the heart sensible at every pore." In another letter, he said, "An unfortunate man bears the curse of Cain: every one fears as an *enemy*, the wretch who is known to want a *friend*."

In

In general his letters were of a more cheerful turn: he continued to give Altamont the best advice, playfully observing, "that since Prudence would not stay in his ark, he hoped she would take up her abode in the olive bower of his romantic friend." It at length happened, however, that Altamont was accidentally informed that Woodville was in indigent obscurity. He had just received a second remittance from his unknown patron, and immediately dispatched two-thirds of it to his distressed friend, though, by this frank liberality, he rendered himself unable to accompany Vallancy on his tour through Italy; and highly was that gay companion offended when he persisted in not leaving England till another year. But the transient petulance was soon subdued; and they parted with unaffected cordiality, nearly at the same time that the De Lilles, accompanied by Miss Rouvigny and her father, returned to England, and took up their residence in Beachdale. Altamont, who was no longer noticed by Lord Marmiton,

Marmiton, spent his vacations in London, where he had hoped once more to enjoy the society of Woodville.

In this expectation he was disappointed ; as never once, since his liberal remittance, had he received from him any epistolary communication. He could not doubt but that Woodville surmised from what quarter the bounty came, and was resolved, by this seemingly ungrateful silence, to restrain his future liberality. To console him for this chagrin, he had the satisfaction to receive a third annual remittance, with an intimation that this was the last time he would be addressed in England, since his friend wished him to spend two years on the Continent. He was then enjoined to return to his native country, where, if he was not wanting to himself, he might one day possess both fame and fortune.

There was something in the style of the last epistle which irresistibly brought Miss Gladwin before his eyes ; but, recollecting her narrow circumstances, he instantly condemned

demned the suggestion, and was happy to dismiss an idea so little congenial to his romantic feelings. The bill now inclosed was for 300l., by which it appeared that the donor had nicely calculated the period of his absence. He prepared therefore for his journey with joyful alacrity.

Independent of his ardent longings to see so classical a country as Italy, he had the delightful anticipations of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, in their romantic retreat, and of being re-united to his friend Vallancy. Amidst these agreeable expectations, how was his joy enhanced, by hearing, just as he was on the eve of embarkation, that his friend Woodville, who had been for some months engaged as domestic tutor in a family in Ireland, was married to a young lady who had been one of its inmates, and who possessed a handsome fortune.

Of this report, as usual, half was truth, and the other falsehood. It was no mistake that Woodville had held the situation of tutor; it was equally correct that he had

married; but the lady so chosen was merely a poor dependant, who, by partaking his chagrins, had insensibly stolen his affections.

Too generous to involve another being in his adversity, Woodville would have struggled with his own passion, had not the too susceptible girl so weakly betrayed her feelings to observation, as to incur for his sake the contempt and censure of her ungente patroness. Not only *love*, but *honour*, now impelled him to rescue his amiable victim from unkindness and reproach; but when he frankly offered his hand, he concealed not how small the sum of worldly goods he had to bestow; but poor as he was, he joyfully pledged himself to her protection; and unfortunate as he was, she rejoiced to become the partner of his poverty.

Immediately after this inauspicious union, he returned with his bride to London, intending, for her sake, to overcome his repugnance to solicit favours, and boldly to challenge assistance from his former connexions.

Had he happened to meet with Altamont, he would probably have renewed his application to Lord Marmiton, but Woodville was not so fortunate; and happening to procure a sedentary occupation, sufficiently lucrative for present exigencies, his sanguine temper again took the tone of hope, and he trusted he should still preserve his cherished independence. With such cheering expectations, he entered gaily on his irksome task, and was contented by pursuing his labours with his wife smiling by his side, at the very moment when Altamont, in the persuasion that he was restored to affluence, dismissed his image from his mind, as he joyfully embarked for another country.

CHAPTER V.

WHILST Altamont is travelling with equal pleasure and improvement, let us return to Cordelia, who once more resides in the same village where she spent her blissful childhood ; but she is no longer an inmate of the happy vicarage ; no longer belongs to a household of peace, harmony, and love. Immured in Vallancy House (which mansion was annexed to Mrs. De Lille's jointure by her former husband,) she can scarcely believe she is really restored to the place where she once found the day too short for enjoyment ; she beholds indeed the same landscape, yet seems transported to another region. She is herself changed from the playful child, aspiring to notice and ambitious of praise, to a reflective rational being ; she has learnt to respect herself, and to refer her actions to a higher test

test than human authority. Young as she is, she has already lost the first impressions of the youthful soul, the dear sacred privilege of approaching a protector with filial reverence, and the delights of confidence unbounded as affection. Separated from her father almost from the cradle, his image was always dear to her fancy, and, till he tore her from the beloved vicarage, she allotted to him a large portion of her childish love. But he had shocked her confidence by employing deception to soften her regret, and as she had ever been accustomed to

truth and simplicity, she could not reconcile the infringement of a promise with her ideas of rectitude, and she felt that, though she might love her father, she could not trust him.

This impression produced an involuntary habit of vigilance repugnant to her nature; she watched his looks and compared his word with his actions; she was grieved and amazed to discover so little uniformity between them; she could not analyse her feelings, but she had an intuitive conviction

that she should never look up to him as she had been accustomed to do to Mr. Bruce, and she often caught herself asking, "What would Herbert say to this?" When Cordelia left the vicarage, her character was only in its germ, and had she been happy in her new situation, it is probable she would in time have forgotten those precepts she now recalled with reverence, and imbibed the sentiments of her new associates. But to felicity, since her departure from Beachdale, she was wholly estranged; by Mrs. De Lille she was treated with cold constrained civility; by her father, with inexplicable alternations of fondness and indifference; and it was some time before even the youthful Adela regarded her with kindness and cordiality.

Thus left to herself, she acquired habits of reflection not common to her age; she observed, she compared, she reasoned, she became every day more disinterested in her motives, more stable in her sentiments. To escape from present toil, she yielded to the illu-

illusions of fancy, and was always imagining some scenes of domestic happiness from which she was excluded. At times, too, she had her snatches of enjoyment, when her father betrayed no affectation, and his wife shewed no fullness, and harmony, if not confidence, was established between them. On such *Sabbaths* of peace she resigned herself to the sweet impressions of youth and hope; her heart rejoiced in nature's joys; she tasted the luxury of innocence and virtue.

For the first year after her return to Beachdale, she was solaced with the friendship of **Adela Rouvigny**, who now lavished on her confidence and affection. This cordial union was equally displeasing to the specious **De Lille** and his manœuvring partner. The latter had that passive selfishness which takes shelter in obliquity, without venturing on any positive violation of rectitude; she would have shuddered at perjury, yet scrupled not to employ duplicity and deception; she would not have invented a calumny, but was always ready to propagate scandal; as she

was strenuous in pursuing her own real or imaginary interests, she was apt to attribute the same sinister views to others, and consequently passed her life in ceaseless and often causeless perturbation and anxiety. In marrying De Lille she had offered violence to her own character, which was incapable of delicacy or generosity; nor was her passion sufficiently ardent to blind her to the defects of him for whom she had made the sacrifice; she was too quick-sighted not to discover that her husband was anxious to captivate all womankind; the torch of love soon grew dim, obscured by the fullen gloom of jealousy.

De Lille, in whom vanity was the master-passion, was at once teased and flattered by her solicitude. He piqued himself, with some reason, on his powers of fascination with the female sex; and so highly did he prize his supposed supremacy, that he even lavished compliments on Cordelia and Adela, with the hope of enchanting them by his gallantry. To please his wife, he would
often

often extol the beauty of her niece; and whenever he had a point to carry, he affected to treat his daughter with coldness and neglect. In spite of finesse and artifice, Mrs. De Lille, with her usual aptitude in imagining evil, imputed to him the design of uniting Cordelia to Vallancy, to the exclusion of her darling scheme of Adela Rouvigny. Whenever this suspicion possessed her mind, she was gloomy and intractable, and Cordelia was the first to feel that she had offended, without divining the nature of her transgression.

It is doubtful whether the matrimonial scheme so much deprecated by his wife, would have entered into De Lille's calculations, had it not been so often mentioned in their altercations, that he began to consider whether it was not feasible, and was actually excited by her accusations to make the very effort she so much wished to prevent. Happily for his hopes, the Baron Rouvigny, after remaining some months in England, was obliged to return to the continent, and his daughter

ter was so much alarmed by his declining health, that she insisted on being his companion.

Mrs. de Lille was inexpressibly grieved by her departure; but consoled herself with the reflection, that perhaps her son might meet with her on his travels; or at all events, if she married a foreigner, the estate, which formed her greatest attraction, would revert to her own family. From this period, however, she grew more and more dissatisfied with her husband and herself. Vallancy became the object of her most bigotted attachment. She talked of him continually, and her eulogies were always accompanied by a disdainful glance at the innocent Cordelia.

A few days after Adela's departure, Cordelia was cheered by the sight of Miss Gladwin, who, though no longer admitted to the vicarage, continued her annual visit to Beachdale, where she had found an asylum of peace and content for an old lady she was accustomed to call her *protégée*, and was
through

through her means, admitted as a boarder to the family of a wealthy farmer, residing in the village. Miss Gladwin was cordially invited to Vallancy house, where she at first amused Mrs. De Lille with her eccentricities, as much as by her spontaneous admiration she flattered her husband; whilst Cordelia was more happy than she could express, to converse with one who corresponded with Mrs. Bruce, and sometimes received a few lines from Altamont.

The genial influence of joy called up to her countenance so many nameless charms of animation, that De Lille, meeting her just after she had parted from Celia in the park, could not help exclaiming,

“Cordelia, how astonishingly you are improved since your return to England! You are now ten times more beautiful than your mother ever was.”

Cordelia felt her heart beat at this unexpected compliment, for she thought how much she should like to be now seen by Herbert.

Her father, tapping her cheek, said, "Play
" your cards well, and you shall be a vis-
" countess."

" A viscountess, Sir?"

" It will be strange indeed, if you are
" not preferred to Adela."

Cordelia now comprehending his mean-
ing, said very seriously, " Heaven forbid, I
" should ever interfere with the happiness
" of one I love."

" Pooh, don't you know she is rich, and
" may have the peerage at her feet; but
" you, Cordelia, have no fortune, and mine
" depends on contingency."

At this speech she cast down her eyes,
abashed and silent.

" How now, girl, are you angry with your
" father, for wishing to see you a peeress?"

" Ah, Sir, angry is not the word. I can
" ever use with you."

" But you are displeased, Cordelia."

" I was grieved, Sir," she hesitated for a
moment; then raising her eyes, added with
gentle firmness, " I would not, for the world,

" be

“ be accessory to the disappointment of one
“ who loves you.”

“ Why, she loves not you, Cordelia.”

“ Let me at least be grateful to her for
“ your sake.”

“ Well, well, do not be so pathetic; I
“ only meant a little pleafantry.”

“ No,” cried she eagerly, “ I am sure
“ you did not.”

“ But supposing I had been serious, what
“ then, Cordelia?”

Too sincere to dissemble, she returned no answer. De Lille, flinging from her contemptuously, added with a sarcastic smile,
“ I suppose you meant to renounce your
“ father. Thanks to Mr. Bruce and his pious
“ wife, for having filled your head with such
“ puritanical vagaries. Pity but you were
“ a catholic, to be canonized.”

Here, to the infinite relief of Cordelia, the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Frederick Mowbray, who was one of the few visitors always welcomed to Valancy house. This gentleman, who was now
little

little more than thirty, had married in early life a woman of fashion, from whom he was soon obliged to separate. Respect for her connexions, or regard for his own interests, prevented his seeking a divorce. To divert his chagrin, he had plunged into political intrigues, and for some time acquitted himself with respectability in a post of some eminence.

By a change of administration, he was obliged to retreat from public life ; and in this interval of leisure returned to St. Quentin's abbey, which was in the neighbourhood of Beachdale. It was here he renewed his acquaintance with Baron Róuvigny, to whom he was related ; and who, anticipating his own dissolution, induced his daughter to name him as her guardian, Sir Frederic accepted the trust, and was in consequence almost considered as a part of the family. Without being brilliant, he had much of the spirit of society, and was universally acceptable to his acquaintance. He had the happy art of putting people in good humour with themselves.

felves. He was every where dismissed with praise, and by every one greeted with complacency. Since he had been elected the guardian of Miss Rouvigny, he had affected to consider her as his pupil. Every morning he had some book to read, some drawings to criticize, or some music to correct; and Cordelia shared in his instructions, and at least divided, if she did not engross his attentions.

The sight of Sir Frederic Mowbray was at any time sufficient to restore De Lille to good humour; he therefore instantly resumed his smiles, whilst Cordelia, unwilling to betray her agitation, hastily withdrew to her chamber to meditate and weep. She was convinced that her father really meant what he had said of Vallancy; she felt ashamed and afflicted for his sake; she struggled in vain to think him worthy of esteem and confidence. A secret terror oppressed her innocent heart; she trembled, lest she should have admitted some improper suspicion, or harboured some unfilial sentiment. She
determined

determined to compensate, as far as possible, by submission, for the involuntary failure of affection ; and she longed to shew attention where she could not compel reverence.

For some days, therefore, after this interview she eagerly waited for her father's commands, and anticipated his wishes ; she presented his favourite flowers, and played whatever air or lesson she had heard him approve ; but De Lille was too much offended to afford her the satisfaction she coveted ; his vanity was wounded ; she had inflicted a pang on his egotism by manifesting her regard for Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, to whom he grudged even that esteem he thought not worth the trouble to purchase. Scornfully, therefore, did he reject all her silent pleadings, her amiable advances to reconciliation ; when she practised his favourite lessons, he turned away in ungracious silence, or addressed her with a sarcastic look as *Saint Cordelia*. Mrs. De Lille perceiving his sudden estrangement, without guessing the cause, became,
she

she knew not why, disposed to treat her with more kindness and complacency.

Sir Frederic, entering one day and perceiving her unusual dejection, took occasion to urge her to devote more time to music.

“ Sir,” said De Lille, “ she scorns the gamut ; nothing satisfies her but dactyles and spondees. Would you believe it? she seeks solitude, not to improve in any elegant accomplishment, but to pore over a dead language.”

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied Cordelia, affecting to smile, “ I do not think you can prove that allegation.”

“ Did I not detect you yesterday in explaining a musty epitaph?”

Here he looked at his wife, from whom he expected the most cordial support, well knowing with what antipathy she always spoke of a learned lady. To his surprise she was silent, and Sir Frederic said he should be proud if he might there also be permitted to assist her studies.

“ Why

“ Why surely you would not recommend
“ her to waste her bloom in such unprofit-
“ able pursuits !”

“ Consider, my dear De Lille, you have
“ so much of her countenance, that she may
“ be pardoned for stealing some of your
“ *mind*.”

De Lille was so well pleased with this compliment that he remitted his displeasure, and said he should be satisfied whenever she was with Sir Frederic Mowbray.

Scarcely was this cause dismissed, when a servant entered with a letter to De Lille, which appeared to cause him no small disturbance ; it was neither very elegantly folded nor very legibly directed ; “ Who brought this ?” “ A poor boy, Sir.” “ And what is become of him ?” “ He went away directly, Sir.” De Lille, who by this time had broken open the seal, changed colour, but carelessly saying, “ I see, ’tis an application for charity,” put it into his pocket, in evident perplexity.

“ If

“ If it was an application for charity,” observed his wife, “ it is somewhat strange the “ boy should go without waiting for an “ answer.” “ If—” retorted De Lille, with unguarded vehemence, “ it is impossible I “ should be mistaken in its contents ;” and rising, he went to the window in evident displeasure. Mrs. De Lille threw on him a glance full of suspicion mingled with anxiety. Cordelia was alarmed by his unusual embarrassment. Sir Frederic had thought of twenty questions to change the subject, without pronouncing one, when the door opened, and

Mrs. Gladwin appeared, her eyes radiant with joy, and every muscle moving with delight. She had just received a letter from Mrs. Bruce, to which was subjoined a postscript from Altamont. “ They are all well,” cried she, “ and oh ! Mrs. De Lille, love “ my Herbert, for he has saved your son’s “ life ?”—“ My son, good heavens ! and “ when was my son’s life in danger ?”

“ Oh ! going on the water in a boat the “ other day, he fell into it, and had not
“ Alta-

“ Altamont, who swims like Julius Cæsar, jumped into the water after him, he must have been drowned; oh! trust me, Altamont will be a great man.” Then turning abruptly to De Lille, she begged to have a few moments conversation with him; he readily assented to her request, too happy to escape from the lynx-eyed suspicion that had thrown him into such confusion.

Mrs. De Lille could now think and talk only of Vallancy, and she was ever fluent in his praise. Sir Frederic assented, but Cordelia was silent, for she was musing on her former preceptor. In about half an hour Mrs. Gladwin returned, with a face full of mysterious interest. Mrs. De Lille now very naturally turned the conversation on Adela Rouvigny, observing that, “ though they had never met since they were children, there was in every point a remarkable coincidence between them; they were both lively and sportive; they had the same style in their conversation and letters; and,” cried she, “ it is really curious,
“ they

“ they even write so much alike that I have
 “ some difficulty in distinguishing one hand
 “ from the other.”

Miss Gladwin listened with profound attention, then, suddenly raising her voice, exclaimed, “ Depend on it they are too similar
 “ to sympathize ; *contrast* is the soul of *bar-*
 “ *mony* ; take my word for it he will fall in
 “ love with some pensive maid, devout and
 “ pure, some damsel that looks like a nun.”

Here her eyes glanced on Cordelia, who, recollecting her father’s conversation, coloured deeply, and unfortunately met Mrs.

De Lille’s scrutinizing eyes rivetted on her countenance ; whilst Celia, wholly regardless of the sensation she had excited, with a sudden elastic jirk, bade them good morning, and hurried away to assist her old *protégée* in dispensing alms to some poor pensioner ; for at the call of distress she always descended from her imaginary Olympus, and instead of being the fool of fancy, became the agent of charity. That task performed, she resumed her original propensity to dreaming, and, in
 her

her own mind, created for those she had relieved a state of felicity to compensate for all their former sufferings and privations ; never were two beings more different than Celia in these two capacities ; her transformation was sudden, as that of the silk-worm spinning its web, to the giddy moth buzzing in the sun-beams, and sipping nectar from all the flowers of paradise.

Little did this benevolent being imagine that she had lodged a poisoned arrow in Mrs. De Lille's bosom. Jealous of her husband's views for Cordelia, she instantly conceived that there was some collusion between him and Celia, to the exclusion of Adela Rouvigny. Cordelia herself was involved in her suspicions, and so poignant was her displeasure, that, forgetting her usual discretion, she exclaimed, " What paltry artifice ! as if any body could suppose contrast produced sympathy. Pray, Miss De Lille, is it with such disquisitions she entertains you in these long confidential interviews ? "

" Depend

"Depend on it," said Sir Frederic, anxious to avert her indignation from Cordelia, "there is no treason plotting between them."

"But you forget she was talking of my son Vallancy."

"And of Herbert Altamont," added Cordelia, now anxious to remove the impression, which she perceived to have sunk into Mrs. De Lille's mind.

"Oh, he was your tutor I think."

"Yes, my first preceptor, and to him I owe the little knowledge I possess, of that language my father has interdicted."

"And was this long ago?" asked Sir Frederic.

"Oh, several years, but I have not quite forgotten his instructions."

"Your first preceptor has been most fortunate, in making his words indelible."

"Was my son also your tutor?"

"Oh, never."

"He set you no task, troubled you with no corrections?"

"He

“ He never troubled himself about me ;
“ and to confess the truth, I envied him
“ a little, because,” added she, colouring as
she spoke, “ he was always with Herbert.”

Mrs. De Lille was charmed with this ingenuousness, till suspicion whispered that this might all be artifice. Sir Frederic looked grave; and Cordelia fearing, she scarcely knew why, that she had said too much, was again silent.

“ It is very extraordinary,” said Mrs. De Lille, “ how Vallancy could have taken such
“ a prejudice to Adela.”

“ Let him but see and know her,” cried Cordelia, her eyes sparkling with generous animation, “ and it must be subdued. They
“ are formed to please each other.”

“ So then,” said Sir Frederic, “ you do
“ not subscribe to your friend’s creed of
“ contraries in love.”

“ Oh, no.”

“ And is that prompt decision from *theory*
“ or experience?”

She

She was again embarrassed ; for both her companions looked as if they would have dived into her soul ; though she happily evaded the question. “ From intuition, I believe, surely, one wants for this no precept.” Here the entrance of Sir Frederic’s relation, Mr. Quintin, an old bachelor, who had for some years occupied apartments in the abbey, which he enriched with genealogical titles, suspended a conversation which began with perplexity, and ended in dissatisfaction to all parties.

CHAPTER VI:

FROM that day, Fancy was busy in Vallancy house; not in creating visions of hope and happiness, but in raising phantoms invidious to confidence, affection, and felicity. Mrs. De Lille now attributed the private conferences between Mrs. Gladwin and her husband to some sinister object; and she was persuaded he had an air of unusual restraint and embarrassment: he was often estranged from his family on the pretext of business, in which they were not allowed to participate; and even when at home, he was fonder of solitude than society. When Mrs. Gladwin returned to London, he was gallant enough to accompany her; and he even remained in the metropolis some days without assigning any motive for such a procedure. About the same time, an estate

contiguous to Vallancy house, was to be sold by private contract. It was suddenly disposed of; and with such secrecy, that it was not known who was the purchaser; though as De Lille frequently rode near the premises, it was conjectured in the neighbourhood that he had an interest in the property. This report never reached Mrs. De Lille, who too well knew the state of her husband's finances, to have given it any credit: but she was disturbed by the discovery that he frequented the Grange, the residence of Mrs. Gladwin's *protégée*, in her absence. Whoever is disposed to discover mysteries, will easily find them in the most simple occurrence; and Mrs. De Lille was now presented with another *ignis fatuus* of fancy, which caused her more uneasiness than any preceding circumstance. De Lille would frequently ride out alone; and she observed that he either went at day-break, or returned at twilight: her vigilance was roused, and she endeavoured to trace his steps, but all her efforts

efforts proved abortive; she could only conceive from the short interval of his absence, that the spot he visited was not far distant, as his horse always returned without exhibiting any signs of fatigue. She recollected the letter, and the embarrassment it had occasioned in her husband's countenance; *jealousy* took the alarm, and the image of some cherished mistress was instantly before her eyes; but then *suspicion* recalled her former conjectures on the nature of his confidential conferences with Mrs. Gladwin; and she was again haunted by the chimera, that her son was by some mischievous device to be ensnared for Cordelia.

If Mrs. De Lille was thus harassed with visionary suspicions, Sir Frederic Mowbray was still ^{more} cruelly tortured by fantastic jealousy; at the commencement of his acquaintance with the De Lilles, he had considered Cordelia only as a pretty girl, more interesting, but less attractive than Miss Rouvigny. But in the progress of
inti-

intimacy, he had discovered in her so many fine and noble qualities, such superior talents united with such modest simplicity, that she insensibly became his supreme object; and he, who but two years before, had thought nothing in the world worth living for but ambition, was now ready to renounce even ambition for love. Sensible of his own passion, he was now anxious to inspire in Cordelia a corresponding sentiment; not that he had formed any deliberate plan of seduction, he fancied he sought only to occupy the first place in her affections; to guard the passes of her heart; to preserve it from any unworthy intruder. By degrees his views were extended. He reflected not on the cruelty of attaching a girl to whom he could form no honourable pretensions; his passion was ardent, but not generous; and so far was he from commiserating the too obvious discomforts attending her situation, that he secretly felicitated himself on a circumstance, which rendered her almost dependent on his so-

ciety for enjoyment. With triumph, therefore, he saw her exposed to caprice on one side, and ill humour on the other : happy to engross to himself the privilege of consulting her taste, and dispensing her pleasures. It was impossible that any man should be more insidious ; and however correct her principles, Cordelia might have hazarded her tranquillity, but for the prepossession her fancy still cherished for her first preceptor. It was not long before she evinced the tenacity of her recollections, in a manner that sensibly mortified her present monitor. One morning, when they were reading together, the description of Agrippina's return to Rome, presenting the urn which contained the ashes of Germanicus, Cordelia translated the passage with such spirit and propriety, that he could not help expressing his impassioned admiration. She received the praise with undisguised pleasure, observing with a smile. " For once you are just ; those are
" the

“ the very words I heard from Herbert
“ Altamont.”

“ And can you so long remember the
“ very words ?”

“ I remember every thing that passed at
“ the Vicarage, because I was more happy
“ there, than I shall ever perhaps be again.”

Had she studied to be malignant, she could not have inflicted more pain. Sir Frederic abridged his lesson, and returned home, almost resolving to think her unworthy of his passion ; but unluckily for his heroism, he found a letter which apprised

him of Lady Mowbray's ill health ; she had long pursued her wild career of folly on the continent, and was now ordered to the Spa with little chance of recovery. Sir Frederic hurried back to Vallancy house, as if he had wished to apologise to Cordelia for the decision he had so lately meditated against her. By a strange fluctuation of feeling, the prepossession which had before irritated his pride, now fostered equally his hopes and his love ; he was

almost pleased to detect the latent sensibilities of a heart, of which he trusted he should soon become the undisputed master. Yet he still detested the name of Altamont ; and still, with a perverseness that could only be explained by passion, was always introducing some subject to bring him to her remembrance.

During all these severe conflicts, he was cautious not to betray the weakness to which he was but too sensible. He had thus to perform a double task of vigilance, and was not at more pains to watch her movements than to guard his own. Concealment increased his natural disposition to jealousy ; and when he saw her in company, he observed her as a spy ; he grudged every smile that was not directed to himself, and envied every man who was at liberty to address her. If he was absent from Beachdale, if he spent but a few days without seeing her, on his return he approached the house with superstitious awe, the image of some new rival constantly disturbing his peace. Nor
was

was it till he had scrutinized her looks and words, that he regained his complacency; for fancy suggested that she could not have received any impression of which he should not discover some traces in her countenance.

In the mean-while, Cordelia was every day less happy in her home. From her father she seldom received real kindness; by her step-mother she was treated, according to the fluctuation of that lady's feelings, with complacency or suspicion, with indifference or aversion.

Unfortunately, Mrs. De Lille had been so long accustomed to look for mysteries, that she now fancied she detected them in the most trivial circumstance. Even the omission of Mrs. Gladwin's accustomed visit in the spring, though sufficiently explained by her being engaged to visit some friends in Cumberland, presented her with a new subject of speculation. She brooded over it a week, and it would probably have occupied her mind for a much longer period, had she not learnt from one of her foreign correspon-

dents, who was well acquainted with her son, and, unknown to him, observed all his movements, that Vallancy was about to return to England, avowedly to take a seat in parliament. As Mrs. De Lille left nothing to chance, she instantly imputed this resolution to her husband's contrivance, not doubting that he meant to take advantage of Miss Rouvigny's absence, to recommend his own daughter Cordelia.

She was collecting all her resentment, when an event occurred which she could not possibly ascribe to human agency. Her brother, Baron Rouvigny, died at the Spa, and her niece, though for the present she remained under the protection of a most respectable English family, only waited for a proper escort to return to her native country.

Mrs. De Lille shed some few natural tears on her brother's death, and was soothed to tranquillity, till it occurred to her that Miss Rouvigny would be accessible to admirers, and that some Englishman might happen

happen to engage her affections. This unlucky suggestion at once banished sleep and complacency. She was tortured with doubts and fears, and motives and machinations. Curst with the eyes of Argus, she would have added to these the hundred hands of Briareus. At first she decides to go herself to the Continent, to reclaim her precious charge; but then Vallancy might arrive during her absence, and take that opportunity to fall in love with Cordelia. She might delegate her duty to De Lille;—but would he not prejudice Adela against her son? She was again without resource, till she recollected that Sir Frederic Mowbray, by virtue of being a married man, and one of Adela's guardians, was, of all persons, the most proper to afford her protection. Miss Rouvigny was already provided with a *chaperon* in an elderly lady, who equally with herself was anxious to shape her course for England.

Here was a scheme without a *but*, or any other impediment, than the very pos-

sible contingency that Sir Frederic might not be disposed to assume the task. To obtain his compliance was now her only care; and having furnished herself with a fund of plausible reasons to second her wishes, she awaited his usual morning visit with a face dressed in smiles, and a heart devoured with care. What then was her joy, when the Baronet so readily assented to her request, that he rather seemed to have anticipated her wishes than to have sanctioned them. Mrs. De Lille was now easy, since she knew Sir Frederic could not oppose her son's interests; and she was doubly gratified, since she attributed his ready compliance to her own personal influence. Like many other diviners, she overlooked the *probable* in imagining the *possible*; and, whilst she wasted her ingenuity in extravagant conjectures, never discovered, never suspected Sir Frederic's concealed passion. She was little aware, that the complaisance which had afforded her so much gratification, was obtained by the interest of Cerdelia,

delia, to whom Miss Rouvigny had dictated the request. At first Sir Frederic hesitated; mentioned the circumstance of 'Lady Mowbray's being at the Spa as an insuperable objection; but perceiving the chagrin expressed in his young friend's countenance, he softened his sentence; intimated that this scruple might be obviated; that it was possible to keep Her Ladyship in ignorance of his excursion; and then, unable to resist the temptation to inspire in Cordelia some of that gratitude she so often professed to feel for Herbert Altamont, he signified his willing acquiescence.

Cordelià was left in doubt of his favourable decision, when she learnt from Mrs. De Lille how promptly it was made; though too modest to mention her own interference, she could not but feel flattered by the secret conviction that it was extorted by her solicitation. She was equally charmed with his delicacy in transferring to Mrs. De Lille the burthen of the obligation; and when she saw him again, she looked her gratitude,
and

and said, in her softest accent, " This is indeed to be a guardian and a friend."

Sir Frederic was enchanted, yet already repented of his facility. He participated in Mrs. De Lille's alarms for Vallancy; he imagined he might arrive in his absence; he supposed it probable he would be accompanied by Altamont. Each excited his jealousy: the selfish passion of fear absorbed even his love; and success was dearer to him than the being to whom he looked for happiness. The image of Cordelia stretched on the bed of death was less dreadful than the idea of a favoured and triumphant rival. Distracted with these self-created chimeras, he was about, not to retract his word, but to contrive some stratagem to excuse its accomplishment, when De Lille happened to inform him, that he was himself going on particular business to London, and that his wife and daughter meant to pay a visit to an old retired family in Kent. This intelligence was decisive; and since he must at any rate be separated from Cordelia, he resolved to fulfil

fulfil his engagement. On reflexion, too, he was comforted by the consideration, that should she even remain in Beachdale, she would probably, during her father's absence, converse with no other man than his old friend and inmate Quintin, who was not a personage to create alarm even in a jealous lover. Tall and thin, this dignified recluse was of a most subacid aspect, and so prone to ominous denunciations, that Vallancy used to say of him, he must either make an end of the world or the ministry, before he could swallow a comfortable breakfast.

Yet was he not really ill natured : though he railed at mankind, he was incapable of malice to one human being. The gall on his lips flowed not from any bitter source ; his spleen came not from the *heart* but the *fancy*. A life of leisure had contributed to create those phantasma which haunted his mind. He had received a liberal education, but was either too indolent or too fastidious to attach himself to any profession ; and,
after

after consuming his best days in habits of lounging, was at length, by an exertion of family interest, presented to an easy place, to which were annexed certain official ceremonies, highly acceptable to his taste for pageantry, and but little interfering with his love of ease.

But alas! the revolutions of empires have too often subverted the happiness of individuals. The minister was hurled from his throne, and with him, like his friend Sir Frederic, overwhelmed in his fall, was Mr. Quintin. Yet, as the raven still clings to the oak (though prostrate on the earth) in which he has so long preserved his cherished nest, so, even after this political concussion, did Mr. Quintin still fill in *fancy* that little crevice of government in which he had acquitted himself with so much satisfaction and self-importance. That epoch was still consecrated to memory, as the one “ ere England’s woes “ began ;” and his constant solace was in denouncing shame and predicting ruin on all succeeding parliaments, all future administrations.

For

For the last ten years he had quietly reposed from cares and chagrins, in St. Quintin's abbey; where it was his chief amusement to collect materials for a body of heraldry, to vindicate the cause of decayed gentry. In this long interval of rustication he was not weaned from the court, and was apt to allude to the glory in which he had participated, whenever he honoured his country neighbours with his company. He boasted that he had attended on His Majesty's person, and his heart expanded at the thought. He repeated this so often, **there could be no doubt of the fact, though what post he held, the recollection of which was so consolatory, cannot be divulged.** It may fairly be supposed to have included **no very onerous responsibility; its importance was perhaps derived from the activity of his own elastic mind; and fancy so commonly magnified the impressions of memory,** that whenever he expatiated on the grandeur of the court, or the *majesty* of the parliament, in which the minister and his friends

friends used to appear with bag wigs and swords in gala costume; or whenever he descanted on the beauty of the ladies, and the gallantry of their admirers; he kindled with his theme, he gathered energy from his own expressions, till he had unconsciously infused into the description the romantic magnificence of the third Edward and his glorious cavaliers. The tradition of his narratives went forth, and impressed with marvellous respect the aboriginal inhabitants of Beachdale. The boys learnt to make their lowest bow to the envied man who had conversed familiarly with his sovereign, and could talk from morning to night of kings and princes. The girls contemplated him with still greater reverence. Fancy was active as fame; and at the sight of good old Mr. Quintin, the simplest being in Beachdale tacitly confessed her magic influence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE wind is fair, the sun shoots his first golden rays on the ocean; Altamont and his friend, mounting the deck, discern the shores of England.

“ Yet another hour,” cried the impatient Vallancy, “ ere we shall reach land. Altamont, will you bet with me that the *Incognita* is arrived before us? Altamont — no; I beg pardon for addressing you by that name; you shall still be Vallancy — I at least must yet be Altamont.”

“ You have a strange fancy for my name,” replied Herbert.

“ Remember, 'tis by that alone I am known to the *Incognita*.”

Vallancy was alluding to a sportive custom of exchanging names with each other, from which, in the course of their journey

from

from the south through Flanders, they had often derived abundant entertainment. A few days before, on their road to Ostend, they had rendered essential services to a gentleman and two ladies, who were, like themselves, bound for England. An accident had happened to their carriage, which rendered it impossible they should proceed in their former vehicle; they were therefore thankful for the accommodation afforded by their two countrymen, who thought themselves amply repaid for any civilities they could offer by being admitted to such society. The gentleman was called Baron Cromek; the youngest of the ladies was his niece, the other was not sufficiently interesting to attract attention. Vallancy, who happened on that day to call himself Altamont, was particularly struck with the young lady, to whom, not hearing her name, he gave the appellation of his *Incognita*. On their arrival at Ostend, the gentlemen were invited to sup with the Baron and his fair companions. Vallancy, eager to cultivate
their

their acquaintance, endeavoured to ascertain how long they would remain in that place. The Baron spoke of the time of his departure as uncertain, and the younger lady having expressed a strong desire to extend her journey to Antwerp, Vallancy instantly avowed a similar intention, and at parting formed an indirect engagement with her uncle to join his party.

Elate with hope and expectation, he returned to his own quarters, where, in defiance of all his friend's representations, he resolved not to proceed to England till he had discovered more of his *Incognita*. The next morning, unwilling to intrude too early, he waited till eleven o'clock before he offered to pay his visit, but what was his mortification, when he found only a note from Baron Cromek, politely regretting, that a circumstance of which he was not previously aware, obliged him to proceed immediately, with his companions, to England, where he should hope to have an opportunity of again thanking him and his friend

friend for their courtesy. In addition to this note, he had the vexation to find that the Iris had set off, at day-break, for Dunkirk, whither Vallancy, with the natural impetuosity of his character, accompanied by his friend, immediately pursued them. On his arrival, he renewed his enquiries, but without success, and finally embarked, with the sanguine expectation of finding the object of his pursuit in England.

“ At least,” said he, “ the *Incognita* is singular if she shuns me.”

“ Yes, as Vallancy,” replied Herbert, “ but remember you were only known to her uncle, as Altamont.”

“ So, you would insinuate that I am indebted to my grand-father for any obliging notice I may receive from the ladies. I believe you have taken my character with my name, for that sarcasm was precisely in my own style.”

“ I meant it not as sarcasm,” said Altamont, “ I was never less disposed for raillery.”

“ How

"How is this? Why are you melancholy
"on the day of your return to England?"

"Because I ought to have returned
"much sooner."

"How! you have forgot, you have
"obeyed the injunctions of this mysterious
"Valfinore."

"Talk no more of Valfinore: I disclaim
"romance for ever."

"No, no, that's impossible; whilst you
"live Altamont, that must be your *extreme*
"*unction*."

"You are mistaken: I renounce all such
"chimerae, I have wasted too much precious
"time already in the dreams of fancy. There
"is no Valfinore; my mysterious bene-
"factor can be no other than Mr. De'Lille."

"That surmise is more extraordinary than
"our tales of the Genii."

"Vallancy, I have not yet told you what
"happened in my late visit at Lausanne;
"some days before I joined you at Lyons,
"I accompanied Mr. Bruce in an excursion
"to the Abbey of La Trappe. As we ap-
"proached

“ proached the convent, we were struck
“ with the singular appearance of a small
“ cabin, contiguous to the monastery, which
“ appeared to have no inhabitant. On en-
“ quiry, we learnt it had some years before
“ been erected by a strange, solitary being,
“ who called himself Valsinore, and who,
“ without taking the vows, almost con-
“ formed to the rules of monastic life.”

“ It is impossible,” cried Vallancy, “ that
“ this should be your Valsinore ; no monk-
“ ish being was ever capable of magnani-
“ mous sentiments.”

“ He was no monk, though like one, he
“ had prepared his own grave, but merely
“ a melancholy recluse. He sometimes left
“ his retreat for weeks or months, and
“ when he returned to it, was more than
“ ever anxious to shun society. About six
“ years ago, he was for several days absent
“ from the convent : at length his habitation
“ was explored, but no traces discovered of
“ its former occupant. A peasant had,
“ however, observed him wandering out on
“ the

“ the approach of a snow storm, probably
 “ with the humane design of giving assist-
 “ ance to some unfortunate travellers. On
 “ that night there was a tremendous ava-
 “ lanche, and from concurring circum-
 “ stances, it was scarcely possible to doubt
 “ that he had perished in the cause of
 “ humanity.”

Vallancy was struck with this recital.
 “ Still you are not sure that it was your
 “ Valsinore, who was this recluse?”

“ It is so unlikely that there should be
 “ two such mysterious beings, bearing so
 “ singular a name.”

“ But did you learn no other particulars?”

“ Nothing to gratify me. I was indeed
 “ tantalized by being put into possession of
 “ a MS. which was found in one corner
 “ of his cell, and which had since been
 “ preserved as a holy relic in the convent.
 “ An old monk permitted me to purchase
 “ it; but on examination, I find the cha-
 “ racters wholly effaced.”

"No doubt the monk was aware of that
"when he gave it to you; so like other
"holy relics, 'twas a pious fraud."

"I believe you do him great injustice;
"but be this as it may, I can no longer
"attribute to Valsinore the liberal remit-
"tances I have hitherto received, and
"which I confess I now remember with
"a painful sense of obligation. Mr. Bruce
"and my mother are both persuaded they
"must have come from Mr. De Lille."

"Quite impossible. I could sooner be-
"lieve all the prodigies of Sir John Mande-
"ville."

"Ah, Vallancy, you have not discarded
"your prejudice."

"No, nor you your romance; but come,
"since we can make nothing of this, let
"us rather think and talk of the *Incognita*."

On landing, Vallancy again vainly en-
"deavoured to discover traces of the fair
"traveller; and too impatient to brook
"any opposition to his wishes, he peevishly
"asked what they should do with them-
"selves

“ selves on a Sunday, dull and gloomy as
 “ it ever was in England.”

Altamont proposed going to Beachdale,
 “ which,” added he, “ we may reach in
 “ time for church, if you will engage not
 “ to caricature the congregation.”

His friend, to whom impulse and action
 were almost the same, instantly ordered a
 chaise and four, protesting he was delighted
 with the idea of surprising every body in
 Beachdale with his improvements. “ I
 “ assure you,” added he, “ I shall abjure
 “ every prejudice, and whenever my cousin
 “ arrives, shall treat her with becoming
 “ courtesy; but not one word of the *In-*
 “ *cognita*. It is my gracious intention to
 “ charm all the women, my mother not
 “ excepted; even De Lille shall be con-
 “ ciliated. Heaven grant I may still have
 “ the wizard Quintin, and the fairy Ama-
 “ tonda to spend my jokes upon; for *love*
 “ *or railery* is as necessary to me, as love
 “ and glory to you: not that love will ever
 “ be formidable to your peace till you meet
 “ with

“ with an angel, conducted by the fairy
“ Amatonda. *Vive la Bagatelle!* to laugh
“ or yawn is the sum of human destiny.”

With such sprightly fallies, Vallancy beguiled the ride to Beachdale. When they were within a mile of the village, he suddenly resolved to alight, and leaving the carriage to the care of his servant, with a strict injunction not to notify his arrival, he proceeded, with his friend, towards the church, whose simple spire just peered above the surrounding wood.

The church-yard, tastefully planted with ash trees and larches, was a scene of delightful seclusion, but on this Sunday it assumed an air of cheerful festivity. The old men, leaning against the hawthorn hedge, commune soberly together; the younger, crowding round the sonorous belfry, delight in exercising their strength and agility; whilst the boys and girls unconsciously scatter roses and woodbines over many a nameless, unrecorded grave.

As

As Altamont and Vallancy entered the church, a thrush was singing joyously from the old ash tree beside the porch, and a red-breast, with familiar confidence, fluttering near the altar. The two travellers took possession of an old seat in the chancel, from whence they could, unobserved, obtain a full view of the stately pews allotted to Vallancy House, and St. Quintin's Abbey.

Altamont recognized many faces familiar to his remembrance. Vallancy was more occupied with anticipating the commotion he should create in the neighbourhood. Nor did it escape his conscious vanity, that the impression he was most likely to produce in one sex, at least, was that of admiration. He was so graceful, so animated, so gay, his satire was so mingled with gallantry and good humour, and he was at all times so *piquant* and so brilliant, that even men of superior talents, in his company, often passed unnoticed. His temper was still perverse, his spirit impatient, and his heart, though susceptible of kindness and generosity,

rosity, too much absorbed by the love of pleasure to be open to sympathy. Yet Vallancy must not be classed with common characters; he had a high sense of honour, a sincere respect for virtue, generous feelings, and independent principles. His errors were those of undisciplined youth; his defects belonged to untamed prosperity. Altamont was almost equally improved. He had lost his college air of abstraction, without losing that pleasing pensiveness of countenance, which was sometimes exchanged for the expression of enthusiasm—enthusiasm the most ardent and impassioned.

The congregation were already assembled; the present curate, far different from the former simple pastor, had taken his seat in the desk, and still the service was delayed, and many a creaking pew betokened impatience, and many a shrill cough intimated displeasure, whilst Mr. Quintin, with looks at once dolorous and indignant, endeavoured to make the Reverend Mr. Bland sensible of

of his want of duty and decorum. The cause of the delay was soon explained, when four persons entered the De Lille gallery, in one of whom Vallancy discovered Lord Marmiton, in the second his mother; but of the third and fourth, a venerable old man and a beautiful young woman, neither he nor Altamont had any immediate recollection. "Surely," said the former, "it must be Cordelia;" "Surely," said the latter, "it cannot be Cordelia." "This looks like an angel," said Vallancy, "but the *Incognita* was a woman."

Altamont attended not to this observation, so much was he delighted with the object before him; not that her face possessed a faultless symmetry; the fine open forehead was somewhat too high, but that defect was concealed by her chestnut braided hair; her profile was exquisitely fine, yet an artist might have wished for a rounder *contour*. But criticism was disarmed by the eloquence of her eyes, all petty strictures were forgotten in contemplating a countenance so happily formed.

formed to express every noble, every tender sentiment; that it diffused the love of virtue with the light of beauty.

Vallancy was lost in conjectures respecting the cause of Lord Marmiton's appearance. As he wished to surprise his mother, he waited till she had left the church, and then stealing out with his friend at a private door, by a well known field-path, quickly reached the house; and both had taken their station on the lawn, when Mrs. De Lille and her party alighted from the carriage. Lord Marmiton was again the prominent personage; he gave his arm to the matron, leaving the young lady to the venerable man, a Mr. Haller, who had in reality occasioned His Lordship's visit. This admirable being had been long distinguished in Germany for his active benevolence, and was indebted to Baron Rouvigny for his introduction to Lord Marmiton, through whose medium he hoped to recommend some of his philanthropic plans to the British government. His Lordship received the proposal

posal with his accustomed suavity and apathy: in his heart, he cared for nothing but his own personal interest and the aggrandizement of his family. He was, however, willing to shower down civilities on Haller, whom he almost compelled to remain at his seat much longer than was desirable to his unworldly guest; who having at length expressed his anxiety to be introduced to the aunt and friend of Miss Rouvigny, His Lordship protested he would convey him to Beachdale, to enjoy to the last moment the privilege of his society.

They had now spent a week in the village, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. De Lille, and to the infinite delight of Cordelia, who already considered Haller as the first of human beings. At sight of her son, Mrs. De Lille utters an exclamation of joy, and then throws a look of solicitude on Cordelia. His Lordship, comprehending the cause of her agitation, springs forward, but being somewhat purblind, opens his arms, not to Vallancy, but to Altamont. Mrs. De Lille

reproachfully asks if he has forgotten her son. Vallancy, with admirable grace, removes the awkwardness this blunder had occasioned, by saying, " Lord Marmiton was right, for your son's preserver should be welcomed before your son." Lord Marmiton immediately paid his compliments to Altamont, whom though he had once well known, he appeared to have wholly forgotten; and Mrs. De Lille favored him with a most gracious reception. In the meanwhile Cordelia and Haller are left to themselves: she waits in vain for the recognition of Altamont, who still gazes on her with mingled admiration and incredulity. It is impossible to identify his little pupil, with the tall, graceful, dignified creature before him. " She must surely be older, or has Cordelia leapt into perfection? Imagination cannot improve her!" Cordelia at length perceives his embarrassment, and scarcely knowing whether to be flattered or mortified, advances a few paces, and offering her hand with an air of modest frankness,

ness, says in a voice whose every tone inspires delight, "And must I wait to be introduced to my old, and" curtsying with an involuntary expression of archness, "my venerable preceptor?"

Altamont took her hand with seeming coldness; a sentiment of respect repressed the impulse of affection. "You are, indeed, presented to me in a new form."

"And had you then quite forgotten Cordelia?"

"I know not how to reconcile the two Cordelias to each other."

"Oh! don't imagine you see a changing; I could bring a thousand proofs to convince you I am the same creature who was so tenderly protected by Mrs. Bruce, and so often *lessoned* and corrected by *you*."

Altamont was ready to protest against the word *corrected*; the pupil now appeared so perfect, so supreme in loveliness, that it was painful to imagine she had ever been otherwise.

"And now," continued she, "as I can never be your preceptor, let me intro-

“ duce you to Mr. Haller, who is worthy
“ to have the best and noblest of human
“ beings for his pupils.”

If Altamont was grateful for this attention, Cordelia was grateful from the recollection of his former kindness; and each had unconsciously inspired the other with the same sentiment.

And now Haller, who had already learnt to translate the language of Cordelia's countenance, approached and received the stranger with an air of cordial friendship.

“ Mr. Altamont,” said he, with a genuine smile, “ ever since I have known this lady,
“ I have been under obligations to you;
“ for you, she tells me, were her first preceptor.” At this unexpected compliment, which from such venerable lips, seemed to descend like a benediction, Cordelia cast down her eyes, which glistened with delight; she could not but be proud to receive such praise from Haller; and she was prouder still, that the fair report was made to Altamont; — yet, she breathed
... a secret

a secret sigh, lest she should not be found worthy of the precious distinction; but then she mentally promised to become so. Her heart was oppressed with gratitude and humility, and yet she almost held her breath, as if to prolong the delicious sensation. Haller drew his young friends to a retired walk, leading to the park; whilst Mrs. De Lille, who had been gratified by the division of her party, conducted Lord Marmiton and Vallancy to a summer-house, opening on the garden, which was called the pavilion.

The philanthropist was delighted with his young companions; active and cheerful, he seemed not sensible to the pressure of age; he confessed, indeed, a slight degree of lameness, but it was scarcely perceptible to the nicest eye; and as he leaned on his staff, his carriage was no less dignified, than his aspect was open and benignant. For the last two years, he had also found his hearing partially impeded; but the sense of this infirmity, occasioned

only the habit of inclining his head towards the person he addressed, which made his countenance appear still more gracious : and sometimes he extracted from this defect an excuse for shunning without fullness the conversation of those with whom he felt he could have no communion. Then his eyelid gently falling, his head somewhat reclining to one side, he appeared to abstract himself from the present scene, and to take shelter in his own peaceful, unperturbed meditations. In Lord Marmiton's society, he had often occasion to sink into this attitude of abstraction ; with Mrs. De Lille he was not sorry to be somewhat dull of apprehension : but to Cordelia, he had opened immediately with complacency and cordiality, and almost at the first glance appeared to have given her his paternal benediction. To Altamont he shewed equal frankness ; and putting himself between them, he engaged in conversation with his new acquaintance on the countries they had visited, and was evidently pleased with the spirit of his observations.

Haller was one of the few old men who relish the enthusiasm of youth; and when Altamont confessed, that he could not help regretting those classical ages of Greece and Rome, when the halo of glory, encircled the head of genius; he dropt not his eyelids, (that idiomatic expression of dissatisfaction) he merely inclined his head, an unconscious smile beaming to his lips, and after a momentary pause, replied, "If you recollect that you are a Briton, you will not surely wish to have been a Roman."

Though Haller never mentioned England as his native country, it was impossible to conceive that he belonged to any other.

This amiable conference was interrupted by Vallancy, who, escaping from his companions, requested Altamont to join him; and taking his arm, seemed to have something important to communicate. Haller looking after Altamont, exclaimed, with a sort of sigh, "That is a noble creature! but I fear he is reserved for bitter disappointment. Such a spirit as his accords little
" with

“ with the world.” Cordelia, who had almost feared he would misconceive his character, thanked him with her eyes for doing justice to her first preceptor. Haller had a second time blessed her with the music of praise ; and her heart was again attuned to joy ; but she had now, no doubt, no diffidence, no humility ; he spoke of her master and her friend, and in him her faith was firm and immutable.

Vallancy had called to Altamont, to observe a picture which had met his eyes the moment he entered the pavilion ; it was a female figure in the character of Flora. On enquiring for whom it was intended, his mother had carelessly replied, it was a fancy subject copied by Cordelia.” “ But,” added he, “ it is the most striking likeness possible, “ of the *Incognita*. I plainly perceive my “ mother is manœuvring ; find out if possible whose picture it is, for I never “ can believe such a marked resemblance “ is accidental.” Vallancy was perfectly correct

correct in his conjectures; but the charge to Almont came too late. Mrs. De Lille, having in that interval separated Cordelia from Haller, to give her a strict

injunction to secrecy, at the same time observing, that her son was obviously charmed with the portrait, Cordelia simply expressed her satisfaction; but Mrs. De Lille, prepossessed with the idea that this innocent girl had formed the ambitious design of captivating Vallancy, and determined to thwart her supposed wishes, fancied she detected some chagrin in her countenance, and exulted in the anticipation of her disappointment.

Being now assembled in the drawing-room, Haller was for the first time introduced to Vallancy, who was still in his most amiable mood, and so gaily sportive that he could scarcely restrain the exuberance of his spirits. Lord Marmiton and Mrs. De Lille enjoyed his sprightly sallies; and His Lordship, always complimentary, said, "I do not know, Vallancy, that you could

" fill

“ fill up a pause in the dinner at a Lord
“ Mayor’s table ; but I am sure you will
“ always be ready to amuse the house,
“ when the right member is not at hand
“ to support a motion.”

“ But, my Lord, I am not going, like Mr.
“ Quintin, to be a trigger to the treasury
“ bench ; and I shall, I believe, be the first
“ of our family (females excepted) who
“ has ever entered the ranks of opposition.”

“ Well, Sir, you are a young man, and
“ therefore it is but natural you should be
“ in a minority ; but, take my word for it,
“ Vallancy, when you come to be married,
“ you will give your vote,” looking significantly, “ on the right side.”

“ Does Your Lordship mean to say, that a
“ married man is merely his wife’s proxy,
“ or that he cannot be a *non-content* ?”

“ Have a care, Signor Benedick,” cried
Mrs. De Lille, “ or you will surely meet
“ with your Beatrice.”

“ No, Madam, my vows are pre-en-
“ gaged to a St. Cecilia, in Italy.” Then,
turning

turning abruptly to Cordelia, he added with affected gravity, "Pray are you very
"cruel to your votaries? for I saw more
"knees prostrated to you, than to our Lady
"of Loretto. It is true, upon my honour,
"you are so very like a saint, who is wor-
"shipped from morning to night at Na-
"ples, that when I saw you at church, I
"fancied you had started from the canvass."

"Mrs. De Lille coloured, whilst Lord
Marmiton said, with much gallantry, "How
"can you compare her to any thing so
"inanimate? Shew me the artist who can
"do justice to nature?"

"Oh, my Lord, this picture was a happy
"sketch of the fancy, a prefiguration of
"beauty hereafter to exist, or perhaps a
"reflection of beauty that had previously
"existed. It is very delightful to behold so
"many impressions of one beautiful face;
"for instance, now that figure of Flora,
"which you say is a fancy piece, is so
"like a face I have somewhere seen, that I
"should call it an original."

Mrs.

Mrs. De Lille eagerly enquired, where he had met with the person of whom he was reminded.

“Where? Why I think, Madam, it was about two years ago, at Bologna.”

Mrs. De Lille looked so dissatisfied, that the benevolent Haller, who had hitherto sat wrapt in abstraction, was just going to address her, when the dignified Mr. Quintin stalked into the room, and having heard of Vallancy’s arrival, formally congratulated his mother on his happy return. The vivacious Vallancy, eagerly anticipating the end of the speech, started up, exclaiming, “My dear Sir, would you have recollected me?” Quintin, taking out his snuff box, and very deliberately putting into his nostrils the pungent powder, to apply a stimulus to his memory, replied at length, “Most assuredly, Sir.”

“What a mortifying sentence have you pronounced against me. I had flattered myself I was so much improved, (pardon me, mother, corrected,) that I should no longer be recognized as the same person;

" person; but I see how it is, Mr. Quintin, you have not forgotten the court, where if a man is once pricked down on the black list, the gates of preferment are for ever shut against him."

Lord Marmiton, now finding it impossible to be silent, observed, " It is a man's own fault to get upon that list. He has undoubtedly made a capital miscalculation in taking the wrong side of fortune. Such a man, Vallancy, must be a greenhorn, an enthusiast, a knave, or a fool."

" Do you observe, Altamont, His Lordship's paraphrastic translation of your favorite name of Patriot? Mr. Quintin, my friend and I have long carried on a controversy, which is still undecided, on ancient and modern times. We are very different, you perceive, from other young men of our age. We have really spent our days like two students fighting to become senior wranglers. We have studied diagrams, instead of frequenting polite circles. We have been

" star.

“star-gazers, instead of dancers. We have
“scarcely opened our lips to a woman; and
“as to beauty, it is only since our arrival,”
glancing at Cordelia, “that we have been
“blest with the sight of it.”

“Well, Sir,” said Mr. Quintin, with inflexible gravity, “and may I presume to
“enquire the subject of your debates?”

“Sir, my friend, though he insists that
“there was more public virtue in the classical days of Greece and Rome than we
“can pretend to, yet insists also, that for
“the last fifty years, we have taken a turn
“for improvement, and are likely by degrees to lose all traces of the barbarism
“and ignorance of our poor grandfathers.”

“Barbarism and ignorance!” reiterated Mr. Quintin, knitting his brows with much asperity, “and pray, Sir,” addressing Altamont, “in what modern fopperies does
“this boasted improvement consist?” Altamont, perceiving his friend’s malicious drift, gravely answered, “You will, at least, allow
“a man cannot now be put into the inquisition

“~~like Galileo, for discovering that the earth moves round the sun.~~”

“Sir, that is out of the question ; we will confine the comparison to our own country. Can you sincerely affirm, that we are wiser and better than our fathers?”

“We ought at least to be happier ; an old woman is not now liable to be burnt as a witch ; and a learned man does not create artificial misery by musing on dreams, or casting nativities.”

“But then,” retorted Vallancy, “I maintain, that as soon as one stock of folly drops off, we are blessed with another. Credulity, like the Lama of Thibet, is immortal. There’s quackery, supplies the place of forcery. Instead of wearing a harmless amulet round the neck, we swallow down all the minerals and metals, and absorb into our own systems the elements of earthquakes and volcanoes. To be sure, there is no Sorbonne to destroy us alive, but the College of Physicians supplies its place. We have escaped from
“ the

“ the confessor, to be enthralled by the
“ lawyer. And when we die, our heirs,
“ instead of purchasing peace for our souls,
“ have enough to do to liberate our pos-
“ sessions from Chancery.”

“ But the great evil of all,” said Quintin,
“ is, that a *gentleman* is not now to be dis-
“ tinguished from a *man* of yesterday. It
“ is inconceivable in what ignorance all your
“ young people are of their ancestors.”

“ Ah ! Mr. Quintin, the greatest evil of all
“ is, that we have lost so much liberty.”

“ No, Sir.”

“ I fancy that I can prove it, Sir, to de-
“ monstration.”

“ Sir, begging your pardon, the demon-
“ stration is impossible. The King has lost
“ much of his prerogative.”

“ Then the Queen has gained so much
“ more influence. The one sex has con-
“ stantly gained ground upon the other.
“ Formerly beauty might be marred even
“ in youth ; but now, a handsome woman,
“ thanks to inoculation,” bowing to his
mother

mother and Cordelia, " instead of being
" elected like the mistress of the robes for
" a single administration, as Sarah, Dutchess
" of Marlborough, keeps her power like one
" of the twelve judges for life."

Mr. Quintin now first perceiving the
irony, rubbed his eyes, and rapped his box,
and was utterly discomfited. Lord Mar-
miton, enjoying his confusion, whispered,
" Ah! my poor pedigree." Haller was
again going to speak, — his mild eyes an-
nounced something like rebuke to Vallancy.
But at this moment an unexpected addition
was made to the company, which rendered
his interference unnecessary.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN De Lille parted from Sir Frédéric Mowbray, he mentioned his wife's intended visit to Kent; which happened, however, to be nothing more than one of her usual manœuvres, with which from habit she was always amusing or perplexing her husband. De Lille had really motives for visiting the metropolis, and he was still detained there by serious business, when he heard of Lord Marmiton's visit to Beachdale. At this news, all other considerations were suspended; and leaving his affairs unfinished, he travelled with such expedition, that he reached home before the hour of dinner, and made his appearance just in time to give Quintin an opportunity of retreating from the argument. De Lille had hastened to the drawing-room with such precipitation, that he was not apprized of Vallancy's arrival;

val; but scarcely had he paid his compliments to Lord Marmiton and Mr. Haller, when Mrs. De Lille called his attention to her son and Altamont. At the sight of the former, he experienced only a momentary embarrassment; but in receiving his friend he betrayed an unusual coldness; it was some time before he enquired for Mr. or Mrs. Bruce.

"How can he be so ungrateful?" sighed Cordelia. "Why is this man so generous?" thought Altamont, who attributed this air of constraint, to the consciousness of his secret donation; and yet, could not help revolting at the conviction.

The summons to dinner proved a seasonable relief; when Vallancy, all gaiety and gallantry, gratified De Lille by taking the chair next Cordelia, on whom he bestowed his undivided attention. Hitherto Mrs. De Lille had regarded her husband with unwonted complacency; but now, though too discreet to raise her voice in anger, she shewed her dissatisfaction in various trifling circumstances,

stances, perceptible only to the nicest observation ; she complained of indisposition to attract her son's notice ; she succeeded in her aim, and became better satisfied.

The conversation was often animated. The knowledge of Haller was insensibly drawn forth ; and on his accidentally mentioning the Emperor Joseph, His Lordship graciously reminded De Lille of their former visit to the court of Vienna. De Lille coloured ; but as Vallancy took no notice of the remark, he instantly yielded to His Lordship's fancy for detailing some anecdotes of his diplomacy, and even furnished him with two or three accessory hints, which had escaped his memory. The good old Quintin, enchanted to hear so much of courts, turned to De Lille with unaffected complacency, and informed him that he had just traced out his pedigree, and that he found he was allied to the blood royal of France.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Quintin," replied De Lille, with obvious confusion, "I will not part from my British ancestors."

"But

“ But, my dear Sir, I can prove to you
“ the Counts De Lille intermarried with the
“ house of Valois ; and”—“ But, my dear
“ Sir, the primitive name of our family was
“ Lille ; and they are, you know, innume-
“ rable. If you would favour me with my
“ daughter’s descent now, in the maternal
“ line, I should be extremely indebted to
“ you. Her mother, you know, was a
“ Mordaunt.”

“ Sir, you shall have it to-morrow. The
“ title, I believe, lapses for want of a lineal
“ descendent.”

“ By the way,” said Lord Marmiton,
“ is the old avaricious baronet, dead or
“ alive?”

“ That is more than I can answer for,”
returned De Lille carelessly ; glancing,
however, with some complacency on his
daughter, and observing what impression this
accidental allusion to her dignified relations,
made on the company. Never was scrutiny
repaid with such neglect.

Altamont heard not the remark, and Vallancy deigned not to notice it. Haller, who had for some time dropt his eye-lids, neither seemed to hear nor to attend; and, in addition to his abstraction, a sort of sadness clouded his countenance. Mrs. De Lille, on the contrary, who had attended to every thing, and who perfectly comprehended her husband's *finesse*, provoked by his looks, and determined that Cordelia should no longer converse with Vallancy, abruptly rose, and was instantly followed by her unsuspecting companion. How many schemes were now conjured up by her active fancy! how much invention was expended in the fabrication of plots and counterplots, for which no real necessity existed! Having at length suggested an expedient, which on the present occasion she scrupled not to adopt, she became more easy and awaited the reunion of the company with proper composure. And now she exceeds even her son's expectations in courtesy to Altamont; she invites him to sit between her and Cordelia,

delia, and then draws Haller into the same coterie; she is suddenly so lavish of attentions, that to a stranger she must have appeared the kindest creature in the world. De Lille alone is conscious of her real object, and to his opinion she is now wholly indifferent.

Whilst they were drinking tea, a special messenger arrived from a political friend of Lord Marmiton's, announcing the sudden death of one of the county members. The same idea instantly occurred to His Lordship and Mrs. De Lille, "Let Vallancy become the candidate." Vallancy was flattered by the

proposal; he looked towards Altamont; and his mother, as if she had suddenly acquired the faculty of divining his sentiments, eagerly exclaimed, "If you go we shall not part
 " with your friend, he must remain here as
 " your hostage. Mr. Altamont, since you
 " have been his preserver you cannot refuse
 " to be his bondsman." Altamont still hesitated. De Lille's silence had alarmed his delicacy, and he most reluctantly said some-
 H 4 thing.

thing, he scarcely knew what, about business in London. "Sir," cried Mrs. De Lille, with redoubled ardour, "you shall visit London whenever you please, but as you are my son's representative this must be your home." Vallancy, looking affectionately at his mother, and turning to his friend, replied, "Give me *your* word, or I retract *mine*; don't you remember it was you who made me promise to serve in parliament."

De Lille, now thinking it incumbent on him to unite in the common cause, said, with the best grace imaginable, "I trust Mr. Altamont is too good a patriot to resist such a plea." Altamont *did not* resist; he was but too happy to obey; and his acquiescence diffused general satisfaction. Vallancy whispered to him to ascertain whether Miss Rouvigny was not the original Flora, and repeated his injunction of secrecy respecting the *Incognita*. Lord Marmiton then proposed that De Lille should accompany them, observing facetiously, he was
a most

a most successful canvasser with the ladies. The evening passed in perfect harmony. Mrs. De Lille was lightened of half her cares; her husband not divested of his hopes; Vallancy animated by anticipations of success; Quintin was gladdened by a bustle which reminded him of a levee; Haller was pleased with the general expression of content; and Cordelia, satisfied with her father, charmed with her step-mother, delighted with her preceptor, how beautiful was her countenance! what lovely visions played around her fancy! what a tender, delicious joy filled her heart! With those sweet, pensive features, those downcast eyes, how much more than gay, how happy was Cordelia!

CHAPTER IX.

DE LILLE, though unwilling to lose *clat* of accompanying Lord Marmit from whom since his marriage he had never before received any mark of attention, was little satisfied with the arrangement, which left Cordelia so accessible to her first acceptor. Previous to his departure, he took an opportunity of repeating to his daughter all the encomiums Vallancy and His Lordship had pronounced on her beauty, again assuring her that Mrs. De Lille was incensed at her superiority to Miss Rouvigny. He then expressed his concern that the household should be encumbered during his absence with such a young man as Altamont, not that he trusted her *prudence*, on the contrary he was sure she would know how to preserve her own dignity and repulse his attentions, if she should dare to obtrude them. He concluded

by saying, that he hoped she would defeat his wife's malice, whose aim it had ever been to keep her in humble obscurity. He then left her abruptly, unwilling perhaps to involve himself in any thing like an altercation, which might very naturally arise in her zeal for the vindication of her first preceptor.

Cordelia, it will easily be imagined, was no longer satisfied with her father, and when she returned to the company she was almost equally dissatisfied with Altamont. He had no longer that look of animation and enthusiasm; she missed the ardent expression of admiration she had before observed in his countenance; he now wore a grave, and almost a melancholy, aspect. Cordelia fancied he regretted his friend's departure, and wondered how it had come to pass that every body had appeared so happy yesterday.

When the canvassers were gone he retired to his own apartment, to write letters to Switzerland, or perhaps to indulge his own meditations. Till he was once more

in Beachdale it had never seriously occurred to him, how little he had employed his talents since he left it; and till he saw Cordelia he had never deeply regretted those illusions of fancy in which he had wasted his youth. To what purpose had he hitherto lived? His talents were not known beyond the college, or the circle of his friends; he had travelled; he had acquired a fund of knowledge, and still he had lived for no honourable, no noble object. Those anonymous letters, those mysterious remittances, were now remembered with regret, almost with disgust. All these reflections were sufficiently obvious, but he was indebted for them to Cordelia: by a single impression made on the heart, the dreams of fancy dissolved in air, and returned to their primitive nothing. Nor was this his only source of painful reflection: he knew not whether to consider De Lille as ungrateful or generous. When he compared all the circumstances attending those secret donations, he agreed with Mrs. Bruce, that they could have been
transf-

transmitted from no other quarter ; but, when he saw and heard the supposed donor, he almost subscribed to his friend Vallancy's opinion, that it was as likely to have come from the Genii.

This state occasioned such painful alternations of feeling, that he determined not, even if Cordelia should induce him, to remain at Beachdale, if he could not discover whether De Lille was or was not his private benefactor. Notwithstanding all these severe resolutions, his pensiveness vanished, he knew not how, when he had been half an hour in her society. But the cloud that had rested on his countenance passed to her's when Haller observed, that having failed in the object of his mission to England, he should return to Germany in three or four weeks. Mrs. De Lille was profuse in expressions of regret ; and, having exhausted all she had to say on the subject, somewhat abruptly asked, if he was not an Englishman. “ In my father's right, Madam, if
“ not in my own ; I was, I believe, born in
“ this

“ this kingdom, but have spent almost all
“ my life out of it.” After this question
he sunk into his meditative mood, from
which he was only roused when Cordelia
proposed a walk. He readily assented. Al-
tamont was invited to join them; and as
Mrs. De Lille had happily no relish for such
rural pleasures, they proceeded, without her,
to a heath-covered hill, which had been Al-
tamont’s favourite haunt in childhood ; and
was so celebrated for its salubrity, that ap-
plications were often made for the admis-
sion of patients to the farm-house, (the only
habitation it afforded,) for their recovery.

The path wound through green lanes
and delicious fields, presenting a constant
variety of landscape. At first, Haller walked
with his two young friends, equally delight-
ing them with his funds of knowledge and
thought, his refined sensibilities and unaf-
fected benevolence. He never entered on
political or metaphysical discussions ; he had
a few simple principles to which all his wis-
dom appended ; he loved to think that society

like man was in a progressive state, and that virtue and truth were advancing their course. To talk long, however, even on these most congenial themes, seemed to fatigue his attention; he required the freedom of silence and solitude for peace and meditation. When they reached the summit of the hill, therefore, he quitted his companions, and, stationed on a verdant knoll, contemplated the distant sea, so dimly seen, that its sublime storms were only present to the eye of fancy, whilst the wide expanse of country suggested images of peace, plenty,

and security. Altamont and Cordelia gazed on his mild religious aspect. "The first moment I saw him," cried Altamont, "I could have wished to call him father?" "That was exactly my feeling," replied she; then blushing with the consciousness that she might seem to reflect on her own parent, she added, "for he appears to be the common guardian of the human race."

"Those

“ Those very words,” cried Altamont,
“ were on my own lips ; but why does he
“ lead this melancholy existence ?”

“ Melancholy ! he is surely the most
“ cheerful old man I have ever known ;
“ and though he has neither wife nor chil-
“ dren, he seems not a solitary being ; he
“ creates for his heart so many interests,
“ and he has so much tenderness, I could
“ readily make him my confessor.”

Altamont’s eyes avowed that he thought
she had no faults to acknowledge, but he
checked the expression of his feelings, and,
looking at her steadily, said, “ I believe I
“ could convict you of an amiable trea-
“ chery ?”

“ My conscience answers, not guilty.”

“ Is it not to you I owe” — he stopt,
unwilling to proceed.

“ You owe me nothing. I am, and ever
“ shall be, your mother’s debtor.”

“ Cordelia, yes, I must once more call
“ you Cordelia, tell me truly, have you
“ never

“ never heard of Valsinore’s munificence to
“ my mother ?”

“ Till this moment I never heard his
“ name.”

“ No!—then it could not be—and yet
“ it must be.”

Here he appeared lost in perplexity. Cordelia ventured to enquire what he meant by his questions.

Altamont, who, since he had nothing else to offer, found it soothing to give his confidence to Cordelia, readily commenced his mother’s story ; and perceiving that Haller had quitted his station, and was quietly resting in the porch of the farm-house, caressing the children of the family, who had gathered round him, he led Cordelia to a plantation of fir trees, where, in his boyish days, he had raised a swing for her amusement. Cordelia well remembered the trees between which the simple machine used to be suspended ; its place was now supplied by a rustic bench, where Altamont, inviting her to rest, soon finished his little narrative ;

narrative; at which she was so much touched that had he before distrusted, he must now have been convinced of her sincerity. He then mentioned all he had lately heard of Valsinore; and as she had participated his romantic hopes, she shared deeply his regrets. "But still," said Cordelia, "I cannot understand why you should suspect me of treachery?" Altamont was at first embarrassed by the question, but repelled the dissingenuous impulse which would have induced concealment, he confessed his mysterious inclosures; adding, "Under the circumstances, you will not wonder if I am grown suspicious of obligation."

Cordelia required no farther explanation for she easily comprehended that he allude to her father. "Let us yet hope," she answered, "that Valsinore exists; of this I am certain, there is no one within my acquaintance, who has the power to confer such benefits. Be assured you have never yet seen your noble benefactor."

Her

Here, perceiving that Haller was approaching, they rejoined their venerable associate, who was again disposed to relish society, and conversed with exquisite feeling on the poetical sentiment associated with picturesque scenery, and the inexhaustible varieties of nature. "Imagination," said he, "peoples every delightful scene with the virtues, most amiable, most beneficent to mankind. I am now shut out from a thousand avenues of hope and pleasure, I have lost many faculties of enjoyment; but this remains, for it is mental and immortal."

CHAPTER X.

THE confidence reposed by Altamont in his former pupil had restored them to the frankness of familiar friendship. Cordelia secretly pronounced her father's surmises unjust; and exulting in the conviction of his honourable principles, she magnanimously resolved to prove that their mutual sympathy was not incompatible with the most disinterested attachment.

She had heard such modes of attachment stigmatized as dangerous and delusive; but though gentle and timid, she had too much imagination to subscribe, on all occasions, to the dictates of prudence. She was, besides, an enthusiast in the cause of virtue, and had a generous disdain of all sordid cautions, all vulgar suspicion. She had lived too much in her own world, to relish the truisms which melancholy experience has

has forced upon mankind. In short, she had all that sensibility which so often proves dangerous to its possessor; but her sentiments were always noble: her heart disclaimed communion with all but noble beings. Having decided that Altamont was to be her friend, she daily annexed to that title some new privilege, some still more sacred duty.

Recollecting that her father had stigmatized him as a dangler on Vallancy, she ventured in her turn to become the monitor, and urged him to embrace some profession which should give scope to his talents and ambition. She confessed how much her own childish pride had been mortified by his rebukes of her inattention, and by what exertions she had sought to regain his approbation.

Altamont almost felt compunction at the assurance that he had ever caused her to weep. Cordelia was certainly revenged for his former asperity; she gloried in the possession of such a friend, and resolved he should

should be for ever the object of her sisterly affection.

The friend was not indocile to her admonitions ; he *did* think of the profession she urged him to embrace, and he sometimes thought, too, that Cordelia herself might at some future period recompence his exertions and bless his choice. Thus, if the first fantastic dream of youth was gone, another almost equally romantic, but infinitely more delightful, supplied its place. In the meanwhile he was happy in anticipations of happiness ; whilst Cordelia, on the contrary, wanted nothing to complete her felicity, but the assurance that it should be permanent.

She often wished her friend would confide in Haller, but knew not how to suggest this wish. One morning, having expressed her eagerness to see the manuscript as a relic of his benefactor, Altamont presented it for her inspection, and she was gazing on it with reverence, when Haller, observing that none of the characters were visible, offered
to

to restore them by a simple process with which he was perfectly acquainted. Altamont eagerly accepted the proposal, but now religious scruple took possession of Cordelia's mind. The manuscript was perhaps the depository of Valsinore's most secret thoughts, was it right to force them from their religious sanctuary? At the name of Valsinore, Haller listened with augmented interest; he had himself heard of such a man, and his character was calculated to excite curiosity.

Altamont explained by what means these papers had come into his possession; and Haller, after praising Cordelia's singleness of soul, promised if he discovered any charge of secrecy, not to penetrate beyond the first page. "But may I ask what excites in you so much curiosity for this Valsinore?"

"Only," replied she, eagerly, "that he was one of the noblest and most benevolent of human beings."

Altamont was silent: Haller enquired no farther, but took the manuscript into his possession

“ this kingdom, but have spent almost all
“ my life out of it.” After this question
he sunk into his meditative mood, from
which he was only roused when Cordelia
proposed a walk. He readily assented. Val-
tamtont was invited to join them; and as
Mrs. De Lille had happily no relish for such
rural pleasures, they proceeded, without delay,
to a heath-covered hill, which had been Val-
tamtont’s favourite haunt in childhood; and
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like man was in a progressive state, and that virtue and truth were advancing their course. To talk long, however, even on these most congenial themes, seemed to fatigue his attention; he required the freedom of silence and solitude for peace and meditation. When they reached the summit of the hill, therefore, he quitted his companions, and, stationed on a verdant knoll, contemplated the distant sea, so dimly seen, that its sublime storms were only present to the eye of fancy, whilst the wide expanse of country suggested images of peace, plenty, and security. Altamont and Cordelia gazed on his mild religious aspect. "The first moment I saw him," cried Altamont, "I could have wished to call him father?" "That was exactly my feeling," replied she; then blushing with the consciousness that she might seem to reflect on her own parent, she added, "for he appears to be the common guardian of the human race."

"Those

“ to feelings and impressions which had
“ lapsed into oblivion ; what is forgotten is
“ not missed ; regret is the gift of remem-
“ brance.”

For the last two days, Haller was the most cheerful of the party ; but on the evening preceding their departure, Mrs. De Lille suddenly recollected that Altamont was her son's representative, and that she could not permit him to go without a solemn promise to return.

The motive of her hospitality is easily accounted for by her having received a letter from Sir Frederic, announcing Miss Rouvigny's farther detention ; and another from Lord Marmiton, in which, after congratulating her on her son's success, he mentioned his intention of revisiting Beachdale.

The delay was explained also by Miss Rouvigny having caught a fever during her journey, which, though not dangerous, rendered it improper to travel till she should have regained her strength. Sir Frederic, it will easily be supposed, was provoked at this

this unseasonable detention; and with all his politeness, his letter discovered less concern for his ward's indisposition, than his own personal inconvenience.

Relieved from the fears of losing Altamont, Cordelia was now grieved at the departure of Haller, from whom she had vainly attempted to obtain the promise of correspondence.

“No,” said he, “an old man should have no intimacy but with those he can benefit. I came to England on a public mission; I return to Germany with the hope of obtaining, for a private individual, an act of equity and justice. If I prosper in this, perhaps, last worldly business I shall have to transact, you will see me again; otherwise”—He stopped abruptly—there was a mournful pause—no one ventured to renew the subject.

He did not restore the manuscript till the morning of his departure, when it was given into Cordelia's custody, who voluntarily engaged not to look into it without Alta-

mont. Haller, smiling with benignity at her scrupulous integrity, observed, it would be much better they should read it together; adding, she would discover it was written for her particular instruction.

“ But does it refer to Valsinore?”

“ The writer’s name is not divulged; but it contains, in part at least, the history of some man who has tasted in excesses of happiness and misery. And now, is not your curiosity excited?”

“ Yes; but I shall still be faithful to my trust — I shall still wait till we can read it together.”

Altamont, it may be presumed, was not ungrateful for this artless association. Haller looked at them both with affection; but though his eyes were bent on Altamont with kindness, their more tender expression was reserved exclusively for Cordelia.

CHAPTER XI.

ALTAMONT had not left Beachdale without a struggle with inclination, for which he was, however, soon rewarded, by the consciousness of having acted in a manner that rendered him more worthy of Cordelia. As long as he indulged his own meditations, or enjoyed the society of Haller, his hopes were pure and ardent. He could anticipate a period of recompence ; he could imagine a scene of happiness, which invigorated his efforts, and converted care to pleasure. But when he entered into company, he was sure to lose many of those bright illusions : the general tone of conversation never failed to lower his feelings—to enfeeble his energy. Every one had kept a register of those who had failed in the arduous undertaking. The old spoke

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from

from experience, the young from authority one quoted precedent, another produce example ; and all concurred in representing a young man's probation for fame as the most hazardous and hopeless of all experiments.

He complained to Haller of this discouraging language, and its injurious influence.

" Regard it not ; it is the fault, or perhaps the misfortune, of your countrymen to want enthusiasm ; but, to their honour they are as liberal in rewarding merit as acknowledged, as they are slow in discovery. Let courage and perseverance be your motto, and you will triumph over discouragement. I am not indeed familiar with the details of your profession but I feel assured, it is one in which merit cannot long remain buried in obscurity. But you must forget the romantic visions of youth — every thing added he smiling, " but Cordelia."

" And that vision," said Altamont, " perhaps the most extravagant of all."

" N

“ Not to the man who shall really deserve
“ her. Ambition,” added he, “ is a noble
“ passion ; but let it find some object in the
“ heart, and lose its native hardness, by
“ mingling with the best and dearest affec-
“ tions.”

In such conversation Altamont insensibly forgot the disparity in their age, and poured forth his youthful feelings with ingenuous confidence.

Haller once said, “ The young accuse
“ the old of want of sympathy ; but it is
“ the old who are slighted and neglected,
“ because their feelings can only be under-
“ stood by those who have arrived at their
“ own experience. The same passions which
“ now reign in your soul have prevailed in
“ mine ; I understand their language, and
“ am an adept in their idioms ; but I have
“ since known feelings with which you have
“ yet formed no acquaintance, and for
“ these I should vainly ask consideration or
“ sympathy.”

Altamont was sometimes reminded of his intimacy with Woodville, of whose character he gave a sketch with equal animation and fidelity. He lamented the lapse in their correspondence, but consoled himself with the persuasion, that his friend was now enjoying ease and prosperity.

One evening, as he was walking with Haller, conversing on this subject, and regretting that a man of such talents should have been lost to the world, he passed a person whose figure so strongly resembled Woodville's, that he had almost pronounced his name, when he was startled by his ghastly, haggard countenance. A moment's reflection convinced him this could not be Woodville. In his momentary view of the stranger, he had observed that he was shabbily dressed, and had an appearance of abject poverty : besides, he looked so much older, that it was clearly impossible. The impression, however, dwelt on his mind, and he was unusually pensive, when Haller suddenly

suddenly begged him to take the address of a Hamburg banker, with whom he was acquainted, and through whose medium he might always hear of him whilst he continued in existence.

At parting for the night he bade him farewell, and shook his hand twice, but without intimating his intended departure; nor was it till the next morning that he knew his friend was really gone, having left the house at day-break, and, as was supposed, with the intention of proceeding immediately to the place of embarkation.

Altamont was dissatisfied with this abrupt exit, in which he almost fancied he detected an eccentricity unworthy of so sublime a character. But he dwelt not long on this invidious subject; he recollected his engagement to return to Beachdale, and with such precipitation did he prepare to fulfil it, that he took his seat in a coach which only went within fifteen miles of Vallancy house, when, by waiting another hour, he might

have been conveyed within half a mile of the village.

On leaving the coach he was fortunate enough to procure a horse, on which he proceeded with such expedition, that before the close of day he came within view of the hill to which he had so lately walked with Haller and Cordelia. The sun was again sinking beneath the horizon, and Altamont, animated by love and ambition, contemplated the scene with unusual delight. He has now just entered a wild romantic heath, by many a childish ramble endeared to remembrance. It was here and there

planted with trees, but more commonly chequered only with furze, and of so uneven and undulating a surface, that at every ten paces the traveller observed a new landscape; and though within a quarter of a mile of a public road, perceived no vestige of any human habitation.

Altamont was galloping down a declivity, when he perceived before him another solitary

tary horseman, to whom a footpad, who at that moment issued from an adjacent thicket, was presenting a pistol. He instantly spurred his horse to the spot: the gentleman was in the act of delivering his purse, when the robber, perceiving Altamont, dropt the pistol from his hand, and darted back to the copse, yet not so precipitately but that his features might be distinguished, and discovered again the pale haggard countenance so strongly resembling Woodville. In the meanwhile, Altamont's horse having taken fright at the pistol, which exploded in its fall, threw his rider with such violence, that **his right arm was dislocated.**

The person to whose relief he had arrived thus opportunely, and who was no other than De Lille, now advancing to the spot, assisted him to rise, and with many acknowledgments for his kind interposition, conducted him to a hovel on the other side of the heath, from whence he dispatched a boy for a surgeon, who lived in the next village; and then, as Altamont declined

remounting his horse, De Lille left it with his own to the charge of the peasant who lived in this hut, and walked with him leisurely to Beachdale. On their way they could talk of nothing but the late adventure. De Lille observed, that often as he had traversed that heath, it was the first time he had ever met with any interruption; and then added, that to spare his wife and daughter unnecessary uneasiness, would be well to suppress any mention of the intended robbery. "Not," added he, "that I do not wish to do justice to your gallantry."

Altamont readily concurred in the proposal; and De Lille added, "As to the wretch who attacked me, I could identify him at any time; had you not a view of his face?"

"I certainly had a glimpse of his features, and they strongly reminded me of a much esteemed friend, whom it is impossible that it should be."

"Tis a strongly marked countenance," replied De Lille, "and I should know it if
"an

“ any quarter of the globe. He has a remarkable furrow in the forehead, probably occasioned by accident, which would distinguish him among ten thousand.”

“ Do you think so slight a mark decisive?” said Altamont, “ for that I remember too in my friend.”

“ Oh, there are other marks,” said De Lille, carelessly, “ but for the present, we will say nothing about him.”

Altamont was nearly exhausted when he reached the house, from which Cordelia happened to be absent on a visit with Mrs. De Lille; and he therefore missed whatever pain or pleasure he might have experienced from observing her countenance. In receiving the news, she probably exerted some fortitude, since her father, from that time, seemed to have dismissed his suspicions of her friend, and now mentioned him with cordiality and esteem. For some days he was confined, by the consequences of the accident, to his chamber; it was certainly tantalizing to be thus estranged from Cordelia;

nor was he consoled by her father's daily visits, and specious but heartless courtesies for the loss of her endearing society. During his imprisonment, he received a very sprightly letter from Vallancy, who appeared to have almost forgotten the *Incognita* in his parliamentary anticipations.

De Lille received an invitation to Lord Marmiton's, which he was too politic not to accept; and having now detected the secret of his wife's perverseness, he mentioned *Affrontement* to her, in terms of praise very different from the language he had once addressed to Cordelia. This judicious stratagem succeeded; and when the invalid was sufficiently recovered to rejoin the family, which happened during De Lille's absence, he might have been struck with the change in her deportment, if he could have attended to any thing so insignificant in the presence of Cordelia. Not that he was immediately restored to all the privileges he had previously enjoyed.

Each had acquired a certain consciousness, which checked the flow of sympathy; and both

both missed the venerable aspect of Haller, in whose society they could watch each other's looks, without betraying vigilance or fearing detection. This new situation produced not in each a similar change of sentiment. Altamont, observing in Cordelia so much more reserve, was secretly discouraged by her altered deportment; and as his passion increased, his confidence diminished. Cordelia from her anxiety to preserve his friendship, had a latent suspicion of his love; not that she admitted to herself, what she at once hoped and feared, and doubted and believed; but she dreaded her father's scrutiny, and, as she could not be dissingenuous, his enquiry. She dreaded the possibility of seeing him treated by her family with rudeness and contempt. Above all, perhaps, she dreaded the suspension of that familiar intercourse, the loss of that endearing sympathy, at once so satisfying to the heart, so congenial to the fancy, from which she received such delight. In this dilemma of sentiment, love itself became her monitor;

monitor ; and, as they were fully at liberty to select their own amusement, she requested him to renew his instructions ; protesting she was ambitious to convince him that she could now be an exemplary pupil. A monarch could not have conferred on Altamont a title he held so dear, as that of Cordelia's preceptor.

But what shall be the subject of their studies ? She has magnanimously resolved to forsake the Elysian fields of poetry, for the higher regions of philosophy. *Timidity*, for once, assuming the office of wisdom, involves in one ruthless proscription all the enchanting graces of the imagination ; and that every thing leading to sentiment may be banished from conversation, she professes a desire to ascend to that mathematical sphere, so rarely explored by her sex. Altamont himself has little relish for this abstracted world ; but any world becomes delightful with Cordelia. And now behold her listening with patient endurance, to such words as,

“ Isosceles and parallel,

“ Words hard to speak, and hard to spell ;”

whilst

whilst Altamont, with composed gravity, discourses on the radii of the circle. But little does this frigid language correspond with the impassioned enthusiasm kindling in his eyes, whenever he glances on the lovely pupil, who receives the lesson with a bewitching air of deference and docility, yet often fails to collect its import, from the attention spontaneously offered to the now indulgent and devoted tutor. The perusal of the legend is still postponed to some more propitious moment; it is, perhaps, an innocent device of the heart, to prolong by the anticipations of fancy, the precious interval of enjoyment. But this felicity approaches its close. Mrs. De Lille, with triumph in her eyes, announces the arrival of Miss Rouvigny in England, and instantly reminds Altamont of his promise to entice her Vallancy back to Beachdale.

Condelia loved Adela; yet she could not rejoice at the intelligence, since she had a presage, that her arrival was to be the signal for Altamont's departure. "She was too
" much

“ much fatigued to write herself,” reiterated Mrs. De Lille; “ but Sir Frederic, who is “ impatience to return, promises she shall “ be restored in a day or two.”

Cordelia changed countenance ; her emotion escaped the wary Mrs. De Lille, but was observed by Altamont, so much more lynx-eyed is love than even suspicion.

The first moment she was alone with Altamont, she offered to restore the manuscript on condition that he should read it to her on the morrow. Altamont is too happy to escape from Euclid ; his ardour for the manuscript is revived ; for, of late, curiosity had been suspended, and even gratitude absorbed in a dearer object. Though delighted with to-day, he therefore longs for the morrow, which promises him so much enjoyment.

The morrow came ; the family as usual assembled at the breakfast-table, when both Altamont and Cordelia were struck with the perplexity in Mrs. De Lille’s countenance, who, having hastily swallowed a cup of tea, arose, and darted through the park towards
the

the Grange, the residence of the wealthy farmer Mr. Mapletoft, and for some years the retreat of Mrs. Gladwin's old *protégée*.

In the last three weeks, Mrs. De Lille had often visited this worthy creature, to whom for three years before, she had scarcely vouchsafed a single civility. It will be necessary to account for this change of conduct, though Mrs. De Lille herself would have been at a loss to explain the motives by which she was secretly influenced.

It may be remembered, that the introduction of Celia's friend to the Grange, nearly coincided with the period of Mr. Bruce's departure from the vicarage ; and, like every other transaction effected by her agency, was conducted in the shape of mystery. Mrs. Winifred was no spinster, and expressions often escaped her, which intimated, that she had been peculiarly unfortunate in her conjugal connection. No mention was ever made, of her family ; she was obviously illiterate and uneducated ; but, what was most surprizing, she appeared to consider

Celia

Celia as eminently her superior, though she paid for her board alone, a sum more than equal to the income of her nominal patroness; and it was soon discovered, that she dispensed alms to a considerable amount. Her purse was almost as accessible as her medicine-chest, in which she took infinite delight. She made soups for the sick, distributed cloaths to the naked, and was soon worshipped as the Lady Bountiful of the parish. In all but goodness, indeed, she was a striking contrast to her romantic friend. She was always attired with plain and scrupulous neatness; the cap and pinner never forsook her head; and a gown of plain grey silk was her constant uniform. Her dress was not plainer than her speech; she made no pretensions to literature; and, though she had once at Celia's request endeavoured to wade through the History of England, she soon desisted from the task, alledging that, upon this occasion, she dozed so much by day, she could not sleep at night.

With novels she experienced not the same difficulties; and often did she sit in
her

her easy chair, groaning over the sorrows of her distressed heroines, and raving at the diabolical tricks of their male persecutors. From this exercise of fancy alone could it have been suspected that she was capable of one vindictive sentiment: but sympathy betrayed this secret of her heart, that with all her kindness, all her benevolence, and even her charity, she never forgot or forgave an injury; often, in her simple language, declaring, that she could sooner die, than bless her enemy. In Mr. Mapletost's household, she had happily found an object for her warmest affections, in a poor flighted youth, who had been transplanted from a numerous family; and who received his maintenance from his rich relation, as an act of charity. Feeble and sickly, with a decided aversion to all active pursuits, he was found wholly useless in the farm; and, as Mr. Mapletost chose not to throw away money on his education, he was left to himself, and stigmatized as a zany, and considered as an incumbrance, till he found
a friend

a friend in Mrs. Winifred; who having nursed him in an ague, soon conceived for her docile patient the most tender friendship. Having discovered that he was fond of reading, she procured for him, through the interest of Mrs. Gladwin, full access to the library at the abbey; where he was his fortune to attract the notice of Mr. Quintin, who sometimes employed him as a secretary, sometimes as a reader, and now and then gave him in return a lesson in the Latin grammar, and a pompous dissertation on heraldry. The situation of Aleck Satchell (as he was called) was now changed. The Mapletons, perceiving Mrs. Winifred's predilection, imagined he was to be her heir. Mr. Quintin, flattered by his docility, pronounced him a *prodigy* of application; and Aleck himself was perfectly satisfied that he should some day or other realize all the fond fantastic dreams of greatness, which had been, he knew not when, or how long since, impressed on his ductile fancy.

A visionary

A visionary is almost always the outcast of nature; a being, whom fortune should seem to have excluded from happiness, and rarely admitted within the dear domestic circle; he has not shared in the rich, unbartered blessings of friendship; the cheap, yet precious, pleasures of home. He is not found in the lowest class of poverty. Whoever has to earn the bread he eats is in no danger of wandering into dreams: but he who wants every thing which the soul requires, must inevitably become obtuse or fantastic. It was thus with Aleck, who during infancy had no playmate, having been adopted by a superstitious grandmother, who duly every morning shook her tea-cup, and descanted on her dreams. At night she was often disturbed with that little spider, whose *tick-like* murmur has been supposed to betoken death. She saw portents in the candle; and if a coal bounced from the fire, believed it was a summons to the grave. She was accustomed also to calculate on
years,

years, even and odd ; and had a thousand other vagaries, which were dropt into Aleck's ear. She had taught him to read, and Jacob Behmen, and the History of Witchcraft and of Apparitions, formed his first studies. Once, too, this care-worn personage took him to a cunning woman, who told his fortune ; and predicted, he should one day be a great man. The grandame laughed ; but ever after, if she was pleased with the boy, would stroke his head, repeat the prophecy ; and then, looking into an old court calendar, count over the places by the possession of which, it might be accomplished. Aleck's natural indolence left him passive to impressions ; he insensibly acquired some vague conceptions, that he was born to no common destiny. He amassed in imagination a little treasury of hope, and was satisfied with his lot. When he was transferred to Mr. Mapletost's family, where he had no longer this fond flattering grandame, he endured every slight and mortification, still trusting, he

he knew not why, to this mysterious prophecy. Though not blessed with instruction, he read voraciously whatever books he could meet with; some of these, the refuse of an old lumber chest, happened to be of a metaphysical cast. His early superstitions were clinging to his mind, but this new course of study taught him to despise their names, whilst he still nourished his fancy with their essence. A passion to account for every thing suddenly took possession of his mind; and, reflecting on his grandmother's dreams, he began to think that if he knew the events of the day, he could easily predict the visions of the night. He pursued this fanciful enquiry with success; for as he was persevering in his questions, he generally extracted an answer to correspond with his previous calculation. He now went one step farther; he began to speculate on the composition of dreams, and at length fancied he could, by making certain impressions on the mind, induce any particular person to dream as he pleased.

In this too he succeeded, for the same reason as before; as by dint of importunity, he seldom failed to extort the concession he wished. It is seldom possible to retrace our dreams; the effort of memory is commonly aided by fancy; and with the uneducated people, on whom Aleck operated, one illusion is often mistaken for the other.

“ Why do we fall in love ? ” was once said sportively by a young man as lively as Vallancy.

Aleck began to ponder on the subject, which appeared to him pregnant with philosophy. He considered, that the general susceptibility to tender impressions could by no means explain the circumstance of particular predilection. The caprice of the passion was proverbial; it was notorious that neither beauty nor talents extorted the preference; and what determined the affections to one individual more than another, was often a problem to the understanding; and the occult cause had often been resolved into secret sympathies, charms, spells, ar

incantations; he observed that few people dived into this subject, without admitting the operation of a certain species of fatality, which supposed the attraction to be invincible. But might not all this, thought Black, be resolved into intermediate mental agency? May not two individuals be impelled to think of each other, because they have been accidentally associated together in the minds of a third person? Might not thought flow like light; and was not its action produced by vibrations? This influence might hitherto have been accidentally, exerted though the existence of its principle was unsuspected; as the magnetic property of steel existed long before its application to the compass. And might not some superior mind, by intense, vehement, efficient application, acquire the steerage of the human affections?

To the obvious objection, that such power might be misapplied, he had an easy answer; that such power could

never be exercised by any one, who was himself under the dominion of the passions; because it demanded that ardent and perfect devotedness to an abstract subject of which no impassioned mind was capable. The hypothesis once launched, solved a thousand things which had been hitherto deemed insoluble. It elucidated the fables of mythology; which he conceived to be nothing more than personifications of this principle; this medium of sympathy, was by him to be reclaimed for mankind. To this he attributed the attachment of the Spartans to their Lycurgus, and the submission of Athens to her Solon.

“ It was by intense abstraction in these
“ fages,” cried Aleck; “ it was by think-
“ ing constantly and vehemently of their
“ fellow citizens, that they established their
“ mental ascendant.” Then he reasoned,
that the being who should be sublime
enough to compel the affections, might
also in time be powerful enough to still
the

the passions, which had been hitherto pernicious to the world; and the golden age of the poets, and the Utopia of philosophers, would be realized, whenever there should be a sufficient number of superior minds to balance and harmonize the moral sympathies. Enchanted with his theory, he put it to the test of experiment; and for this purpose, associated in imagination two young people of the village; thinking of them to the exclusion of every other idea, and with an ardent aspiration for their future felicity.

The result was flattering; for it happened that they were soon united. Charmed with his first success, he made the trial on another couple with similar results; and for the course of two years, operated on many more, some of whom proved refractory. But being once prepossessed with his faith, such failures did not depress his courage; and, by degrees, he resolved all such cases into unsuitable tempers, or previous attachment,

ment. Hitherto, however, he had tried only on the young and susceptible. To ascertain the extent of his power, he deemed it necessary to associate in his mind two individuals of another class. There lived in the village a carrier, whose name of Nicholas was familiarly abbreviated into Nick. He was a tall lank figure; remarkable for nothing but his care and taciturnity; he trudged twice a week to the neighbouring town, at the side of a little light cart, drawn by a single ass. He had buried his wife, and appeared not to think of another. Indeed, he never wasted time in unprofitable discourse, even to his customers; and day after day jogged on, scarcely opening his lips, except to admonish his dog, or rebuke his ass.

In Mrs. Mapletoft's household, was a tall elderly damsel, so staid and circumspect, that she was treated with the deference due to a matron. Aleck, being persuaded, that these two people would harmonize together, thought of them intensely; and

And even at church kept looking from Nick to Betty, by which unsuspected manœuvre, he really caused them to look at each other. Whether Betty mused on this extraordinary symptom of attention in Nick is not known: but the next day she was sent to the carrier, by Mrs. Winifred, with a small parcel, to which she attached some importance. The damsel found him too hoarse to speak; she reported his case to the kind-hearted doctress, who immediately sent a bottle of elder wine and a posset by the same messenger; various other friendly offices succeeded; and Aleck, who had devoted himself to the object with unremitting ardour, had at length the satisfaction to see them united; and often, on passing their snug little cottage, which had been neatly furnished by Mrs. Winifred, and by Betty's care was rendered light and tidy, he secretly felicitated himself on having been the unknown and unsuspected agent of their mutual satisfaction and tranquillity. His last effort was so decisive, that he

hastened to Mrs. Winifred, to whom alone he divulged his discovery, and for whose satisfaction he now attempted to explain his principles.

To explain to another what he knows, or fancies that he knows, is always a severe effort to the visionary, who instinctively shelters the offspring of his brain in quiet obscurity.

Fortunately for Aleck, the person selected for his confidence, opposed no startling objections to his darling system, of which she did not comprehend the import. Fortunately too, he had learnt to invest his ideas with a dignified nomenclature, which materially softened their absurdity. In imitation of many other original thinkers, he enveloped his meaning in a pompous scientific phraseology, and talked of *the lever* of the heart, and the *momentum* of an impression : he talked of cogent, and passive agency; the equilibrium and the harmony of the affections. With these magnificent analogies, he seemed to have raised a substratum

stratum for his system, and in pronouncing certain words, he was himself astonished at his own fluency.

Mrs. Winifred listened with delight, conceiving all he meant to communicate to refer to some spiritual mission; and with honest pride, told him, she always thought he would come to be somebody. Then, as from the crabbed words he used, she conceived his operations, whatever they might be, to be attended with painful efforts, she would rise from her seat, and bid him take her easy chair, whilst she went to fetch something to comfort his poor stomach. Cheered by her kindness, (for when does kindness fail to exhilarate,) Aleck again propounded and expounded, whilst his good old friend, looking sometimes up, and sometimes down, pursued her knitting, yet often stole a momentary glance at the speaker; as an old affectionate puss, sits blinking at a playful puppy, or more frolicksome kitten, gamboling round its own tail, then quietly shuts his eyes, and drops

his whiskers, yet, still purring with fond confiding complacency.

In the midst of Aleck's abstractions she would place her hand on his forehead, and turn back his hair, and smooth it again, without causing either disturbance or displeasure; sometimes delighted with the sound of his voice, she moved her lips after his; but alas! those hard words were not to be articulated by her feeble organs, and she muttered *mob* for *mobile*, and *mum* for *momentum*. The lever she constantly perverted to the cleaver, not without shuddering at the involuntary association. But his *divine harmony* she was pleased to hear, and it seemed to do her heart good to pronounce it after him. Sometimes as she gazed on Aleck wondering what his fate should be, and whether he would be recompensed for his exertions in behalf of his fellow-creatures a tear dropt on her knitting needle, and as she softly wiped it away, she sighed "God bless thee." It was a scene at once tender and ludicrous. The benevolent Halle

would have raised his eyes to heaven, and secretly rejoiced that the human heart was so richly furnished with sympathies, supplying the place of intelligence; and that the simple and the wise, the illiterate and the learned, could interchange kind confiding affection, and amicably consort together.

CHAPTER XII.

NOTWITHSTANDING Aleck's reserve, and Mrs. Winifred's discretion, it was rumoured in the village that he possessed certain occult powers. As a sevenson he was already entitled to some reverence; and, from the period of his establishment in Mr. Mapletost's family, had constantly been solicited to furnish amulets for the whooping-cough and ague. Now, however, whether from some imperfect communications of his old friend, or some hints incautiously given to the married parties, it was whispered, that he could make people angry or loving just as he pleased; that he could induce sleep or stupor; and cure either colds or fevers without medicine. The little boys were silenced at his approach, and their mothers often stifled their clamours with his name. Some of these rumours had reached

reached the domestics in Vallancy house; and Mrs. De Lille, who sometimes listened to her gossiping maid, had been highly amused with the relation. The story was repeated with additions, and she still laughed, but wondered what could have given rise to such a belief.

Sometimes, in thinking of her son and Miss Rouvigny, she heartily wished that such a power, as was attributed to Aleck, should be lodged with mothers, to induce compliance with their reasonable wishes when they could no longer extort obedi-

ence; not that she gave the least credit to these tales, but she was curious to trace their origin. It might, perhaps, be possible to extract from this strange Aleck some useful hint to direct her own movements; at any rate it was a harmless and diverting speculation. The idea floated in her mind, without exciting any correspondent action, till after her son's arrival at Beachdale; then, sceptical as she was, she visited the Grange, courteously caressed Mrs. Winifred, and by
pro-

possessing a wish to see Aleck pursuing some honourable profession, obtained her complete confidence. At first, she could with difficulty refrain from laughing ; but when Mrs. Winifred called in Aleck, and desired him to impart his knowledge ; he spoke with such promptitude and confidence, avowed his own convictions with such unpremeditated energy, and so veiled their absurdity by scholastic or philosophical language, that Mrs. De Lille found herself utterly confounded, and, instead of smiling, was lost in doubt and amazement.

Perceiving he had made a favourable impression on his auditors, he launched forth with unusual energy ; “ It is nothing occult or strange : It is what every where takes place. Every one possesses the faculties for this mental operation ; every one is unconsciously accustomed to employ it.”

“ Sir,” said Mrs. De Lille, “ do you mean to say such power as your’s can be acquired at will ?”

“ I do,

“ I do, Madam. My secret is merely
“ *attention and abstraction.* You have only
“ to think intensely of certain persons,
“ *purely for their sake*, without any cal-
“ culations of *interest*, any impulses of
“ *passion.*”

“ Well, Sir, and shall I thus compel
“ them to think of each other ?”

“ If there be nothing incompatible in
“ their tempers, no previous prepossession,
“ you will;—be assured, Madam, the thing
“ happens every day, without our suspect-
“ ing it.”

Here Mrs. De Lille very gravely asked, if
he really could name any particular instance
in which this influence had produced an
union. Aleck smiled at the question, arose,
went up stairs, and presently returned with
a book, in which he had entered the names,
and detailed the progress, of every indivi-
dual on whom he had operated. In fact
there is always something that imposes re-
spect. Mrs. De Lille was staggered, and it
immediately occurred to her that the real
object

object of De Lille's recent attentions at the Grange, was to engage Aleck's assistance in creating an attachment between her son and Cordelia ; she sickened at the surmise, and even went again to ascertain if it was just.

Aleck never mentioned her husband, and she was at length persuaded her conjecture was unfounded ; but, in the course of her conferences with the *Visionary*, she so often thought his system desirable, that she began to think it feasible ; she was too sensible to ridicule to commit herself on such a subject, and therefore carefully concealed all her newly-acquired knowledge. But whilst Altamont was initiating Cordelia into mathematical truths, she was endeavouring to initiate herself into Aleck's subtleties, secretly resolving not to *trust* but to *use* him ; to attend to his hints ; to collect all his ideas ; and, if possible, to operate with her own faculties in the manner she wished. In his instructions he exacted two things, almost equally difficult and repugnant to her character ; that she should not think of herself,

self, nor of any other being, with displeasure. Such abstraction as this was indeed difficult, if not impossible; yet Mrs. De Lille had now so strong a motive to use self-restraint, that, for a whole week, she was never out of temper.

The fight of Aleck was now essential to her tranquillity; and, when she had so abruptly quitted the breakfast table, she hurried to the Grange, almost with as much ardour as Altamont attended Cordelia to the pension. This imposing name which had been given to an apartment open to the garden, fitted up as a study, and embellished with the portrait of Miss Rouvigny, in the character of Flora, had glass doors on each side, the one opening to the lawn, the other to the flowery parterres, which embalmed the air with delicious fragrance. Here Cordelia presented to Altamont the manuscript, precisely as she had received it from Haller. Altamont observed, at the commencement of the first page, these words, "A legend for my children." The writing was perfectly

“ them, whenever they should be pleased
“ to claim it, my fidelity and allegiance.”

“ During my residence at Rome, I was
“ united in brotherly friendship with
“ young Englishman of my own persuasion,
“ whose sister had lately professed
“ her scruples to our communion, and
“ avowed her preference of the reformed
“ faith.

“ My friend Albert, deeply lamenting
“ her apostasy, repeatedly employed his
“ pen to combat her new principles, and
“ sometimes engaged my clandestine assistance
“ in the correspondence. In return
“ for such petty services, he communicated
“ to me her letters, which were sometimes
“ unavoidably on the same subject. In his
“ replies to his arguments, she often displayed
“ covered powers of reasoning which excited
“ our admiration. It was impossible
“ not to be charmed with the eloquence of
“ her style, the energy and intrepidity of
“ her sentiments.

“ F

“ But I was, at this period, too much the
“ slave of prejudice, to relish in an indivi-
“ dual of her sex such proofs of mental
“ independence; and when Albert once
“ intimated a wish that it might be my fate
“ to reclaim her to the primitive faith, and
“ to receive her hand as the seal of her
“ conversion, I secretly revolted at the
“ suggestion; and, though assured that she
“ was young and lovely, still imagined for
“ her a masculine form, and a harsh, re-
“ pulsive aspect. I had, however, a strong
“ curiosity to see so extraordinary a female,
“ and, at parting from Albert, promised to
“ visit him at his uncle’s seat (where he
“ resided with his sister), as soon as I had
“ seen my father, who, from cares and
“ mortifications, was prematurely sinking
“ to the grave.

“ I returned, then, to the dear native
“ country which a long season of estrange-
“ ment had not banished from remem-
“ brance; but I received no joyful wel-
“ come. From the period of my uncle’s
“ usurpa-

“ usurpation, a schism had prevailed in our
“ family. My elder brother had been
“ prodigal, and my father, overwhelmed
“ with chagrin and disappointment, was
“ about to make a voyage to Lisbon for
“ his health, attended only by my sister
“ who had long aspired to the religious
“ vocation. The moment of meeting
“ was almost immediately saddened by
“ that of parting; and for what purpose
“ was I returned? The curse of banishment
“ still pursued my steps. In this our be-
“ loved country, I was an alien rather
“ than a citizen: I found no occupation
“ for talents, no scope for ambition
“ wherever I turned, some invidious cause
“ of proscription opposed my progress;
“ whatever I aspired, jealousy or suspicion
“ stigmatized the effort, and intercepted
“ the recompence.

“ The love of fame, that noblest impulse
“ of the youthful mind, that active spirit
“ which vivifies patriotism, and scatters
“ through a free people the germs of
“ even

“ every generous and heroic sentiment,
“ in me was but a self-amusing passion,
“ fatal to my own peace, and boonless to
“ the community. It was little to be ex-
“ cluded from power and privilege; I
“ was debarred from hope; I was not
“ allowed to participate in national glory.
“ The oblation I would have offered was
“ rejected; I was like a stranger in the
“ land of my fathers; I had no access to
“ the temple of honour; and was almost
“ robbed of life in being condemned to
“ obscurity.

“ Under such circumstances, I deter-
“ mined to engage in the Austrian service,
“ in which foreigners often rose to emi-
“ nence and distinction.

“ On leaving Ireland I did not forget
“ my friend Albert, who had reminded
“ me of my promised visit, and was earnest
“ in his entreaties to prevent my final
“ expatriation. I determined to pass some
“ time at his uncle's seat, and from thence
“ to proceed on my foreign career. Having
“ taken

“ taken a silent farewell of the mansion in
“ which I received my birth, I commenced
“ my solitary journey; indulging a sort of
“ mental intoxication, on which I cannot
“ now reflect without astonishment. The
“ painful circumstances in which I have
“ been lately placed no longer operated on
“ my mind. In imagination, I overleaped
“ all narrow bounds and circumscriptions;
“ I had a thousand visions of futurity, all
“ vast and magnificent; my ambition was
“ pure from envy; there was no pinning
“ of greatness, to which another had reached
“ but my heart had secret aspirations for
“ some nobler pre-eminence.

“ These splendid illusions of fancy were
“ at length dismissed, when I arrived on
“ the western coast of England, and, happy
“ to escape from the limitation of a vessel
“ proceeded on foot to my friend’s habita-
“ tion. In retracing this passage of my
“ life, an agitation like that of youthful
“ hope trembles through my frame. The
“ most minute circumstances are recalled
“ with

“ with the vivid sensations of the moment,
“ for of that delicious evening not one
“ emotion is lost ; not a look escaped ; nor
“ is one word, one thought forgotten.

“ It was twilight when I approached the
“ house, and though unable to discern a
“ single feature of the landscape, I had a
“ general impression of its beauty. The
“ vernal fragrance in the air ; the luxuriant
“ foliage interposing its grateful gloom ; the
“ mingling shadows of hills and dales,
“ contrasted with the blue horizon ; the
“ dashing of a cataract, heard only in in-
“ tervals of silence, when rural sounds,
“ and all the little nameless notices of
“ human neighbourhood were suspended :
“ all these conspired to create a picture
“ for the eye, and to give a foretaste of
“ future enjoyment.

“ The house had once been a priory,
“ and was still approached by a long
“ avenue planted with elm trees, which
“ still gave it a religious aspect. I was
“ here kindly greeted by Albert, who had
VOL. I. L “ been

“ been watching my arrival, and who, per-
 “ haps to prolong the first precious mo-
 “ ments of confidence, conducted me by a
 “ private circuitous route through the garden
 “ to the house. The room into which he
 “ ushered me was lofty and spacious. I
 “ perceived at one of the venetian windows
 “ a female figure, not one feature of whose
 “ face was now discernible. She was in-
 “ stantly announced by my friend as his
 “ sister; the Susanna, with whose mind
 “ I fancied myself so well acquainted, but
 “ who welcomed me with so sweet and
 “ frank a voice, as at once disarmed me
 “ of half my prejudice. When she left
 “ the room to give orders for my reception
 “ I perceived a sort of gloomy void; when
 “ she returned and renewed the attention
 “ due to her brother’s friend, joined in the
 “ conversation, with that modest frankness
 “ that charming spontaneous courtesy, which
 “ belongs to innocence, I forgot where
 “ was; I had no faculties for any other
 “ object. Yet, whilst my eyes followe

“ her graceful motions, and I listened almost with devotion to her enchanting accents, I wished to prolong the obscurity by which she was half concealed, with an avaricious love of pleasure. I almost feared to see her face, lest it should not harmonize with the image already traced by fancy. But the apprehension was unfounded; her countenance revealed the loveliness of her character; her fine features were always lighted up with intelligence and sensibility; but at times there was in her eyes an emanation of soul, a look, an expression, all unearthly; not the transient lustre of youth, but the bright refulgence of immortality.

“ I retired warm with admiration; and by a strange contradiction, I found the very qualities by which I had previously been repelled, among the most powerful and irresistible of her attractions. That a woman, so young and so gentle, should have been capable of such energy and intrepidity; that she, who seemed from

“ her delicacy and softness, formed
“ *love alone*, should have dared, from pr
“ ciple, to brave the reproofs, or, what
“ more, the affectionate persecution of
“ family,—it was this paradox in c
“ racter that at once touched and f
“ dued my soul; it was for Sufanna al
“ to reconcile such contradictions; th
“ could be no second Sufanna in
“ universe!

“ Yet with all my enthusiasm, I fig
“ for her apostacy; and, with a lover's ze
“ determined to attempt her conversi
“ It was on a delicious morning, and dur
“ a rural excursion which had been plan
“ for the purpose, that I entered on
“ arduous task. The most voluptu
“ odour embalmed the air, the birds w
“ singing around us, and the songs of
“ merry rustics resounded on every fi
“ Never was there such a scene for p
“ mical discussion, and never was ther
“ lovely a disputant. But how was I a
“ nished, to discover, under her gen
“ mod

“ modest, unobtrusive simplicity, the most
“ comprehensive powers of understanding,
“ enforced by the most touching, artless,
“ all-persuasive eloquence. Instead of re-
“ forming her faith, I endangered my
“ own; her answers excited doubts never
“ before admitted to my mind; for the
“ first time, I learnt to distrust the imposing
“ name of authority: love had given a
“ lesson of candour, and I soon became so
“ liberal in my concessions, that Susanna
“ would say, with a smile, I was more
“ than half a heretic. But our social hours
“ were not confined to such subjects. The
“ delights of her society were inexhaustible;
“ her judgment was so prompt, her taste
“ so exquisite, her impressions so vivid,—
“ and yet so deep, so lively, and still so
“ permanent; her sympathies were so widely
“ diffusive, her principles so pure, her
“ benevolence so expanded, she inspired
“ virtue by her bold conviction of its ex-
“ istence. All her ideas were of sponta-
“ neous growth, and she scattered them
“ with

“ with frank and guileless simplicity ; un-
 “ consciously enriching every subject on
 “ which she touched.

“ Several months passed in this delight-
 “ ful intercourse, in which, without ever
 “ mentioning love, we mutually demon-
 “ strated affection. My intended travels
 “ were suspended, or rather forgotten. I
 “ became more ardently attached to liberty
 “ for Susanna's sake ; she had infused into
 “ me a new soul ; the mist of prejudice
 “ dispersed from my eyes ; the burden
 “ weight of bigotry was removed from
 “ my heart.

“ Albert had at first observed our friend-
 “ ship with pleasure ; and he again intimated,
 “ that if Susanna's conversion was effected,
 “ the disparity of fortune on my part would
 “ form no objection with his uncle, on
 “ whom he and his sister were equally de-
 “ pendent. But I was no longer anxious
 “ to accomplish this object ; and I was too
 “ ingenuous to disguise the change in my
 “ sentiments. From that moment, my
 “ friend

“ friend assumed a different aspect. I was
“ beginning to perceive the estrangement,
“ when, fatally for me, the Pretender made
“ his long meditated invasion, and recalled
“ my former pledge of service and fidelity.
“ Though far from having acquired just
“ conceptions of the English constitution,
“ I had insensibly corrected many of my
“ former errors, and was no longer absurd
“ enough to conceive, that the welfare and
“ prosperity of those powerful realms should
“ be hazarded, for the sake of one unfor-
“ tunate, but imprudent family. Yet a
“ promise was so sacred an obligation; to
“ desert a friend, in the moment of diffi-
“ culty and danger, implied such derelic-
“ tion of principle, such baseness of senti-
“ ment, that I could not decide to cancel
“ the engagement. Albert, though he
“ blamed my former infatuation, now not
“ unwilling to see me separated from his
“ sister, pronounced my engagement irre-
“ vocable, by the laws of honour; and, by
“ my romantic mind, the laws of honour
“ were

“ were omnipotent. I could conceive no
“ degradation so dreadful, as the con-
“ sciousness of deliberate treachery, and
“ pusillanimous desertion. Rashly, there-
“ fore, I engaged in an enterprise, from its
“ first movement devoted to destruction;
“ madly tore myself from Susanna, though
“ I witnessed her silent anguish, and dis-
“ covered, even in her averted eyes, the
“ assurances of tenderness and affection.

“ I pass rapidly over this act of folly,
“ on which I cannot now with patience
“ reflect. The fate of the expedition was
“ soon decided; and for myself, I had
“ hazarded and lost all for honour. I was
“ known in the camp by a Scotch name,
“ which I had assumed from motives of
“ tenderness to my family, whom I was
“ unwilling to involve in the consequence
“ of my temerity. Under this fictitious
“ title my person was minutely described
“ and a reward offered for my apprehen-
“ sion. Various were the stratagems
“ employed to elude discovery and pur-
“ suit.

“suit; not for the sake of prolonging life,
“since I twice rejected the opportunity of
“escaping to France; but with the hope
“of once more seeing my Susanna, whose
“image, supreme in loveliness and truth,
“still threw a gleam of momentary bliss
“over my wretched existence. Animated
“by this object, I encountered perils and
“hardships innumerable, till finally I ar-
“rived within a few miles of the spot where
“I had first known her. At this distance
“from the scene of hostility, I con-
“ceived myself safe, or rather had no
“further inducements for consulting safety;
“I therefore discarded the disguise, in
“which I had performed the last part of
“my journey, and eagerly proceeded; not
“with the dejected aspect of an outlawed
“man, but rather with the ardour of the
“happy lover, who descries the goal of
“hope, and already anticipates the raptu-
“rous welcome. I approached the man-
“sion, and though no longer greeted in
“the avenue, I almost mechanically struck
“into

“ into the same path by which Albert had
“ led me to the garden ; and without
“ seeing a servant, or one human being
“ proceeded as before to the room
“ which I had first beheld Susanna, when
“ found it blank and empty. A sudden feeling
“ chilled my heart. I should have concluded
“ the house to be desolate, had I
“ not heard from an adjoining apartment
“ two voices in angry altercation. My own
“ name was pronounced with churlish impatience ;
“ I scarcely attended to the import
“ of the words, so intense was my solicitude
“ for Susanna. As I listened, I heard
“ an outer door recoil with violence ; there
“ was then a pause of silence, in which
“ I had no power to move. A convulsive
“ tremor shook my frame. I dreaded to
“ hear that Susanna no longer existed.
“ At this moment I was startled by a sigh
“ so deep, so plaintive, that it might have
“ touched the most obdurate heart, but
“ mine, it was the blessed harbinger of joy.”

“ for Sufanna spoke with her own delightful voice.

“ ‘ Oh brother, how can you change from so warm a friend, to so bitter a foe ?’

“ ‘ I loved him, till he betrayed my confidence ; and, with base hypocrisy, under the pretext of restoring your faith, inveigled your affections.’

“ ‘ Cornelius is incapable of hypocrisy ; how can you be so suspicious ?’

“ ‘ How can you, Sufanna, be so credulous ? Think not he will be constant in love ; this apostate from his church ; this hypocrite who deluded your brother ; this coward who conceals his name ; this traitor, who has contrived to make his escape, in some pitiful disguise, will not long think of the girl, who would sacrifice for him the honour of her family.’

“ I could hold no longer, but, transported at once with love and indignation, rushed into the room. ‘ No,’ cried I, ‘ I assume no disguise. I attempt not to

L 6

“ escape,

“escape. Take my life. Satisfy your
“revenge.”

“Sufanna, who was at first motionless
“with astonishment, now, throwing herself
“between us, exclaimed, ‘Oh, my friend,
“my brother.’”

“Albert haughtily replied, ‘Fear not,
“Sufanna, that I shall fully my sword with
“his blood; but he is a rebel publicly
“proclaimed, and were my uncle present
“he would deliver him to justice.’”

“‘Impossible,’ cried Sufanna; ‘he
“could not be so cruel.’”

“‘How, girl, would you sacrifice a
“your family to this apostate? Are you
“not aware, that it would be at our per-
“to harbour him.’”

“‘Heaven forbid,’ cried I, ‘that any
“should suffer for my unworthy sake.
“came but to take one last and everlasting
“look; and now let me go hence, in
“matter whither.’”

“Now first feeling the loss of strength,
“staggered towards the door; a mist grew
“there

“thered before my eyes, as I strained them
“to gaze on my Sufanna. Terrified by my
“pale countenance, she caught my arm,
“and with gentle violence, compelled me
“to be seated. Albert himself, from an
“involuntary impulse of pity, brought a
“cordial, which his sister presented to my
“lips; at that moment he heard his un-
“cle’s voice, and with evident alarm, ex-
“claimed, ‘What shall we do? he cannot
“be concealed. Fly, Cornelius! I would
“not have him sacrificed.’

“‘No,’ cried I, ‘here would I die; here
“would I obtain my release.’

“‘Madman, you must not die beneath
“this roof,’ cried he.

“‘Oh, my brother,’ cried Sufanna;

“‘go to my uncle, prevent his entrance,
“whilst I assist him to escape.’

“He instantly obeyed; and Sufanna,
“opening a glass door which commu-
“nicated with the garden, conducted me
“by a covered walk to a grotto, through
“which was a subterraneous passage to the

“Park,

“ Park, which opened to the country. Here
“ bidding me remain, till she should send
“ her nurse, a trusty old domestic, to convey
“ me to a secure retreat, she hastened
“ back to the house to prevent suspicion,
“ and to watch over my safety. In about
“ half an hour, her faithful agent arrived,
“ and having furnished me with the disguise of a ploughman’s frock, conducted me by the subterraneous route
“ to an old ruinous edifice, excavated from
“ a cliff; which, being supposed to be
“ haunted, was a place of impregnable security. Here she ushered me
“ into an apartment, which, though dark
“ and dreary, was to my surprise, furnished with various articles for my
“ use. And I learnt from my attendant,
“ that Susanna, having long expected my
“ arrival, had chosen this spot for my sanctuary; she added, that her uncle was
“ soon to accompany Albert on a visit to a
“ lady, to whom he was to be united; and
“ that

“ that she would then see, and restore me
“ to liberty.

“ The next day she revisited me, with
“ new admonitions to vigilance. Though
“ I had happily not been seen to enter
“ the house, my approach through the
“ Park was observed; and the puſillani-
“ mous uncle, jealous for his own exculpa-
“ tion, had lodged an information against
“ me. She added, that Albert believed I
“ was proceeding on my journey; and
“ that Sufanna conjured me, for her ſake,
“ to ſubmit with patience to my dreary
“ captivity. I was ſo careleſs of life, that
“ I ſhould ſcarcely have obeyed the in-
“ junction; but for my ardent deſire to
“ have one more interview with my be-
“ loved. Even with this motive for obe-
“ dience, I found the time intolerably
“ tedious; ſometimes my attendant con-
“ veyed a book to my dreary apartment.
“ I had my ſingle lamp, my ſolitary ſeat;
“ ſanctity alone was wanting, to render
“ this

“ this a hermit’s cell. My impatience be-
 “ came extreme, and I was tempted once
 “ more to go boldly to the house, and
 “ extort my promised meeting.

“ One evening, when even my attendant
 “ had been for two days absent, a light
 “ footstep descended to my gloomy apart-
 “ ment, and smiling like a benignant angel
 “ of peace and liberty, I beheld my Su-
 “ fanna.

“ ‘ At length,’ cried she, ‘ I am come
 “ to fulfil my promise. My brother,
 “ fully persuaded that you are now far
 “ distant, is gone on his intended visit.
 “ With the assistance of your incomparable
 “ guide, I have prepared every thing for
 “ your escape : your passage is taken in
 “ vessel which is to sail to-morrow for
 “ Lisbon, and horses are now waiting to
 “ convey you to the port.’ At these words
 “ her countenance changed, and her voice
 “ faltered, as she added, ‘ Go then, Con-
 “ nelius, whilst you may; and in your cruel
 “ exile sometimes remember Sufanna -’

“ ‘ No,

“ ‘No, never,’ cried I, ‘my life is forfeited, nor shall yours be endangered by having aided my escape.’”

“ She began to use that language of entreaty, which from her was almost always irresistible. ‘No,’ cried I; ‘since I was infatuated enough to join the standard of rebellion against the country in which you received your birth, let the folly be expiated with my blood. I should not shrink from common calamities; neither poverty nor persecution would shake my fortitude; but to have a gulph placed between me and happiness, never to return—never to hope for your recompensing love; such a separation as this is despair. When I so part from thee, welcome death, for life is over.’”

“ Here she hesitated—she cast down her eyes—‘But suppose the case reversed, Cornelius; suppose that I were the delinquent, and, like you, an outlaw, would
“ you

“ you not make desperate efforts to redeem
“ my life?”

“ ‘ Sufanna, you know I should not
“ think it could be purchased at too dear
“ a price: and were I only doomed to
“ exile, you would perhaps consent to leave
“ your country for my sake. Sufanna,
“ could be supremely blest with you in any
“ region; the love——.’ There was
“ short but awful pause! She trembled—
“ she bowed down her head—her lips
“ moved as if she laboured for utterance
“ and at length, with half averted eyes
“ she said, ‘ Cornelius!’—but in a tone so
“ low, so plaintive, that as she paused, she
“ cast on me a timid glance, uncertain
“ whether she was understood, till, by my
“ increasing agitation, she perceived that
“ I had heard her; reassured, she at length
“ proceeded—‘ Cornelius! if you could
“ do so much for me, think me not quite
“ incapable of the same constancy: if you
“ could renounce fortune, honour, family
“ it is little for me to relinquish a country

“ ;

“ in which I have no longer connections or
“ friends ; from this moment, therefore,
“ be our destiny the same ; and if you ac-
“ cept me, Cornelius, I am wholly yours.’

“ Amazement locked up my faculties,
“ and for a moment I was lost in rapturous
“ entrancement ; but her generosity recalled
“ my sense of justice ; I resisted her offer ;
“ I even rejected her love ; but she, who
“ had now regained her native energy, con-
“ tinued : — ‘ It was through me you in-
“ curred this penalty ; but, for me, you
“ would have been in another country,
“ free, prosperous, and happy : you can-
“ not banish from my mind the dreadful
“ impression, that I have caused all your
“ misery. The munificence of a friend,
“ who died during your absence, has sup-
“ plied me with a small sum, sufficient at
“ least to secure us from penury. Though
“ feeble by nature, I can learn, for your
“ sake, to grow familiar with danger. Fear
“ not my cowardice ; even now we are al-
“ most of the same persuasion ; let us taste
“ the

“ the same cup of adversity, and our com-
“ munion will be perfect.”

“ With such arguments Susanna pre-
“ vailed ; I submitted to her guidance, and
“ in three weeks we were both transported
“ to another country ; a sacred indissoluble
“ bond attesting our union.

“ We arrived at Lisbon in time to see
“ my father, who frankly forgave my rash-
“ ness, and bestowed on us both his pa-
“ ternal benediction. Though evidently
“ dying, he had been persuaded to try the
“ effects of a voyage to Madeira, and gladly
“ listened to our proposal of embarking
“ with him. My sister, who had at length
“ taken the veil, remained in a convent at
“ Lisbon ; but her place was most tenderly
“ supplied by my Susanna, who, as she looked
“ at me, seemed to regard my parent with
“ more than filial love. Grateful for her
“ attentions, he was eager to augment our
“ little treasure ; but he had been so much
“ impoverished by his brother and his elder
“ son, that he could only bestow on us the
“ little

“ little property he had lately received
 “ from a relation who had died in Portugal,
 “ and to secure which had been one of his
 “ original motives for leaving Ireland.

“ But wealth was not wanting to us in our
 “ delicious retreat, which was situated on
 “ the first ascent of a mountain, and was in-
 “ deed an earthly paradise. But it was not
 “ long permitted to my father to witness our
 “ felicity: he expired without pain, and
 “ his remains were buried in the church,
 “ which has been erected on the site of
 “ Macham’s Cave, where tradition has
 “ placed his Anna’s tomb*.

(Here Altamont found a sudden break in
 the manuscript; the character appeared some-
 what changed, the style still more altered at
 the recommencement.)

“ And this is Madeira still, the same
 “ island to which I bore her, and I am at

* Macham is supposed to have discovered the
 island in the 14th century. He had conveyed to it
 his mistress, who died of fatigue. The tale has been
 too often told to require repetition.

“ this

“ this moment within view of that spot
“ which contained our earthly paradise. In
“ was here that, day after day, we con-
“ templated the same beautiful scenes, and
“ found our admiration constantly renewed.
“ We breathed in an air soft and delicious
“ as our mutual love, and friendly to all.
“ The feverish dreams of ambition vanished
“ from my mind. I was reconciled to the
“ loss of glory, since it was replaced by
“ truth, nature, and Susanna. Our quiet
“ pursuits, our simple recreations, were all
“ heightened by endearing sympathy; even
“ our cares were converted to pleasures, by
“ forming between us an augmented bond
“ of union. So perfectly did we now har-
“ monize, that I had a tender compunction
“ in witnessing any superstitious rites and
“ observances which might offend my be-
“ loved; whilst she, for my sake, by degrees
“ regarded, with somewhat of reverential
“ complacency, the errors we now equally
“ disclaimed.

“ We

“ We had acquired a peculiar taste for
“ happiness—a subtle and mysterious fa-
“ culty of enjoyment. Our felicity reposed
“ on integrity, confidence, and truth.
“ With what delight did she listen when I
“ expressed a generous sentiment! how re-
“ fulgent were her eyes, when I confirmed
“ it by an action of kindness and benevo-
“ lence! To such bliss there was but one
“ alloy, the fatal anticipation of its close.

“ It was from this rock, where I am now
“ sitting, under the shade of a branched
“ palm, which was then but beginning to
“ shoot from its slender stalk; it was from
“ this spot I pointed out to my beloved the
“ dale beside the church, where tradition
“ has placed Macham’s and his Anna’s
“ grave; how bitterly did we lament their
“ fate; how gratefully contrast it with our
“ own; how tenderly we wept for their
“ sorrows, as if they were still conscious to
“ love or pity. ‘And yet,’ cried Susanna,
“ it is a consolation to reflect, that one
“ did not long survive the other.’ The
“ same

“ same sentiment was on my lips, and at
“ the same moment an agonizing pang of
“ separation chilled our hearts. Neither
“ of us spoke ; but the image of death rose
“ to our eyes ; and, as Susanna sunk in
“ my arms, we wept together.

“ ‘ But we are immortal,’ I at length
“ said. ‘ Yes,’ rejoined she, with her
“ wonted energy, ‘ God will not suffer two
“ such hearts to be sundered for ever.’
“ And is it really on this spot that I have
“ tasted of happiness ? By what strange
“ mysterious process am I thus changed,
“ that I can no longer pay any tender tri-
“ bute to the memory of her who formed
“ my supreme good. I, who could so freely
“ weep for the sorrows of unknown, per-
“ haps ideal, beings, have no longer a tear
“ to give my own. My heart is dried up.
“ The iron has entered into my soul, and
“ it is benumbed for ever. I may give
“ alms in charity ; I may even speak words
“ of comfort to the afflicted ; but I am no
“ longer touched with distress ; I am grown
“ familiar

“ familiar to the contemplation of evil ; I
“ no longer desire good ; here am I,
“ wretched and desolate. What a dreary
“ ruin, what a dark sepulchre is my bosom !
“ I am so bereaved of hope, I have no
“ new forfeiture to make to disappoint-
“ ment. It cannot be that I have ceased to
“ love ; since, even in writing her name,
“ the warm life-blood rushes to my heart.
“ She is never absent from my thoughts ;
“ but I am banished from her presence.
“ The sweet image no longer visits my
“ dreams ; I cannot bring her before my
“ mind’s eye ; the features are ever vanish-
“ ing ; the shadowy form dissolves away.
“ I have a conviction that she lives ; yet,
“ for me, methinks, she no more exists. My
“ faith is immutable ; but hope is gone. I
“ am so estranged from joy, I cannot
“ imagine any thing fair or lovely. I
“ know that I must live hereafter ; but the
“ aspirations for felicity are departed from
“ me. I am ready to say, ‘ And who shall
“ shew me any good ?’ I began these me-

"moirs for my children. I fondly antici-
 "pated the moment when I should presen-
 "them with this picture of their incom-
 "parable mother ; but now for whom
 "should I write or speak ; there is no
 "human being who can commune with
 "me on the only theme that could give
 "solace to my heart. That church, this
 "rock, this palm, are the only objects that
 "speak to me of Sufanna."

Altamont had proceeded thus far, when
 his voice, long faltering from emotion,
 totally failed him. Cordelia was equally
 touched ; ashamed of her tears, unable to
 restrain them, she reclined her head on her
 hand, concealing her eyes that they might not
 too strongly betray her feelings. "We will
 "read no more now," said she, softly, per-
 ceiving the manuscript was not finished ;
 "it is too much." "And yet Cordelia,"
 cried Altamont, looking at her with newly-
 inspired hope, "they were the happiest upon
 "earth." A sigh escaped her ; he took her
 hand, but was alarmed by its icy coldness.

She

She assured him she was well, but her looks contradicted the assertion. Altamont bent over her with mingled anguish and delight; his soul hovered on his lips; he had no longer any power to suppress the communication; but at this moment, when, all impassioned, he had forgotten every thing but one object, Cordelia suddenly withdrew her hand, started from her seat, sprung to the door opening to the lawn, and, without a word or look, hastened towards the house with the utmost precipitation. Altamont gazed in astonishment, uncertain whether to attribute her flight to terror or resentment; but he saw not the real cause of her disturbance, which was no other than the appearance of Sir Frederic Mowbray; who, at the moment of this unseasonable interruption, was approaching from the garden to the pavilion.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text notes that without reliable records, it is difficult to track progress, identify issues, and make informed decisions.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific steps and procedures for implementing a robust record-keeping system. This includes identifying the types of records that need to be maintained, determining the frequency of updates, and establishing clear roles and responsibilities for data entry and review. The document also highlights the importance of using standardized formats and templates to ensure consistency across all records.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges commonly associated with record-keeping, such as data loss, corruption, and unauthorized access. It provides practical advice on how to mitigate these risks, including the use of secure storage methods, regular backups, and access controls. The text also discusses the importance of training staff on proper record-keeping practices and the consequences of non-compliance.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the benefits of a well-implemented record-keeping system. It notes that accurate records can improve decision-making, enhance communication, and provide a clear audit trail. The document also mentions that maintaining records can help in identifying trends, spotting anomalies, and ensuring compliance with relevant regulations and standards.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed and offers final recommendations. It reiterates the importance of a proactive approach to record-keeping and encourages the implementation of the outlined procedures. The document concludes by stating that a strong record-keeping system is a fundamental component of any successful organization.

THE HEART
AND
THE FANCY.

VOL. II.

Strahan and Preston,
Fringers-Street, London.

THE HEART AND THE FANCY,

OR

VALSINORE.

A TALE.

By MISS BENDER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1813.



was Mrs. Rivers, the late *chaperon* of Miss Rouvigny), and passing through the garden, ostensibly to proceed to the abbey, indulged the hope of surprizing Cordelia in her favourite retreat. At the same moment that she perceived his approach, he was himself appalled by the glimpse of a fine martial form, in which he easily recollected the young man he had seen in Flanders as Vallancy.

His first impulse was to turn from an object that caused him so much pain, and he hastily struck into a shady path, to conceal his agitation ; but he soon determined to confront this real or supposed rival, and again approaching the pavilion, found it empty. Not only was Cordelia flown ; Altainont had made his exit, taking with him the manuscript of Cornelius. Sir Frederic, so often the sport of imaginary terror, now obstinately resisted the most probable evidence ; and calmed his spirit by declaring, in the true spirit of tyrannic love, that none but himself should possess Cordelia.

Having

Having repressed his agitation, he returned to the house, where he found Mrs. De Lille in almost rapturous delight, at the unexpected arrival of her son ; who, repining at his long separation from Altamont, had accompanied De Lille to Beachdale. It was long since his mother had greeted her husband with such cordial smiles of complacency. For the moment suspicion was lulled asleep, and she was sufficiently composed and easy, to have practised the difficult lessons of Aleck. To complete her satisfaction, she now learnt, from the mutual recognitions which passed between her son and Sir Frederic, the history of their former meeting, and detected, in defiance of the efforts of Vallancy, that her niece was really the original, recalled to his recollection by the picture of Flora. Elated with this discovery, she overflowed with good humour, and Altamont, on joining the company, was received with unusual cordiality and kindness. But Vallancy, who at once perceived her joy, and its latent source, and who had already half discarded

the *Incognita* from his mind, by a sudden revolution of caprice, was prompted to thwart her expectations ; and without expressing the least desire to see his cousin, who was clostetted with Cordelia, walked out with Altamont, protesting he should now never look in Adela's face, without thinking of papers and parchments.

"The *Incognita*," added he, "was a charming girl, to while away an hour with ; but this heiress, with all her leases and lessees, always came to my fancy like a clumsy Cybele with a tower on her head, instead of appearing a nymph, or a grace."

"You are not romantic enough to quarrel with her for being rich."

"No, truly, if I could but forget it ; but you may be assured, she has been taught to impute sinister motives to every man who speaks to her. In justice to myself, I ought to treat her with indifference ; so let us speculate on a tour to Ireland."

"Will you go without seeing her ?"

"No,

“ No, no ; not so savage neither ; I am
“ really sorry to leave the poor thing shut
“ up here, with my mother and old Quintin ;
“ and Sir Frederic not much better, since
“ he is already encumbered with one wife,
“ and pre-contracted to a second.” Then
without giving his friend time to reply to
this remark, he started to another subject ;
“ I forgot to tell you, I have heard of poor
“ Woodville.”

“ And what have you heard ? why should
“ you call him poor ?”

“ Because he is poor, and miserable
“ enough. In my electioneering expedi-
“ tion, I had occasion to spend two or three
“ days in London, where I met with Jack
“ Nevers, who knew Woodville in his pro-
“ sperity ; and afterwards saw him in Ireland,
“ where it seems he married a girl without
“ a penny. He has since been trying to
“ establish an academy, but failing in that,
“ he attempted to give lessons to grown gen-
“ tlemen ; that scheme failed likewise, and
“ he has since accepted some insignificant

YALSINORE.

" clerk's place, and occasionally translated
" for the mails, or reported for the house."

" But where was he to be found ?"

" That was my own question. His resi-
" dence was not known, but he was to be
" heard of at the Chapter coffee-house. I
" had not time to make enquiries myself,
" so I desired Nevers to do it for me."

" And the result," cried Altamont impa-
tiently.

" Ah, the result ; to tell you the honest
" truth, the circumstance slipped out of my
" mind. Well, don't look so disconsolately,
" I have spoken for him to Lord Marmiton,
" and I will write to Jack Nevers, to find
" out where he is ; and I will send him
" money."

" You must do it with delicacy. West-
" ville will never forget himself, however
" he may have been forgotten."

" Oh ! do not think he would be so ridi-
" culous as to refuse assistance, he has been
" in such distress ; his wife takes in pla-
" work ; he skulks about, in dread of being

" arrested

"arrested; and he is so altered, Jack says, one should not know him."

"*I should,*" cried Altamont, now recollecting the person he had past, who so strongly resembled him; and shuddering at the involuntary impression he had received on the heath.

"What is the matter, Altamont? you look in despair."

"Nothing; but I would have given any thing I possess, to have had this information sooner."

"Well, well; I will write to Nevers immediately;" and this time he kept his word; whilst Altamont, too much interested for his unfortunate friend, to trust again to Vallancy's memory, sat by him till the letter was sealed and dispatched to the post.

In performing his task, Vallancy mentioned Nevers as one of Woodville's early friends, who had since dropt his acquaintance, because he could not relieve his distress, and feared to wound his delicacy; in

reality, because he was too indolent to make exertions in his behalf; and too proud, or rather perhaps, too mean, to sanction any claim of intimacy, from one who could no longer support the appearance of a gentleman.

Altamont was indignant at the description of such a friend. Had he consulted Woodville on this subject, he might perhaps have learnt, that from the associates of his prosperity, an unfortunate man seldom experiences so great a *kindness* as neglect; that calumny too commonly visits the house of poverty, and drags back to invidious remembrance, the wretch whom sorrow had dismissed to uncommiserated suffering, and unhonoured oblivion.

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CHAPTER II.

ADELA Rouvigny, though older than Cordelia, possessed a more youthful aspect; her form was sufficiently light for an Ariel, her complexion glowed with the animation of a Hebe, her soft blue eyes were radiant with hope and joy. The buoyancy of her spirits gave a volatile rapidity to all her looks and motions; yet was every glance engaging, and every movement graceful. In spite of the adulation which had been breathed into her infant ear; in spite of the prejudices instilled by her aunt into her youthful mind; her temper was sweet and open, her heart affectionate and grateful. Some faults she certainly retained; but charming as she was, it would have been impossible to wish her to aspire to perfection. Vanity had not destroyed sympathy; and though she certainly was not satisfied without

the homage of the other sex, she could have wished to obtain it, without exciting envy in her own. The most amiable of coquettes; though she aimed at every heart, this love of empire was but the love of pleasure. She thought not of inflicting pain, but she was eager to diffuse delight; and whether she was with the splenetic Quintin, or the elegant Vallancy, her syren voice was modulated by the gentle wish to please; and her seducing smiles, animated by the consciousness of her own attractions, bespoke her own perennial gaiety, and irresistibly compelled participation in her enjoyment.

For the first five minutes, after meeting with Cordelia, she was saddened by the recollections of her father, and intermingled tears with smiles; but the cloud was transient, she recovered her vivacity; and having mentioned the expedient adopted by Sir Frederic Mowbray, of travelling under the name of Baron Cromek, she related the incident which had introduced her to Altamont and Vallancy; confessing she had herself spor-

tively

ively devised the artifice which disengaged them from their companions. Instead of having gone to Dunkirk, they had taken a day's journey; and on their return, had the satisfaction to find the travellers had followed their pretended route. "Imagine," added she, "my triumph on having thus secured the pleasure of a *surprise*, besides keeping within the pale of *decorum*; and yet these righteous intentions of mine were ill recompensed; for, in our little excursion some malignant genius visited me with the fever, which so long detained me from dear England."

Cordelia, in her turn, related with what interest Vallancy had contemplated her picture.

"And pray what do you think of Vallancy?"

Cordelia was liberal in his praise, yet professed to have seen little of him.

"And what do you say to Alkamont?"

"He is now here, and was you know my *first* preceptor."

"He is now here!" echoed Adela, adjusting the glossy ringlets that waved round her neck, "he is now here, you say; well, I have not yet determined which of them shall be my cavalier."

Whether the information she had received accelerated the operations of the toilette; or whether she at length recollected how improper it was to her character Mrs. Rivers, to remain so long absent; certain it is, she finished her dress with great dispatch, and immediately proposed returning to the drawing-room. Cordelia, who had not the same motives for diligence; and who, indeed, trembled at the thoughts of meeting Altamont under her father's eye, persuaded her to proceed alone; vainly hoping, in this interval, to regain composure. This expectation was completely fallacious; for the longer she thought of her precipitate retreat, the more she increased her confusion and regret. Innocence does not always inspire courage; and when she at length quitted her room, it was with the sensations of
of

of a culprit. In the meanwhile Adela had been undeceived, and re-introduced to Altamont and Vallancy ; who gallantly reproached her desertion, whilst she sportively retorted the charge of deception.

“ I believe,” said Mrs. De Lille, “ you must exchange forgiveness.”

“ *Forgiveness*,” cried Adela, “ is almost as hard a word as *obedience*.”

“ No,” said Vallancy, “ we will have nothing to remind us of any laws, civil or canonical. We acknowledge no authority but that of beauty, and no court but honour.”

“ Oh, yes, the court of honour ; and pray let us make it something in the style of chivalry. I think, as no damsel ever entered the lists herself, I must remit my cause to Mr. Altamont ; for though he is not my relation, I hope he will not cease to be my friend.”

Altamont bowed, nor was Vallancy displeased with this courtesy to his own intimate friend ; but finding he was an exclusive ob-

ject of attention, he redoubled his efforts to extort the preference, to which vanity taught him to think he was entitled. "I know not how it happens," said he, advancing to his fair companion, "but I certainly seem to have been long acquainted with you, and yet I am long likely to remain ignorant of the most interesting part of your character, for I suspect nobody will tell me of your faults."

"To save time and trouble, you may set down to my account, as many as to other people, who are not under any great or terrible temptations."

"No, that is infinitely too vague and unsatisfactory; I would give you virtues *à masse*, but not a single fault gratis; I class all my friends by their defects; not one enters my heart, without some such voucher of sympathy."

"So then, you would have them wear a black mark, to prove that they belong to you."

"Not

“Not Black, I can be satisfied with the
 “most delicate tint, be it of the *sapphire* or
 “the *amethyst*; 'tis enough if the tint but
 “marks the gem. As to my female friends,
 “I can be content if I may but cypher them
 “in sympathetic ink, which to no eyes but
 “mine shall be visible.”

“And pray is Mr. Altamont in this mys-
 “terious cypher?”

“I am afraid, if it was not for his ro-
 “mance and enthusiasm, he would be in-
 “curable.”

“Oh! then, if such qualities will pro-
 “cure admission, Cordelia herself may be
 “of your *corps d'élite*?”

“Cordelia perhaps; but for yourself I
 “shall certainly exact a more liberal pro-
 “portion of fallibility. I know you labour
 “under natural disabilities to envy and
 “malice; yet I don't despair, for I really
 “think you have a strong propensity to
 “mischief. The rattlesnake has lent you
 “his most destructive property?”

“You

“ You are too tantalizing to attribute to me the properties I most wish to possess. I admire enthusiasts, and you see (looking towards Altamont) I cannot fascinate them.” Vallancy was, perhaps, not flattered by *this* attention to his friend, but he had no time to express displeasure.

De Lille, who had been playing chess with Mrs. Rivers, suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of vexation, “ By heavens, here’s Celia Gladwin !” “ Welcome to Amatonda,” cried Vallancy ; whilst Altamont flew to the lawn, to greet his ever ardent and affectionate friend. Mrs. Gladwin approached not the house with her wonted complacency ; for, having accidentally heard of Altamont’s arrival, she had lost no time in travelling from Cumberlandland, to announce her surprize at his neglect, in not having himself communicated the important intelligence. He had brought a letter from his mother, which should have apprized her of this circumstance ; but which, having been entrusted to

Lord Marmiton to be franked, had never reached the place of its destination. The circumstance was no sooner explained, than all her anger vanished : to say the truth, she had scarcely seen her hero, and contemplated his improvements, when she frankly pronounced his absolution; and joined the party with even a double portion of cheerfulness and pleasure.

De Lille, though evidently embarrassed, received her with his wonted courtesy ; and his lady, knowing she had always a home at the Grange, was not disturbed by her presence. By Mr. Quintin alone, who was just arrived with Sir Frederic Mowbray, was she received with indifference ; but to him she was peculiarly distasteful, as she seldom listened to his harangues, and had no reverence for his heraldry. Far different was the reception she met with from Cordelia, who, still struggling with timidity, was happy on her entrance to have so good an excuse for not noticing Altamont ; and it was also some consolation to shower on his

his friend the kindnesses she was forced to withhold from himself. Sir Frederic now advanced, and, having smoothed his brow to perfect composure, addressed her with his accustomed ease, and almost insensibly engrossed her conversation; whilst Altamont, attributing her late precipitation to displeasure, and seeing in her present estrangement not timidity, but coldness; far from attempting to divide her attentions, seemed to shun all opportunities of approaching her. The Baronet was not slow to perceive this distance; and, as he knew Cordelia to be incapable of artifice, imputed their mutual shyness to some concealed resentment; his own hopes were raised by this suggestion, and as he watched them both with insidious vigilance, he had a malicious satisfaction in anticipating for his despised rival, those jealous pangs which had so long tortured his own selfish bosom.

In the meanwhile, Altamont was honourably distinguished by Miss Rouvigny, who appeared willing to transfer to him the rights
of

of relationship. It was impossible that any man should be insensible to the attentions of the charming Adela ; he certainly wished, too, not to appear ungrateful ; and Miss Gladwin, who watched them both, was soon persuaded they were mutually enamoured. Happily her thoughts were not audibly expressed ; happily too, they were not suspected by Mrs. De Lille, who was so much delighted with the unlooked for coalition between her son and her niece, that she overflowed with complacency ; and was sufficiently composed and harmonized to have practised the lessons, had she now remembered them, of the mystical abstracted Aleck.

CHAPTER III.

“PRAY Aleck,” said good Mrs. Winifred, half rising from her easy chair, “why don’t you talk over matters with Miss Celia, who would talk to you again in your own way?”

This was precisely the reason why Aleck did not discuss the subject with Miss Celia; and he muttered, she was an *enthusiast*.

“I am sure,” returned Mrs. Winifred, “she is a wise woman; and speaks just like a book!”

“Yes,” said Aleck, “she is fluent; but she is a little *visionary*.”

“I wish, dear Aleck, she knew all that is in you. By what I can understand, you are in many things much of one mind.”

Alexander Satchell was blessed with a sedative sweetness of temper, a composed
equa-

equanimity of mind, that nothing could ruffle or resist; but at this indirect comparison between him and Mrs. Gladwin, his spirit rose, the glow of ambition mounted to his face; and he exclaimed, "he had lately thought of a new modification of his principles, and such as he conceived would be useful to mankind. He had reflected, that to excite the human affections was less so desirable as to allay them; and he was convinced he had now discovered the great secret of usefulness and felicity. In short, he added, he should in future study to produce tranquillity and equanimity in his fellow-creatures; and leave to *such as Mrs. Gladwin*, the more obvious, but less salutary, influence, by which the dormant passions could be awakened into life." In reality this idea had been floating in his mind ever since he had heard Celia assert, with vehemence, her conviction that there was a mutual sympathy between Altamont and Adela; she had even protested that they must love; she would defy them to help it.

Touched

Touched by these words, and offended with any thing like approximation to his own peculiar science, Aleck had instantly reformed his nomenclature, and limited his own mental actions to a province in which she would not attempt to participate.

Mrs. Winifred was pleased with the modification, since she could more readily comprehend the language in which it was expressed. She asked if his mental agency might not prevent law-suits? He evaded the question by observing, that law-suits were not *generated* by the affections. "That's true, indeed," said she, "there is no thing so good in them." As she promulged this opinion she looked at Aleck, who uttered no reproving sentence. She was so pleased, and so proud to find she could converse on such high matters, that she could not but feel endeared to Aleck, to whom she owed so new and delightful a perception; and for the rest of the day she thought only of this mental agency, and its wonder-working influence.

Three

Three weeks have passed since the arrival of Miss Rouvigny; three short weeks have glided away, and Vallancy still remains at Beachdale; so much piqued by his cousin's indifference, that he totally forgets his resolution to shun her society; and though at first merely actuated by vanity, by degrees comes to experience the restlessness, if not the tenderness of love. Altamont, too, still lingers near Cordelia; but he no longer enjoys the privileges of intimacy and confidence; he no longer explains to her the problems of Euclid, or weeps with her over the fragment of Cornelius: he still sees her, but it is under painful restraint; he approaches her with embarrassment, and she meets him with equal reserve; he has lost the hopes that imparted to every object such delight; he is sunk to the vassalage of fear; his gallant, generous nature is attainted with jealousy. For the first two or three days, he had imputed her estrangement to displeasure, at the too ardent expression of feeling which escaped him.

him in the pavilion. In her caution and circumspection, he saw only a marked and studied discouragement. He was prompted to leave Beachdale; but there was still so much gentleness mixed with her reserve, that he could not resolve to renounce the delight of seeing her; and the recollection of the sympathy she had also betrayed for Susanna, convinced him that her coldness was at least not produced by insensibility. Cordelia perceived the change in his deportment, and even detected the cause; but she could not allude to the past, without hazarding the future. She observed her father's eyes watching all her movements, and to elude his vigilance, was happy to attend to Sir Frederic Mowbray, of whose passion she was unconscious, and in whose society she experienced all the care and confidence of established friendship. She exerted all her self-command, to prevent De Lille from suspecting the interest took in Altamont's conversation; it was for his sake, and with the hope of prolc

his sojourn at Beachdale, that she submitted to this restraint, and for him she could almost practise the duplicity her nature abhorred. Often, when engaged in a game of chess with Quintin, or a tête-a-tête with Sir Frederic, she was tantalised by the tones of Altamont's voice, when excluded from his discourse. Sometimes, indeed, she abstracted herself sufficiently to collect its import; whilst others heard, Cordelia eagerly listened, equally proud to remark his superiority over his companions; and to find the sympathy attested, by the assent which her heart spontaneously dictated to all his opinions.

In a few days however, she perceived a still greater change in his deportment; he no longer discovered any ardour to enjoy her society; whether her father was present or absent, he had the same reserved aspect; if he addressed her, it was in no peculiar accent; if they were ever accidentally left alone, they became mutually embarrassed. No allusion was ever made to the precep-

tor; there was no mention of the manuscript. As the future seemed abandoned to chance, the past was consigned to oblivion; nor could it escape her observation, that Adela lavished on him her most flattering attentions; if it was possible, she made him her companion in their walks, and she never seemed satisfied if he listened not to her conversation. Cordelia dreaded to ask which was the *Cavalier*, and for the first time thought an heiress a most enviable being. Whilst she suffered from this remote source, she was little aware that Altamont considered her almost as the property of another. Vallancy, with his usual carelessness, had casually mentioned what his mother had imparted to him on his first arrival at Beachdale, that she believed Sir Frederic was desperately enamoured of Cordelia; and that whenever Lady Mowbray died, an event which could be at no great distance, there would be a marriage. Vallancy repeated his mother's strict injunctions to secrecy, and quietly dismissed

the subject from his thoughts. Altamont was at first incredulous; but when he observed Sir Frederic's assiduities, and the facility with which she admitted them; when he recollected that all her reserve, or displeasure, or embarrassment, could be traced from the day of his return to Beachdale; his faith was staggered, his heart seemed to have parted from hope. Cordelia appeared no longer the faultless being he had worshipped, yet was she perhaps innocent of the engagement which had been formed with her father; she was perhaps merely the object of attachment. But why extend to him such smiles of encouragement? Again, was she arraigned and condemned: and every day he wished to leave the house, yet never once regretted that he had so long been its inmate; on the contrary, he cherished every dream of departed pleasure, and found in fancy a balm for the wounds it had inflicted. Mrs. De Lille continued in her happiest mood. Her husband was perfectly satisfied with his daughter's

conduct.

conduct. Sir Frederic, not so easily deceived, still saw in the neglected Altamoe his rival; and, discarding delicacy with probity, resolved to leave no arts unemployed, to produce a separation between those conscious, though unacknowledged, lovers.

The sportive gaiety of Adela was always creating some new and unexpected subject of amusement. In her company, it was scarcely possible to be tenacious of gravity or ill-humour; even Mr. Quintin was compelled to smile at the follies of the age, and insensibly forgot his propensity to ominous predictions. Sometimes, indeed, his fair tyrant went farther; and having heard him and Mrs. Gladwin expatiate on the grace and dignity which, during the best of all administrations, had been exhibited in a court minuet, she insisted that they should delight their friends by walking one together, and, to their own astonishment, extorted their obedience. "Oh, forcerefs," whispered Vallancy, "by what magical spell have you brought these

"these two antipodal spheres in contact?"

"By a sound sweeter than the music of the spheres—with their own praise. Observe Mr. Quintin," she added; "I protest he shall be my Cavalier."

"Observe Mrs. Gladwin," returned he; "ah, she is now dreaming of her admired Capt. Altamont."

Celia was looking at Herbert, whose eyes she fancied to be rivetted on Adela; and so full was she of this idea, that at the close of the minuet, she was beginning it again with great composure; but was stopt by Quintin, who exclaimed, that they were not *incored*.

"Yes, indeed, but you are," cried Adela; "since that blessed age cannot return, you should at least give us a second representation."

Quintin, turning abruptly from his partner, said, "She knows nothing of the court, poor thing. I do not suppose she ever saw the Louvre danced in her life. Do you think she steps like a countess?"

“No,” whispered Vallancy, “but very
“like a queen at chess, when she sweeps
“with a single move, from one corner o
“the board to the other.”

Sometimes Adela engaged in an argument with Quintin on the rights and wrongs of women, till he was almost angry ; and then soothed him into good humour by playfully repeating his pedigree. On those occasions it was usual for Vallancy to assert the prerogative of his sex, whilst Altamont and Sir Frederic affected to remain neuter. The most energetic disputant was Celia Gladwin, who always claimed for her sex pre-eminence in truth, fortitude, and constancy.

“Constancy, Madam,” cried Quintin,
“they may have by dint of obstinacy; but
“to consistency, I believe a woman seldom
“has any pretensions, though I confess I
“wish you could have proved them to
“possess discretion.”

“Oh, my dear Sir,” cried Adela, “that
“is so common-place a quality.”

“Not

“ Not so, fair lady ; in discretion I include prudence, propriety, and secrecy ; now in my opinion, a love-sick girl is the only female capable of concealment.”

“ Mr. Quintin,” cried Celia, rising with vehemence, “ I predict, you will, ere many days, change your opinion. What would you say, Sir, to *two* women dividing a secret between them for fifteen years ?”

“ Say, Madam ? That their secret would not admit of a subdivision ; it must have been some partnership in fraud—some sisterly compact of iniquity.”

“ No, Sir, no—the prejudice is unworthy of you : I could bring witnesses ; Mr. De Lille can vouch.” Here, suddenly checking herself, she added, “ Mr. De Lille could prove to you that women are capable of discretion.”

“ Very true, Madam ; he has an example in his own wife.”

Mrs. De Lille coloured at this unlucky compliment, but her own consciousness did

not prevent her remarking her husband's embarrassment, and she was revisited by a qualm of suspicion. Adela, now anxious to close the contention, called upon Altamont to vindicate the character of her sex.

"I am not sure," said he, "that it would be any compliment to them, to allow that they equal men in every proportion of prudence. They have so few faults, that they are perhaps not equally circumspect in concealing them. Innocence is almost too ingenuous for discretion."

"Through chrystal walls the slightest moth will
"peep."

"Their chartered virtue is modesty; and if to that we add generosity, truth, constancy, candour, and benevolence, I believe we shall not too much enlarge their property."

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Altamont," cried Adela, "for this kind interposition. May truth, constancy, and generosity be
"your

“ your handmaids as long as you are ready
“ to protect them.”

Altamont and Cordelia exchanged a momentary glance. Both thought of Susanna, but the latter had also an uneasy recollection of the word *cavalier*. Vallancy was by no means flattered; but Celia was enchanted; she translated this half sportive sally into a delicate intimation of attachment; and almost wondered Herbert could be so slow to perceive the lady's partiality, till she recollected that timidity and distrust were always inseparable from genuine love; and with this solution she was satisfied.

Adela possessed rare talents for mimicry, and she would often imitate the tone and manners of some of the first theatrical performers with a felicity which indicated talents of no inferior order for the stage. She was one evening exhibiting in the comic style, in the pavilion, when Mr. Quintin suddenly made his appearance, and with reproving gravity contemplated her performance; easily comprehending his looks, she

she suddenly approached him, and gracefully dropping on one knee, "Most potent,
 "grave, and reverend signior,—" but perceiving no smile, she arose, and retreating a few paces, "No, I will not be a
 "beggar, but a queen: you shall confess I
 "have a noble ambition, for I will be the
 "daughter of the great Gustavus; and
 "you shall be my Lord Whitelocke; and
 "Vallancy, Prince Charles my successor:
 "Cordelia is the Grace of my court; and
 "all the rest of you are English, with the
 "exception of Mrs. Gladwin, who must
 "condescend to be my lady of honour.
 "Will this satisfy my guardian? Will he
 "suffer me to take a part in such a masque
 "as this?"

Mr. Quintin's dark beetled brows were instantly unbent; the furrow in his left cheek was softened in a smile; and he again fancied himself in the atmosphere of a court.

The new queen unbinding from her waist a blue ribbon, suspended it from her neck, to designate Christina's favourite order of
 the

the Amaranth*; and stealing from Cordelia a sprig of myrtle, she seated herself at the upper end of the room, to receive the compliments of her illustrious visitor. Mr. Quintus advanced with much dignity, and bowed like to the earth; the queen returned the prostration with as many courtesies; and having exchanged a few court phrases, in which the ambassador's gravity almost destroyed the composure of the spectators, the young queen, with a gracious smile, enquired if there was no English gentleman who would accept from her hands that badge of her favourite order of knighthood—the blue bon suspended from her neck, and the twig of myrtle in her hair, which was to present that paradisaic flower, the Amaranth?

“Whoever accepts this pledge,” said she, “must be loyal to his sovereign, and

* The order of the Amaranth was instituted by Christina, and she was accustomed to wear the blue bon, which was its badge, on every occasion.

“ constant to his lady. I trust, for the
“ honour of your country, My Lord, you
“ can present some one not unworthy of
“ this fair distinction.”

“ I trust, Madam,” said Vallancy, “ you
“ will not confer such a mark of favour on
“ a foreigner.”

“ Oh! prejudice of man, disclaimed by
“ woman. Why should we limit virtue to
“ our latitude? I am a princess, it is true,
“ but my proudest title is to be a philan-
“ thropist.”

The ambassador, with much ceremony, presented Altamont, to whom the queen offered her pledge of constancy. Altamont perceiving that Vallancy was uneasy, and, unwilling to excite in him even a momentary jealousy, would have declined the honour, on the plea that he was destined to be a vagrant.

“ The more reason, then, you should
“ belong to this order of knighthood: take
“ this symbol of hope, which is the fairest
“ flower of paradise.”

Altamont.

Altamont.—“ Lady, I renounce hope.”

Queen.—“ You cannot ; hope is winged,
“ and, like Otho’s falcon, which won her
“ way from Elfinore to Cromer, shall follow
“ you. Take, then, this pledge, and be
“ happy.”

Altamont, bowing with appropriate gallantry, kissed the lady’s hand on receiving the blue ribbon ; and with it the flower, which he immediately put into his bosom.

“ Given like a queen,” cried Quintin, in an ecstasy of admiration.

Vallancy, who had been impatient at this sentimental trifling, advancing, demanded admission to the same order.

“ No, Sir,” cried the queen, half reproachfully, “ loyal you cannot be, for
“ you are destined to reign : constant you
“ will not be, since you are sure to conquer. You need not hope, since you
“ are already rich in pleasure ; besides all
“ this, you are my heir, and I abdicate
“ royalty in your favour.”

It

It was well for Mrs. De Lille that she was not present; Vallancy bowed and retreated with an air that bespoke displeasure; Altamont was embarrassed; Mrs. Gladwin could with difficulty repress her transports.

"Upon my word," cried Quintin, "this was bravely acted."

"Yes," rejoined Vallancy, "to the very life,—'twas the *masque* of nature."

Sir Frederic, observing with infinite satisfaction his ill-dissembled resentment, whispered to Cordelia something to which she was incapable of attending; whilst Adela, with an air of unconscious innocence, approaching Vallancy, begged he would now act his part.

"No," said he, "when I act, I shall be a *friar*."

"Well, pronounce any vow—but that of silence—"

He was again pleased, in spite of himself; but flinging from the pavilion, exclaimed, "Incomparable coquette! I will leave Beachdale."

Altamont

Altamont had made a similar decision; he recalled the last words of Haller, he fancied he had been deceived in Cordelia, and promised to waste himself no longer.

When the party assembled, every one but Adela wore a sombre aspect.

De Lille had gone out early on one of his secret expeditions, and to his wife's inexpressible chagrin, was not returned. She had, indeed, no reason to impute his absence to any unfortunate accident, since he had charged his servant to inform her, he might spend two or three days from home; but the mystery recalled all her former suspicions, and whatever efforts she made, she found it impossible to appear in spirits. She sat, therefore, in moody silence, almost as abstracted as Aleck, till she was suddenly roused by Altamont's announcing his intention of going to London on the next day; when Vallancy instantly declared his resolution to accompany him.

Similar expressions instantly burst from Mrs. De Lille and Mrs. Gladwin; "You
" will

"will not go, *Vallancy*," was energetically parodied by "You shall not go, *Altamon*."

Sir Frederic looked at Cordelia, and his changed countenance; Cordelia stole glance at Adela, and fancied her brow was clouded with care. Mrs. De Lille continued her entreaties; but Altamon was firm, and Vallancy affected to be inflexible.

"But when will you return?"

Vallancy pretended to have a predilection to visit Ireland. Altamon, from a sudden impulse, professed an inclination to go to Germany. Cordelia's eyes brightened, for she hoped he meant to join Haller, who had always been a point of union between them. Mrs. Gladwin considered a few moments, and then asked if De Lille would not be at home to-morrow; but, as if suddenly illumined by a happy presage, added, "Yes, I pledge myself for his return; I have his promise, and that is sure he holds sacred; at any rate, it would be dangerous. Herbert Alt-

by the memory of your father, I conjure you to stay till after to-morrow; and then," looking significantly at Adela, "if you choose to go, I shall not oppose your departure. I shall expect all of you who are young, to accompany me to-morrow morning, on a little expedition, no matter whither. Mr. Vallancy, I shall not excuse your attendance."

"You have given me too strong a motive for obedience; a mystery possesses for me a thousand attractions; if I was ever to marry, it should be in the oriental fashion, without seeing my bride."

"Ah! Mr. Vallancy, you have not yet learnt what it is to love."

"I confess, Madam, I am no apt scholar in acquiring that profound science."

"No," resumed she, "you have never yet seen the woman who could be your monitor."

"No, Madam, I am persuaded I might pass through all the transmigrations of

"Indur,

“ Indur, before I should meet with such
“ prodigy.”

Here Mrs. De Lille, with some alarm, interrupted the controversy; and as Altamont had consented to defer his journey another day, she pressed Mrs. Gladwin to remain, during that interval, under her roof—a proposal which was gratefully accepted, as she confessed she wished much to see Mr. De Lille, previous to the excursion.

Vallancy, smiling at this idiomatic expression of secrecy, insensibly recovered his good humour; though he still preserved an air of fullness towards his cousin, who resumed her vivacity. It was otherwise with Cordelia; she was still pale; she again saw only the stern preceptor; she longed to remind him of the unfinished manuscript; not that she was now interested in the destiny of Cornelius or Sufanna: she could think but of one object, and to him she had, perhaps, appeared capricious or ungrateful. Why could he not guess her thoughts; why was not her heart transparent?

it? Yet she wished not this. With all
tenderness and enthusiasm, she would
for the world, have betrayed her feel-
ings: so truly did delicacy supply the place
of pride, and even of prudence, to Cordelia!

CHAPTER IV.

IT is painful to relinquish any habits confirmed by time and attachment, but particularly painful to renounce the commerce of the heart, to suspend the habit of familiar communication and unreserved confidence. Cordelia and Adela, who had been long accustomed, on retiring for the night, to spend some time in talking together, did not now depart from this established usage, though, in the present instance, it certainly contributed little to their enjoyment. The conversation was languid and constrained; each seemed afraid lest she should guess the other's thoughts, and instead of canvassing the incidents of the evening, they talked of Haller and of Germany; and Adela gave some interesting anecdotes of a first lover, whom she confessed to have made some impression on her heart.

Whilst

Whilst they were thus engaged, Vallancy was also conferring with Altamont on subjects of a very different nature; his momentary jealousy had yielded to his friend's ingenuous conduct, and at the same time he recollected, not without compunction, how attentive he had been to that friend's most earnest request, having kept for three days an unopened letter, from the person to whom he had written for information respecting the Woodvilles. Such carelessness was almost habitual with Vallancy, and might be called the indolence of prosperity. Naturally humane, he was not insensible to his error, and, in the present instance, reflected on it with real concern and regret.

The letter contained some interesting and melancholy particulars of the unfortunate Woodville. He had been arrested about a month ago, and, by some means unknown to Nevers, was enlarged. Since that period he had, by means equally unknown, obtained the situation of captain's clerk, and was just embarked for the West Indies.

“ If

“ If you wish to see him,” added Nevers,
“ you must set off instantly for Spithead,
“ where his ship is now under sailing or-
“ ders.”

“ And I will see him,” cried Altamont.

“ You cannot,” said Vallancy. “ The
“ ship sailed yesterday. Had I opened the
“ letter sooner —— but I will’ honestly con-
“ fess I forgot to look at it. — Here’s some
“ information respecting his wife — Nevers
“ gives her address. Well, we will go and
“ see her: we could have done him no
“ good. Here, take the letter, Altamont;
“ I am a shabby fellow, but I can’t help it.”

He then talked of Adela’s coquetry, pro-
testing he would not return without Alta-
mont to Beachdale. “ Not that you can
“ find much amusement here, I confess;
“ for you won’t laugh at Amatonda, and
“ there’s no pleasure with Cordelia, she is
“ so engrossed with the Baronet.”

“ I *shall* not return, Vallancy, I am re-
“ solved.”

“ But why?”

“ Oh,

"Oh, never ask why; there are a thousand reasons."

"Now, Altamont, you have betrayed the secret, and my mother shall not see me here, without you——"

"I guess your surmise: it is wholly unjust. Mrs. De Lille has uniformly treated me with respect and cordiality."

"And her husband?"

"I have seen little of him—but he has behaved with perfect propriety."

"And are you cured of your romantic suspicions, Altamont? Do you now attribute to him those mysterious remittances?"

"No, no; on that subject I am satisfied."

"And what then can determine you, at this season, to leave Beachdale?"

"I am always a vagrant," (this unlucky word recalled to Vallancy's mind the excursions used by Christina, which had so lately offended him—he coloured, and was silent), whilst Altamont added, "and I believe

"lieve I must answer in Amatonda's phrase,
" 'tis my *destiny*.' "

"O, well, I seek not to penetrate the
"mystery," cried Vallancy, to whom it now
occurred that his friend had discovered in
Adela some decisive symptom of attachment;
but this surmise was so humiliating to va-
nity, he resisted it with all his energy, and
these friends also parted with mutual refer-
vation and concealment.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the family assembled at breakfast, it was discovered that Mrs. Gladwin was absent, having taken a walk to the Grange, to prepare for the projected excursion. She returned not till it was nearly twelve, at which hour the carriage was to be ready. She again enquired, with earnestness, for De Lille, and expressed great vexation at his prolonged absence. "However," cried she, "I have given my word, I shall not retract. Come what may come, I have crossed the Rubicon."

Vallancy, perceiving her uneasy looks and restless perturbation, forgetting his spleen to Adela, entertained her with a ludicrous picture of Amatonda's distress.—
"Pity but De Lille were present to answer her with corresponding looks. Could you not imagine them both transformed

“ to two carrier pigeons, exchanging their
“ pretty billets? Pray enquire of her—

“ Is it treason? is it love?

“ Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.”

“ Oh,” cried Adela, “ ’tis neither love
“ nor treason; ’tis simply plotting; and
“ woe to you if the plot be not discovered.”

“ The great seal of England should not
“ console me for the disappointment.”

During these lively sallies, Cordelia, standing near the bow window, had hoped she should exchange a few words with Altamont; but just as he was approaching her, they were interrupted by Sir Frederic Mowbray, who had invited himself to the party, and who, under the masque of civility to the one, and of friendship to the other, was always harassing their movements.

And now the clock strikes, the landau is at the door, and Celia, still repining at De Lille’s absence, leads the way, and is followed by her wondering companions. They were no sooner seated than she exclaimed,

claimed, " Mr. Quintin should have been
 " present, to be convinced that a woman
 " was capable of discretion ; but I will not
 " anticipate," added she ; " the secret shall
 " remain to the last moment ;" and indeed
 he was revolving in her mind in what man-
 ner to give the most theatrical effect to her
 intended discovery.

" But, dearest Madam," cried Vallancy,
 ' will you not favour us with some intima-
 ' tion of this prodigious mystery ? Does no
 ' one share the burthen with you ?"

She shook her head.

" It concerns not you, Vallancy." She
 then threw a significant look on Altamont
 and Adela, and relapsed into her reverie.
 The latter had her accustomed vivacity, and
 as all the rest of the party were pensive or
 agitated, she conversed almost solely with
 her cousin.

" Really," said he, " I think we are the
 only interlocutors among the Dramatis
 Personæ."

“ And pray,” retorted she, “ do you
 “ assign me the place of a mute or a confi-
 “ dante? though, on recollection, the one
 “ is synonymous with the other.”

“ I make you the heroine — the *queen*.”

Here Celia, roused from her musing fit,
 exclaimed, “ The *hero* of the piece is Her-
 “ bert Altamont, and here we are; at this
 “ spot we shall alight.”

“ What! here, Madam! why, we have
 “ come but four miles. Is this to be the
 “ scene of your grand *denouement*?”

No answer was returned, but the carriage
 stopped; Sir Frederic assisted Celia to alight,
 who, without his aid, must have fallen to
 the ground, from extreme perturbation.
 No poetaster hammering for a rhyme, no
 parliamentary probationer conning a maiden
 speech, ever shewed more perplexity; no
quadrille-loving dame declaring the *sans*
prendre vole; no hardy chess player, re-
 deeming the game with a *stale mate*, ever
 experienced more agitation.

They

They alighted at the gate of a meadow, which led to a farm house. Celia, preceding the groupe, walked on towards a plantation of firs, on the brow of a hill rising in front of this rustic mansion. At some distance appeared a bower, to which she directed her steps: it was called the Hermitage, and was surrounded by a laurel hedge, the holly and the yew, with forked stakes, guarding the entrance; the seats were adorned with moss and ivy; a grey stone was the only table, and on it was placed a bound book, in which a silver pencil was closed. This lonely spot commanded a delightful view of the forest walks, bordered on either side with luxuriant corn fields. "Here," cried Celia, "you may see the whole demesne." Then taking up the book, she requested each of the company to write in it some sentiment suggested by the occasion.

Sir Frederic wrote,

"Happy the man, whose wish and care

"A few paternal acres bound;

D 3

"Content

" Content to breathe his native air

" In his own ground."

Adela being next challenged, hastily wrote,

" I seek not fortune ; bring to me

" The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty."

Vallancy followed, with Mrs. Piozzi's paraphrase of the distich addressed by Johnson to Miss Aston :

" Expressions of freedom fall oddly from you ;

" If freedom we seek, fair enslaver, adieu !"

Cordelia expressed her secret unhappiness in a quotation from Mrs. Greville's Ode to Indifference :

" Nor peace, nor ease, the heart can know,

" That, like the needle, true,

" Turns at the touch of joy or woe,

" But, turning, trembles too."

Altamont, mentally alluding to Cordelia, wrote,

" Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,

" My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

Celia herself added a line from Thomson, and taking the book under her arm, proposed

posed they should proceed to a summer-house, at some little distance, originally intended as an object by the late proprietor of the estate before them ; and which, by a messenger dispatched in the early part of the morning, she had prepared for reception.

No opposition was made to the proposal ; leading them down the gentle declivity, they were suddenly presented with a little romantic dell, fenced on one side with the clematis, and over-arched by birches, firs, and aspens ; on the other, the path was so narrow, that the company were obliged to separate ; and it for once happened, in spite of all Sir Frédéric's predictions, that Altamont was next to Cor-

For a few moments they proceeded in silence, but a thistle impeded her foot. Altamont stooped down to remove it, and as he thanked him, she inadvertently called Herbert. In an instant hope and conscience returned to his heart, as Cordelia

exclaimed, " You will not, surely, go to-morrow ?"

" Did you wish me to stay, particularly, over to-morrow ?"

" Only, you know, we never finished the legend ; and," added she, hesitating, " it was agreed we should read it together."

Altamont was beginning to answer in a tone of delight, when the path widened, and Sir Frederic again hung on their steps. Yet not even his unwelcome presence could now divide them from each other ; and though their conversation was suspended, they were restored, they scarcely knew how, to the privileges of intimacy and confidence ; so completely indeed were they absorbed in their own feelings, that they heard not the dashing of a cascade at some distance, till Vallancy expressed his wish to explore the spot from whence the murmur issued. Altamont objected to this, that the sight of a waterfall was commonly less picturesque than the sound. Vallancy advanced a few paces, and then returning, exclaimed, " I am clearly in the wrong : the source of all these

" sentimental

"*sentimental* murmurs was nothing but a *mill*, and my impertinent curiosity has cheated me of the pleasure of fancying this a second Tivoli. Even Nature owes so many charms to fancy."

He was here interrupted by Celia, who, having advanced before her company, now halted, pointing to a small octagonal building, which was to be the bourn of their excursion. It was simply constructed of wood, but had been so ingeniously painted as to represent antiquated stone, and was now nearly covered with laurel and ivy, which ambitiously aspired together, but afforded a snug retreat to the goldfinches and red-breasts, who divided their verdant premises with much concord and harmony.

The door stood open, and presented to view a winding staircase, by which the company ascended to the only apartment the house contained. It was lighted from the roof, but had one glass window reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and opening on the terrace beneath, with which it communi-

cated by a narrow flight of steps, which were intended to represent the time-worn stairs of a ruinous edifice. The walls and ceiling were painted blue ; the oak floor was of transparent brightness ; a round table, covered with a damask cloth, and a few low sophas, comprised the whole of the furniture.

This building had been called Severn's Folly, but was this day named by Celia Oberon's Shell ; and that none might mistake the appellation, it was placarded on a screen which stood in the centre of the apartment.

" Do none but fairies own this house ?" said Vallancy, observing no traces of human inhabitants.

" You shall not find you need attendance," replied Celia, removing the damask cloth, under which a choice collation was prepared for her guests, the sight of which redoubled their good humour and cordiality.

" Surely," said Adela, " we are indeed
" served by the fairies."

At this moment a gale of fragrance, produced by pots of mignonette and other odoriferous flowers filled the room ; and the slow vibrations of two *Æolian* harps were heard intermingling, in solemn accord, their wild mellifluous harmonies,

" Charming fairies," cried Vallancy, " I perceive the place is full of spells and enchantments. Dear Mrs. Gladwin, can you tell me of any charm by which to escape the danger of falling in love."

" You," replied she, " are in no danger ; remember your boast of yesterday."

" Oh, trust not a boaster's promises ; I assure you I am in great peril at this moment."

" I can give you a spell against temptation," said Adela archly.

" Lady, it comes suspiciously from *you*. I must expect treachery in the gift."

" 'Tis no gift, but simply a prescription which is offered gratis : keep constantly talking, and you shall escape the fascinations of a Circe or a Calypso."

descended to the terrace, promising in a few minutes to return to the company.

Celia, who had at first been disconcerted by this interruption, now resuming her subject, confirmed her former assurances, of Herbert's good fortune. "This," cried she, "is the secret so long buried in my bosom; a *secret* never revealed, but to the man whose assistance was necessary to its consummation. This estate, of which the title-deeds will shortly be put into your possession, is purchased for you by a friend, to enable you to pursue your political career in peace and glory. And now you will easily understand why I opposed your taking orders, since a clergyman is not eligible to Parliament; you will easily comprehend why I urged your being sent to college, and employed some artifice to persuade you that your mother's mysterious friend was still watching over your welfare.

"Through the same medium, I exerted my influence to induce you to spend
"some

"some years in seeing other countries. It
"was my ambition to render you in every
"respect proper for public life. This was
"my *experiment*, and it has succeeded ; this
"was my labour, and it has prospered ;
"this was my mystery, and it is unfolded.
"On the most interesting day of my life, I
"can proudly say, Cornelia had not more
"cause to glory in the Gracchi. I envy
"not a mother."

"On another occasion, Vallancy would
have smiled at the extravagance of this com-
pliment ; but now he was spell-bound in
amazement ; and Celia, the only person, per-
haps, to whom silence gave encouragement,
proceeded, "I make no boast ; it is all
"owing to your own goodness, that my
"experiment has succeeded ; yet suffer me
"to say, had you disappointed my hopes,
"you had forfeited your recompence. The
"estate is to be held in trust, for the good
"of mankind.

"Mistake me not ; I do not mean to ex-
"clude you from the blessings of domestic
"life.

“ life. I have discovered the woman formed
“ to harmonize with you, to soften all your
“ cares, and recompence your exertions.
“ I can trace the progress of a mutual at-
“ tachment, and I can venture to say, Pliny
“ and Hispulla were not happier than you
“ will be.”

The gratitude and surprise of Altamont at an event so strange and unexpected, could only be exceeded by his confusion at this intimation; but while the name of Adela trembled on her lips, she was suddenly checked by her re-entrance with Cordelia. Altamont and Vallancy had equally their cheeks flushed with crimson, the one from perplexity, the other from resentment; both made an involuntary movement to the door, to prevent farther elucidation. Sir Frederic relieved their embarrassment by proposing an immediate return; and as Vallancy's servant had brought a horse, Altamont eagerly mounted him, to avoid any further allusions to a subject so distressing to his feelings. The rest of the party resumed their places in the carriage,

age, but all were totally changed ; all was dismissed ; all animation had vanished. Adela was thoughtful, Vallancy taciturn, Cordelia looked ill, and Sir Frederic, in fear of exciting suspicion or displeasure, restrained himself so much that he appeared coldly frigid. Celia herself, exhausted by efforts, leaned back, scarcely able to restrain her tears, and now and then dropping every sentence of morality, on the mutability of human sensations. " I expected," cried she, " to have been a day of joy, but joy is overpowering. I wish those flowers had not made Cordelia ill ; I have been saddened ever since."

On reaching Beachdale, she eagerly enquired for De Lille, expressing equal wonder and disturbance at his absence. She then told Altamont, privately assuring him, that tomorrow he should have better evidence of her word, to convince him of the fact she had announced ; for the present, she would not enter on particulars ; besides, she intended to spend an hour at the Grange. She

told

told him in confidence, it was to speak to Mrs. Winifred ; and then admonishing him to entire secrecy, she resumed a mysterious air, and stealing through the park, proceeded by a circuitous route to her friend's habitation.

CHAPTER VI.

UPTHERTO it was not necessary to anticipate the communication which was to immortalize Celia Gladwin's pre-eminence in discretion; but now that the inevitable moment is arrived, it will be proper to explain the nature of that mysterious connection, which had so long subsisted between her and the kind-hearted *protégée*. Her acquaintance with this artless creature commenced in her youth, and during her annual visits she was accustomed to pay to some rich relations in Monmouthshire; she then shewed much kindness to Winny, at that time the contented wife of a petty farmer, who occupied a dairy; but sooner removing with his wife to another county, Celia remained for many years in ignorance of the changes which had occurred in her destiny.

After

After a long interval she discovered her in London, earning a maintenance by daily labour, and steadily refusing to live with her present husband ; who, having been an itinerant player, won her heart by a tale of distress ; wasted the savings of the good farmer's industry ; and, finally, kept another woman in open infidelity. Indignant at this last outrage, Winny vowed never to live with him again ; and, with Celia's assistance, procured the situation of housekeeper in a gentleman's family. Warm with gratitude for her benefactress, she longed, most ardently, to make her some acknowledgment ; and, by dint of frugality and diligence, saved enough to purchase a lottery ticket. The transaction remained a profound secret, till she discovered that it was drawn a first prize ; when almost overwhelmed with the intelligence, she flew to her good Miss Celia, and implored her acceptance of the ticket ; declaring she wished for nothing so much as to see her living like a lady, and to put herself under her protection.

With

With equal generosity Celia resisted the plea, and there was a long contest of kindness between them. But Winny founded her plea on a point of English law, with which the lower orders are well acquainted; that a woman after marriage is incapable of possessing any thing independent of her husband, and protested that she dreaded nothing so much as seeing the produce of her good fortune extorted from her by her now detested profligate. Celia, though highly applauding these heroic sentiments, refused to enrich herself by what would be termed a legal fraud, however defensible on the abstract principles of equity and justice. At length the matter was compromised between them, Celia consenting to receive the money to vest it in the funds, in her own name; to transmit to Winny an annual sum sufficient for her support; and to let the surplus accumulate, to be hereafter applied to some great object of patriotism or charity. For herself she still rigidly refused to accept even the smallest recompence; and

was

was more happy in thus disclaiming fortune than another in possessing it; she despised the personal risk incurred by her intrepidity; she gloried in the possibility of being persecuted for having dared to evade a law which, whether justly or not, she conceived to be among the *wrongs of women*. She was, however, soon sensible that Winny's apprehensions from her husband's persecution were not wholly chimerical. He had discovered her retreat; and, wondering at the comfort in which she lived, insisted on living with her. Celia, at length, by bribes induced him to desist; but from that period she had deemed it necessary to use more precaution for her old friend's security.

The occasion was most inviting to her love of mystery, and though the importunate husband was now gone abroad, she suggested her dropping his name, and restricting herself to the appellation of Mrs. Winifred, by which alone she was known in Mr. Mapletoft's family. Celia having been long persuaded

fraded that Altamont was destined to perform some signal service for the state, conceived it impossible that the estate should be more wisely bestowed, and proposed to her ~~protrude~~ the scheme she had formed for the benefit of mankind.

Winný, who had never ventured to consider as her own property what she owed to Celia's friendship, submitted implicitly to her decrees. Yet she was not without some repining wishes that her poor dear Aleck might have shared with Altamont, but this condition she never ventured to suggest; for such was her gratitude and her probity, that she never conceived the possibility of resuming any rights she had once surrendered to her protectress; and fondly as she doated on Aleck, she presumed not, even for his sake, to make any claim to the prejudice of her first engagement. Of bonds and settlements she knew nothing, and to legal forms had an invincible abhorrence; but to her upright mind a word was equally binding with an oath; the promise that had passed her lips

lips could only be cancelled by injurious treatment; yet she never blazoned this religious faith with an imposing name. A simple Christian, she merely aspired to perform her duty; and the point of honour was with her but the test of conscience.

CHAPTER VII.

THE predilection which Mrs. Gladwin had, almost from the first glance, conceived for De Lille, united to the necessity of some assistance in her project, had determined her to entrust him with Winny's design. He was flattered by the confidence; gave her unbounded promises of service, and every assurance of fidelity. At her earnest request, he had secretly purchased the estate contiguous to Vallancy manor, which had occasioned so much speculation in the neighbourhood. The title deeds were at present in his possession, but were finally to be transferred to the intended proprietor. This confidence was not, however, mutual; and the incident of the letter, which excited such uneasiness in Mrs. De Lille, might, had she been prone to suspicion, have in-

spired in Mrs. Gladwin equal distrust. From that period, he had been less cordial and ingenuous: he never spoke of the intended donation with any glow of pleasure; and he was always suggesting some reason for protracting the term of probation and concealment.

On the return of Altamont to England, however, Celia had resolved that the communication should take place; but De Lille alleged that there was still something wanting to make the conveyance complete.

In their last conversation, perceiving her somewhat irritated, in reality, from her lively conception of Altamont's secret conflicts, and sufferings, (the pangs of hopeless love) he promised in another week to be ready for the *eclaircissement*; yet on the morning after he had given her this assurance, he went on his private excursion.

It was not her intention to have proceeded without his concurrence; but having been thrown off her guard by the resolution expressed by Altamont to leave Beachdale,

proceeded to Germany, she had hastily reiterated her promised elucidation; convincing that though she could not produce the deeds, she could pledge her word to their existence. She was also somewhat misled by De Lille's procrastination; and consequently the less repugnance to taking this step without his approbation. As all this, the secret she had so long guarded with such ease, was no longer compatible with patience. From the moment he had approached the crisis of disclosure, she was occupied with her theatrical preparation.

The mystery now pressed for development with an *impetus* which was not to be resisted; and she mistook the impulse of her ardent nature, for some secret force omnipotent and inevitable as

approaching the Grange, she longed for sympathy and reciprocation with her old Winny. Surprise and doubt had ceased to absorb Altamont's pleasure;

and her own anticipated raptures were strangely intercepted; but with this kind-hearted confidant, she expected to taste unalloyed delight. A trifling circumstance again thwarted her wishes: Winny had been induced by Aleck to ride out in a chaise he had borrowed from the Abbey; and was gone, according to her charitable practice, to visit some sick person at a short distance from the village. Celia now recollected that her friend had mentioned in the morning her projected excursion; commenting, with much complacency, on the readiness Mr. Quintin had shewn to oblige Aleck; but neither the information nor the reflection made the slightest impression on Celia's mind at the moment. Now, however, that she sighed to disburthen her heart, she would gladly have followed Winny wherever she might be, to enter on her purposed explanation; but the Mapletons were out, the servants knew nothing of her friend's movements; there was no remedy but patience, and of that virtue she was the least

capable. For the first time, she found
ade irksome; and in this interval of
aise, almost regretted that she had been
recipitate with her disclosure.

he yearned for her affectionate Winny's
ance, that whatever she did was con-
it and best; she, for once, distrusted
judgment, and doubted of her own
; she was even visited by some com-
tious scruples, for having so frankly
fessed of another's property; and deter-
ed to stipulate for some conditions in
ur of Aleck. She even missed the secret,
which she had so long brooded, that
art from it would make a chasm in
ence.

If these gloomy reflections were oc-
curred by not finding Winny at home;
as a check to the bouyancy of ex-
tation; and fancy, for once, left the
t subdued to nature. On this day of
triumph,—this interesting epoch of
life, she wept; and after having spent
: hours in expectation of Winny's

return, at length rejoined the circle at Vallancy House; not to enjoy society but to cheat suspense of its lingering torments.

CHAPTER VIII

“**S**HALL I advance or retreat, Edward?” said Altamont, perceiving his friend seated at a writing-desk, and apparently insensible to his approach.

Vallancy having exhibited unequivocal symptoms of ill-humour during dinner, had withdrawn to his own apartment, in order, as he said, to write some letters previous to his journey. Altamont suspecting the true cause of his estrangement, determined, by a frank *eclaircissement*, to put an end to his suspense. “Vallancy,” repeated he, “will you not spare a quarter of an hour to a friend?”

“Oh, Sir! Mr. Altamont, I perceive,—” There was no playful affectation in this formality; it was the genuine expression of strong displeasure.

“ *Mr. Altamont!* what a rebuke to my
“ want of decorum! I suppose I must in
“ future send up a servant to announce my
“ name, with all due punctilio.”

“ In future every thing will be different
“ from what it has been; there is a revolu-
“ tion since *yesterday*. When am I to wish
“ you joy? for among other changes it seems
“ you are likely to become my kinsman.”
“ I thought to find you in a more serious
“ mood.”

“ I was never more so in my life. It is
“ you that still choose to be something for
“ which I really can't find a name,—cau-
“ tious, circumspect, *enveloped*. For ~~my~~
“ part, I don't understand obliquity,—
“ shall I call it delicacy; and really should
“ not scruple asking an old friend if he
“ was going to be married.”

“ And do you sincerely imagine I am
“ going to be married?”

“ And why not, when the lady smiles,
“ fortune jumps from the bag, and no-
“ thing but the lawyer and the bishop are
“ wanting?”

wanting? I'll tell you what, Altamont, among other novelties, do get a new habit of ingenuoufness; that cautious air and mystery is necessary to the man who juggles at a profession; and for that every reason is disclaimed by every one who has the privilege to be *born a gentleman*."

"I hardly know how to answer you, Vallancy."

"Oh, you might know, for you possess all the compound tenses in perfection; there is no elaborate phrase, no elegant artifice in language, of which you are master."

"Come, come, this is all the captious petulance of a dissatisfied, restless lover."

"Oh no; don't imagine I am a lover. I like a coquette to while away an hour with; I don't pretend to be stupid or invulnerable as a beetle; but you are really over nice about Miss Rouvigny. You might have safely entrusted your mutual attachment; I never cared for

“ her enough to have put her in competition with a *friend's* welfare ; never
“ would have risked for her my integrity ; no, no, though I may have laughed
“ at romance, I hold honour sacred ; though
“ I might never affect patriotism, I really
“ did believe in the existence of honesty ;
“ and could so far stretch my imagination
“ as to give a man credit for unequivocal
“ sincerity.”

“ To what does all this lead ?”

“ Oh, merely to elucidate a point in
“ question, Whether three months after
“ you have been presented at court, (you
“ and your bride,) you may not be speaking
“ in the House in praise of all you have
“ hitherto abused ? Who knows but you
“ and I may sit on opposite sides, at once
“ complimenting and controverting each
“ other ?”

“ So then, if I should really have this
“ accession of fortune, I am to lose your
“ friendship.”

“ If

" If you *should*. Oh, subtle casuist! Where is the contingency? Your friend asserts the fact, and my father-in-law, it seems, is to substantiate the assertion. The estate is obvious to view, and still you express a doubt or a surmise. Nay, Altamont, don't take the girl's word that she loves you, but exact an affidavit properly and regularly attested."

" If I could not find an excuse for your spleen, I should think it strange you did not rejoice in a friend's prosperity."

" But where is there a friend, Altamont?"

" A friend should be an equal; a partner, entering, with ardour, into all my pursuits; sympathizing in my tastes and wishes; loving even my faults, and respecting my weakest prejudices. The friend should be my other self; the same life's blood should flow between us. Now, Altamont, such an union has never subsisted between us; you were always aiming to be the *benefactor*, and I brooked

“ from you admonitions and reproofs [could not have endured from a *superior*. ”

Here Vallancy paused. Altamont preserved a cold silence. Irritated by a forbearance he attributed to contempt, Vallancy resumed, “ No other being should have usurped such authority ; but the tutoring seemed to satisfy your punctilious dignity, and I therefore frankly submitted to the yoke.” Vallancy again paused, and was again unanswered. “ Yet though I repined at your reserve, though I was always sensible to your want of sympathy, I would not have believed a tale to your prejudice ; I had an obstinate faith in your integrity ; nor would I have admitted, on any authority but your own, that you were capable of disingenuous artifice—seeking what you affected to disclaim, and engrossing the very object you professed to despise. No reasoning, no rhetoric, not even your own eloquence should have persuaded me to believe this.”

“ And

“ And do you seriously suppose I have stooped to such duplicity? — that I have sought what I disclaimed, and engrossed the object I professed to despise?”

Altamont repeated these words with deliberate solemnity; and Vallancy, shocked by their import, in his turn was silent.

“ These are strange words to come from the associate of one’s childhood, and include a charge which, allow me to say, I should better know how to answer to any other than you.”

“ If I have transgressed decorum, Sir, I am ready to make the reparation due to the feelings of a gentleman.”

“ No, Vallancy, I shall not accept the permission to inflict on one of us ever-lasting remorse. My courage, at least, is not suspected; and I warn you, no provocation on your part shall ever make me attempt the life of one, I have so long considered my friend.”

Vallancy, recollecting that his own life had been preserved by the person he had just

just abused, stood abashed; conscious of his error, but not noble enough to avow his feelings.

“ I can account, however, for your petulance,” resumed Altamont, “ and in part forgive the caprices of a lover.”

“ I disclaim the title !”

“ ‘Tis in vain ! Nothing but passion could have so perverted your judgment, that you should not discover you were yourself the real object of Miss Rouvigny’s affection.”

“ My dear Altamont !”

“ I wish not to excite your presumption, but as we are so soon to part, I repeat she loves you.”

“ What strange vagary is this ? Does she not treat me with indifference, and caprice ?”

“ Because she distrusts your steadiness ; she loves you, but sees your faults and has too much sense and spirit to suffer inclination to prevail over judgment.”

“ And I like her all the better for it ; but still, my sapient casuist, how should you see through her heart ?”

“ Because

“ Because I had an interest in your happiness. I observed that her eyes always brightened at your approach ; and that whoever was the person she addressed, her animation was increased by your presence.”

“ But her attentions to yourself, — was that mere coquetry ? ”

“ Yes, a coquetry the most innocent. Consider the disparity in our situation ; and what a coxcomb must that man be, who under my circumstances could impute her politeness to interested motives. No, Miss Rouvigny esteemed me too much, to suppose I was capable of such egregious vanity. As a last proof, since this morning her behaviour is changed.”

“ But may not that be from the delicacy of affection ? ”

“ Vallancy, you are surely in love. By this diffidence, this distrust, I see you are really capable of the passion ; now I heartily forgive your injustice.”

“ Forgiveness is not enough, Altamont ; you must forget my folly.”

“ I know

“ I know not that I ought to do so ; your
“ heart prompted some bitter things ; you
“ intimated, that we had never been truly
“ friends.”

“ Forget those foolish words.”

“ You will, I know, remember longer than
“ I shall resent them ; yet, one thing I must,
“ say, should I ever be thrown on adversity
“ I could not now, without meanness, find
“ anchorage in Vallancy.”

“ Well, but you shall never be thrown
“ on adversity.”

“ I could never dismiss the recollection,
“ that you remembered our inequality ;
“ never persuade myself to challenge your
“ services ; never, without incurring my
“ own reproaches, permit you to tax my
“ gratitude with unrequited obligation.”

On rejoining the family they found,
sitting quietly together, Mrs. Gladwin and
Mrs. De Lille, who had been but imper-
fectly apprized of the incidents of the morn-
ing, and was musing on her husband's ab-
sence and her son's intended departure.

Adela

Adela was playing to Cordelia, who stood by her side overlooking the music, when Vallancy enquired, if she was recovered from her indisposition. She blushed, from consciousness that her disorder had been occasioned by the interest she took in his playing. Her emotion was not unobserved; and hope, the more delicious for being imperfect and restrained, once more stole to his heart. He began to flatter himself, that what he heard respecting Sir Frederic was erroneous, but however this might be, neither honour, nor delicacy now forbade the avowal of his own attachment.

To one who has long pined in concealment, the privilege of disclosure is comparatively the termination of his sufferings. Altamont seemed once more to communicate with Cordelia, and, by a single glance, to divine all she would have said. The music suspended conversation, and was this evening acceptable even to Vallancy, who now hoped to descry in Adela some marks of affection. She happened to play
a march,

a march, to which Haller was partial ; when Altamont rising from the sofa, in which he had been indulging some poetical dreams of happiness, asked if she still wished to finish the manuscript of Cornelius. Her assent was so unequivocal, that he ventured to propose their resuming it, on the morrow morning, in the pavilion. As she had no time to start objections, and tacitly confirmed the engagement, Altamont had now sufficient matter for speculation.

On this important morrow too, he was to learn from Mrs. Gladwin all the mysteries of his fortune ; but this circumstance at the moment escaped his recollection ; he thought only of being permitted to dedicate fortune, fame, his faculties, his feelings, his hopes, his joys, his life, and all that ennoble life, to Cordelia.

CHAPTER IX.

CORDELIA, always accustomed to be punctual, a habit she derived from that moral sympathy, which is ever prompting a delicate consideration for the ease and comfort of others ; was this morning ready long before the hour appointed for the interview ; but fearing, as woman is naturally born to fear, she might seem too importunate for the promised pleasure, she remained in her own room, till within a few minutes of the time ; and then, descending to the garden, glided over the lawn without once glancing towards the pavilion ; though sometimes stopping unconsciously, with the persuasion that she heard Altamont's step, since she could not but believe he had been long watching her approach. To her surprise, however, she received no summons ; she met with no interruption ; she slowly returned

Adela, who was in the room, looked
toward the entrance with an
expectant expression. Deeply
impressed with the solemnity of the
occasion, she sat in the
chair of her position, and after waiting
some time in these fruitless expectations, she
was joined by Adela, and immediately re-
newed the engagement.

The summons to breakfast was much
earlier than usual. For Adela had a very
early dinner, and called herself Phoebe;
and the lady, with much propriety, sup-
ported the character of Tristram. Cor-
responding to the one word of their conver-
sation, Altamont came to pale,
and finally perished, that all
presence was suspended,
reached, the addressed
a low voice as Herbert.
as soon as possible,
Vallancey and Adela,
the scrubbery, appearing
spot, should
seem

seem to remind them of their lapsed engagement.

"If time could but return," cried Altapont; "if to-morrow could be like yesterday—'Twas all a dream. My romantic friend invested me with a visionary good.

"'Twas an ice palace, and is now dissolved.

"My 1500l. a-year is completely dissipated;

yet I repine not at the privation, since it

reverts to a man, in some respects, nearer

to my heart than any relation upon

earth." Cordelia looked her surprise.

"This is no time for explanation. The

moments are too precious; perhaps this

may be my last hour of happiness."

"Good heavens! what mean you?"

"Not that I am dying," returned he,

with a melancholy smile. "I may long con-

sume days and years, and yet survive

life; for when hope is gone, the heart is

dead for ever; yet, Cordelia, I shall never

lament having missed wealth or splendor.

"There is but one man I should ever

and that man, whatever his cares

"or

“ or privations, in a desert or a prison, I
“ should deem the happiest upon earth.”

Cordelia answered not, but there was in his voice a tender touching solemnity her heart taught her to interpret; yet she cast down her eyes, still fluctuating between hope and distrust; still dreading to hear, what she most wished to believe.

“ If such a being exist,” cried Altamont,
“ my fate is indeed decided; and whether
“ I remain in this country or seek another,
“ I must be an alien from hope and happiness every where.”

Cordelia now looked up with unaffected perplexity; but before she could proceed to make the enquiry, which might for ever have dispelled from his mind the suspicion of Sir Frederic, they were interrupted by De Lille, who, bowing stiffly to Altamont, and smiling sarcastically on his daughter, desired her to look in the study for his pocket edition of Shakespear; and long before she could execute this commission, had drawn her companion to another part of the garden,

garden, evidently engaged in a conversation of too serious a cast to warrant intrusion.

It is proper to explain why Altamont failed in his appointment. He had gained the pavilion, as Cordelia divined, long before the hour of meeting; and was standing at the entrance, when he found his arm clasped by Mrs. Gladwin, who, begging a few minutes conversation, led him down the beautiful walk towards the village, and eagerly entered on her intended explanation. She was never gifted with brevity; her thoughts spread into so many ramifications; and in the present instance, she was so often impeded by sentiment, that they reached the end of the avenue, before she came to Winny's ticket. Then leaning against the park pales, which were just opposite to the Grange, she proposed stepping out, to ask if her old friend was returned. Said and done with her was the operation of the same moment; and greatly was she rejoiced to observe, at the window, the object of her search, who eagerly throwing up the
fash,

faith, besought her for God's sake to come in for two moments.

"Worthy creature," cried Celia, as she crossed the threshold; "I have pledged myself, my dear Altamont, that you shall provide for Aleck."

They were met at the door by Mrs. Winifred, whose countenance bespoke not joy, but perturbation and sadness. "Ah! dear, dear Miss Celia, I have such a tale for you!"

"You may speak freely before Altamont. Heknowsall. I have told him everything."

"I am sorry for it. It was not my fault; no, nor poor Aleck's neither; he meant all for the best. But what shall I say to this good Mr. Altamont. Oh! dear Miss Celia, you will never forgive me."

Then wringing her hands, she sunk back in her easy chair, whilst both Altamont and Mrs. Gladwin said every thing they could suggest to give her encouragement. At length they learnt, that she had yesterday attended Aleck to visit a dying man, who had lodged for the last three weeks in the farm house on Cor. delia's

Julia's favorite hill; so celebrated for the salubrity of its situation. Mr. Frampton having heard of Aleck, who was supposed to possess some occult art in the cure of diseases, expressed a strong desire to see him. Aleck was introduced; and immediately became strongly interested in his recovery.

Nothing is so mortifying to a generous mind, as to have any power attributed to it which it does not possess. Aleck's heart was touched by this appeal to his kindness, his fancy instantly kindled at the suggestion, and, with his accustomed facility, he began to speculate on the possibility of administering relief. Might not the malady originate in some diseased affection of the soul; and would not the lungs be healed with the heart? Fraught with this idea, he repeated his visits to Mr. Frampton, thought of him incessantly, and often talked of him to Mrs. Winifred, who delighted to find that he had at length an object intelligible to her apprehension, and proud to co-

operate in so good a work, repeatedly sent, by his hands, jellies and conserves to the afflicted patient. Mr. Frampton now heard, in his turn, of Mrs. Winifred, and naturally expressed a desire to see her. Aleck, who accounted her a wonderful *Leach*, and simply believed her recipes availed beyond the doctor's skill, pressed her to accompany him; and to obviate her only objections respecting distance, procured a one-horse chaise from Mr. Quintin for her accommodation.

Gladly did Winny alight from the carriage, contemplating, with maternal complacency, her benevolent Aleck; but she was not a little shocked to learn that Mr. Frampton was materially worse. The curate, Mr. Bland, came down stairs to meet her, and by him she was ushered into the sick chamber. The first object she beheld was a couch, on which the sick man was reclining; beside him sat a person writing from his dictation: his hostess followed Winifred, making many apologies for the littered apartment.

“ Make

"Make no excuses, my good friend," said Winny; "we must all bear with one another."

At the sound of her voice the patient, raising his head, exclaimed, "It is my wife!" and Winny, with a piercing shriek, discovered her husband, of whose death Mrs. Gladwin had, as she imagined, received decisive evidence. The recognition was instantly made; and the supposed Frampton said he should die in peace if he might but obtain her forgiveness. "And then," said Mrs. Winifred, "he looked so terribly, and spoke so pitifully, that though I never believed I should cease to hate him, I could not help being sorry to see him suffer. And then he asked me if I was not enriched by a lottery ticket; and as I could not tell a lie, I answered nothing. And then he said, 'I know it is so.' And he desired the man who was writing, to shew me a letter he had received without a name, which gave him the account. And then he said, 'You did not well to deceive me so long. I

“ speak not for my *own sake*, but *yours*.
“ I have a nephew who would not let me
“ want for any thing.’ And just then who
“ should come in but your friend, Mr.
“ De Lille, who turned up the whites of
“ his eyes at seeing me, and could scarcely
“ believe I was his *uncle’s wife*.”

“ His uncle’s wife !” exclaimed Celia,
“ that is impossible !”

“ But indeed, for all that, ’tis true :
“ there’s the parish register to prove it. Mr.
“ De Lille’s father was my husband’s own
“ brother.”

“ But how could Loyle be De Lille ?”

“ Oh, ’twas called *Loyle*, but it should
“ have been *Lisle*, and that he changed to
“ Lille ; for what cause, he knows best :
“ but certain it is, he was my husband’s
“ nephew ; and the man in black, who was
“ writing so fast, shewed me the copy of
“ a bond he had given him long ago, to
“ take to himself all the property he either
“ had, or should come to have, in the
“ world : and my husband said he was glad

“ I had

"I had never been found out, for that then that deed would have been put in force against me." She then proceeded to relate, that, being overpowered with the discovery, she was conveyed to an adjoining apartment, where De Lille joined her, protesting his concern, and declaring he was not aware who she was. Here Celia shook her head, with strong indications of incredulity.

"Mrs. Winifred then briefly concluded her narrative:—The surprise occasioned by her presence appeared to have brought on a violent paroxysm, in which the patient breathed his last. She was again removed to another room, where De Lille paid her most assiduous attention, and repeatedly assured her of his friendship; offered to concur in any scheme for Aleck's establishment; and finally brought her home, at a late hour, with as much respect as if she had been a queen.

"But now," cried she, "what shall be done for good Mr. Altamont? for you
F 3 know

“ know the law spares nothing ; and I shall
“ only have my own dower ; for Mr. Bland,
“ and the man in black, both said Mr. De
“ Lille was my husband’s natural heir ; and
“ you know he has every penny in his possession.”

“ Surely,” cried Celia, “ Jasper De Lille
“ will not be so base as to take advantage
“ of a crooked turn in the law ? What !
“ can you believe him capable of committing
“ an act of which a felon might be
“ ashamed ; — of abusing trust, and betraying
“ confidence ?”

“ But he says, dear Miss Celia, that if
“ he should decline the property, the next
“ heir would take it ; so there’s no end of
“ vexation. But you shall hear what he
“ says himself ; for, not knowing you were
“ at his house, he left this letter for you,
“ which I saw him write ; and indeed it
“ came from his pen as if it had been before
“ indited.”

This *indited* letter being produced, was given to Altamont, who, at Mrs. Gladwin’s request, read as follows :

“ My

“ My dear Madam,

“ In a moment of extreme agitation, I
“ employ my pen to explain to you the
“ most painful occurrence of my life. I
“ will lay open my heart, and throw my-
“ self on your candour. The most ge-
“ nerous of women will not distrust the
“ purity of my motives, or the disinterest-
“ edness of my conduct.”

(Here Celia, jumping up; exclaimed, “ I
“ told you so; I knew he would be noble
“ and disinterested.”)

“ It is curious to reflect, that my present
“ uneasiness arises from a source whence it
“ could be least suspected; that it is pro-
“ duced by your confidence; and that what
“ was at first my supreme triumph, is be-
“ come the instrument of my most exquisite
“ torment.”

(Here Celia's eyes brightened; Altamont
looked down, unable to disguise his disap-
probation of such fulsome flattery. Winny
looked up, as if she would have asked, What
is all this to the purpose?)

“ By what fatality have you been influ-
“ enced, by what mysterious inspiration
“ were you directed to repose such unli-
“ mited trust in the person you should have
“ been most anxious to avoid? That I have
“ not voluntarily betrayed your trust, is
“ now my only happiness and consolation.”

(“ Ah, how elegantly he writes! what
“ magic in his pen!” murmured Celia.
Nobody contradicted her. Winny was
seized with a fit of coughing, which for a
short time suspended the reading.)

“ It is necessary to explain to you the cir-
“ cumstance which occasioned the delusion
“ under which we have both acted; a cir-
“ cumstance which involved the most mo-
“ mentous event of my life—the only se-
“ cret I have not reposed in your faithful
“ sympathizing bosom.”

(Ah! sighed she; ah! thought she, his
wife is not a woman to confide in.)

“ I am descended from a clergyman of
“ the name of Lisle, which custom cor-
“ rupted to Loyle. Separated from my
“ family

“ family in early life, I had no intercourse
“ with any branch of it but my deceased
“ uncle, the unworthy husband of your
“ excellent friend Mrs. Winifred. Though
“ unacquainted with his blameless wife, I
“ was aware of his flagitious conduct, and
“ I trust it was from no improper or unbecoming
“ pride, that I wished not to acknowledge
“ so disgraceful a relation. The
“ slight change in my own name, which
“ had been adopted in my youth, in a great
“ measure shielded me from exposure, and
“ I hoped to pass through life without even
“ participating in his reproach. Yet though
“ tremblingly alive to the delicacy of reputation,
“ I was not callous to the claims of
“ humanity; and when this distressed kinsman,
“ seven years ago, implored my aid
“ to save him from the horrors of a jail, I
“ did not withhold assistance; but having
“ supplied his wants, procured him a situation
“ abroad, to which, with the view of
“ escaping from his creditors, he went under
“ a fictitious name; and by these means

“ you were induced to credit the rumour of
“ his death.

“ It was during this interval that you re-
“ posed in me your confidence, and that I
“ became entrusted with the property to
“ which my uncle was legally entitled.
“ That I had no suspicion of this fact is, how-
“ ever, not extraordinary ; for as, with that
“ discretion for which you are so eminently
“ conspicuous, you disclosed not Mrs. Wini-
“ fred’s surname, it was impossible I should
“ arrive at such a conclusion : I therefore en-
“ tered into negotiations for the estate, which
“ appeared so desirable a purchase ; but of
“ which, owing to the minority of one of
“ the parties concerned, no conveyance
“ has been formally executed in Mr. Al-
“ tamont’s favour. Whilst maturing your
“ suggestions for his advantage, without
“ knowing why he was thus selected, I re-
“ ceived another application from my un-
“ fortunate kinsman, who had returned to
“ England with a broken constitution, and

was

“ was again pursued by a merciless creditor,
“ whom he had previously softened with
“ promises of payment. In this extremity
“ he threw himself on my charity ; and you
“ will easily conceive I was unable to re-
“ sist the supplication. Sincerely did I de-
“ plore the circumstances which rendered
“ his introduction to my own family im-
“ practicable ; heartily did I wish it had
“ been possible to shelter him beneath my
“ own roof, and to soothe the complicated
“ sufferings of age and infirmity. Pre-
“ cluded from this satisfaction, I procured
“ him an asylum within a few miles of my
“ own house, where, to escape the impor-
“ tunity of his creditors, he lived in the
“ strictest privacy, known only by the name
“ of Frampton, and only visited by a me-
“ dical attendant. The state of his health
“ excited most serious alarm, and called
“ for every possible indulgence. To pro-
“ cure farther advice, I clandestinely ac-
“ companied him to London, where the
“ first physician of the age pronounced his

“ safe hopeless. This sentence I carefully
“ concealed, but redoubled my former
“ cares and attentions.

“ It was at this period that he commu-
“ nicated to me many interesting particu-
“ lars of his wife Winifred, of whom he
“ had so long lost all traces, that he sup-
“ posed her to be dead. He had formerly
“ been informed, by an importunate credi-
“ tor, that she was possessed of considerable
“ property, the produce of a prize in the lot-
“ tery. He now received an anonymous
“ letter to this purport, from some person
“ who had penetrated his fictitious name,
“ and who intimated that this money had
“ passed from her hands to those of a
“ stranger.

“ He construed this passage into an inti-
“ mation of her death; and, to do him
“ justice, expressed much contrition for his
“ former transgressions: yet, conceiving
“ himself somewhat indebted to my kind-
“ ness; conceiving too, that he and his
“ heirs were at least as fully entitled to the

property as strangers, he caused a bond to be executed in my favour, by which I should, at any time, be enabled to seize on the effects (whatever they might be) so long sequestered from his use.

“ It was at this period that, for the first time, I had even a surmise that the person for whom I had acted as a trustee was Mrs. Winifred. I resisted the suspicion; and on my return to Beachdale, anxious to escape the predicament in which I must be placed by such a connection, I made no new researches, I used no means of enquiry. I am persuaded your memory will supply a thousand instances in which I have shunned the subject I might have so easily elucidated. The discovery which has at length taken place, was produced by means independent of my agency, and appears to have been solely the work of destiny. My unhappy kinsman was evidently drawing near his end; yet, with that sanguine spirit which belongs to his male
“ lady,

“ lady, still cherishing dreams of recovery,
“ and still fighting to prolong existence.
“ He had heard of the salubrious air of the
“ neighbouring downs. I removed him
“ thither. He there heard also of an extra-
“ ordinary young man, who was supposed
“ to possess some occult power, extending
“ far beyond the limits of medical science.
“ Mr. Satchell was introduced to him, and,
“ unsuspected by me, induced Mrs. Wi-
“ nifred to visit the dying patient. What
“ followed was inevitable. My unfortu-
“ nate kinsman is now at rest. In the last
“ moments of life, he at once experienced
“ the pangs of remorse and the tenderness
“ of consolation.

“ I now come to the most painful part
“ of my task, the publicity of this trans-
“ action having rendered it impossible that
“ I should continue to participate in a legal
“ fraud. As heir-at-law, I am to perform
“ the rigid duties of an executor, which
“ are, I conceive, in total opposition to the
“ intended donation to Mr. Altamont.—

“ Happily

“ Happily the conveyances have not been
“ executed in his name, which will prevent
“ some confusion: happily, too, your in-
“ comparable prudence has withheld from
“ him those expectations which must now
“ inevitably terminate in disappointment.”

Hitherto Celia had listened with some sentiments of complacency, but now she suddenly broke forth:—“ For all this, if he
“ does not make it all over, he is the
“ veriest wretch on earth!” She then snatched the letter from Altamont, adding,
“ Either he is a great man, or a great
“ villain.”

“ Good Mr. Altamont,” cried Winny,
“ happy had it been for me to have died
“ ere it had come to this.”

Here Altamont, touched by her distress, besought her to be comforted; adding, that he should heartily rejoice in Mr. De Lille’s acquisition.

“ How!” cried Celia, “ would you con-
“ nive at iniquity and injustice? Was not
“ this money obtained through the bounty
“ of

“ of others? was it not destined, through
“ your medium, to diffuse blessings to man-
“ kind?”

“ My dear friend, you are deceived by
“ the ardour of your affections. Had I
“ sooner known in what manner this pro-
“ perty was obtained, I should have, par-
“ don me, voluntarily declined a donation
“ so repugnant to the nicer feelings of
“ honour. I am not going to discuss the
“ principle of abstract right: I readily al-
“ low the laws are unjust, but I scorn to
“ evade them.”

“ Ah, dear Miss Celia,” cried Winny,
“ why would you not take it to yourself?
“ all had then been well. Mr. De Lille
“ indeed offers, in this letter, to settle part
“ of it on you; and he said something about
“ compromising matters (that was his word
“ with Mr. Altamont); any thing to avoid
“ a law suit.”

“ Nothing,” returned Altamont, “ should
“ induce me to litigate with Mr. De Lille;
“ but I should feel degraded by listening to
“ any

any terms of compromise. There is here no difference, no arbitration necessary; one judge is sufficient: the verdict is already given, and there lies no other appeal."

"Good, excellent young man!" cried Inny; "oh, may you find your reward!"

"Noble creature!" reiterated Celia, forgetting even disappointment in her admiration of his magnanimity; "and can you so easily relinquish ease, pleasure, interest, and love?"

The last word, probably, recalled some painful impressions to the mind of Alrant; but forcing a smile, he was about to answer her in a soothing strain, when he perceived De Lille issuing from the park, unwilling to confront him at such an awkward moment, hastily withdrew, just in time to escape the rencontre, returning by a circuitous route to Vallancy house.

De Lille approached the Grange with no remarkable sensations. At the moment when he was felicitating himself on the success of one

one stratagem he was baffled in another; Celia's premature discovery, by thwarting his views of concealment, had wounded the stronger passion of his little soul—his vanity; and he came with a determination either to win her to unbounded submission, or to provoke her to open enmity. He found her standing in front of the door, holding in her hand the half-read letter. Winny sat moaning in her easy chair, and Aleck, who followed his steps, placed himself on a low stool in an opposite corner. On his entrance there was a momentary pause. Celia, waving her hand, said "Well, Sir, I am sure you will do all that honour requires?"

"I trust," replied he, "I shall do my duty."

"The first duty is to fulfil your engagements?"

He began to recapitulate the sum of his letter, which Winny said had been long since *indited*. She listened with downcast eyes, violently struggling with her angry sensa-

sentations. When he spoke of Winny's fulfilling her intentions in favour of Aleck, a smile of contempt parted her lips : when he alluded to terms of compromise with Altamont, her cheeks flushed, yet she controuled her speech : but when he ventured to repeat what he had also previously intimated, that he wished she also should receive a gratuity, she raised her eyes, and vehemently exclaimed, " Jaspas De Lille, my soul disdains thee ! measure not your views with mine ; oh, man of little faith and low desires ! Know, Altamont also contemns your pretended terms of compromise ; keep the property you have purloined from unsuspecting confidence and virtuous integrity ; keep your money, it is not for us — we barter not our honour : " then tearing the letter, she strewed it over the floor, adding, " Thus be our friendship sundered for ever." De Lille attempted to soothe her, but she was intractable. He then retorted her own breach of faith, in having accelerated the discovery without his know-

knowledge or approbation. Impatient of rebuké, she retorted with acrimony, observing, if he was sincere in his professions, he might administer to the property, and restore it solely to Winny, who would know how to render it useful to society.

De Lille perceiving this was the critical moment, and that since she could not be appeased she must be braved, fired at her insinuation, chafed again, and made the breach eternal. Yet, on quitting the room, he had the address to take Aleck aside, and to assure him, that had he acceded to Celia's proposal, Mrs. Winifred would be accessible to other claimants, by whom she must eventually be involved in a ruinous litigation. Then repeating his offers of service, he left the house, happy to think himself rid, on so fair a pretext, of one who, as a friend, might have made such claims on his generosity as he was little disposed to allow; and who was too notoriously eccentric to have any power, as an enemy, to injure his reputation. Yet his satisfaction was far from

from being complete ; and scarcely could the prospect of acquiring so much property console him for the publication of his real name and connexions.

His father and uncle were the two elder sons of a Welsh curate, who struggled hard to maintain a numerous family. The former was enabled, by the partial munificence of a maiden aunt, to obtain an ensigncy ; his brother, repining at the drudgery of an attorney's office, entered the army also, but under very different auspices ; he enlisted : and, to the grief of his father, was sent abroad before any efforts could be made for procuring his discharge. The father of Jasper embarked for the East Indies, and during the voyage, captivated a young portionless lady, who was going out under the protection of his colonel's lady. A clandestine marriage was the consequence ; a reluctant reconciliation with the lady's friends took place. The young man was beginning to hope for some advancement of fortune, when he was carried off by a *coup de*

de soleil, just after his wife had brought into the world a son, who was called Jaspar.

It was not likely that so young a widow should long pine in weeds; her protectress suggested that the infant boy should be sent to England to the father's relations. The widow resisted, till she was addressed by a man of fortune, and then consented. Jaspar was conveyed to England, remained three years in Wales, and seemed destined to pass his life in humble obscurity. In the meantime the younger De Lille had also met with his adventures, and, having obtained his discharge, was finally re-established in his father's house. He became fondly attached to his nephew; and discovering that he possessed a talent for music, cultivated it with such care, that, before he was six years of age, he was distinguished by the appellation of the Little Minstrel. About this time his uncle learnt that his mother, who since her husband's death had formed a splendid establishment, was returned for her health to England, and resided at a beau-

beautiful seat in Somersetshire. Anxious for the welfare of his brother's offspring, he contrived to introduce him to this lady's manor; presented him as a prodigy in music: and perceiving she was captivated with his skill, divulged the relationship between them. Volatile as she was, she could not be wholly insensible to the tender pleadings of nature: and she fondly detained the boy to be brought up with her two other children, supplying on him the same luxuries, without suspecting that he was reserved for a far different destiny.

Under her auspices, Jaspar acquired elegance and fluency, a keen relish for pleasure, an exquisite tact in cunning, and above all, an inordinate degree of vanity. His education was injudiciously expensive; but his mother flattered herself she should be able to provide for him advantageously in India; and she instilled into his mind the most agreeable expectations: but her unexpected for death destroyed these first visions of youth. Jaspar was left dependent on the guardians

guardians of his half-brothers, whom he secretly hated and envied, and by whom he was in turn suspected and contemned: finally, he was dismissed with a thousand pounds, and an ensigncy, and left to shape his way to fortune. He was now almost an outcast on society, for as he was unwillingly owned by his mother's connexions, he could scarcely bear to acknowledge the remnants of his father's house. The curate had long since paid the debt of nature; some of his descendants were reduced to the lowest station; but his uncle the only being, besides his mother, who had ever shewn him affection, still claimed a recognition, which was yielded with reluctance.

After passing through many vicissitudes, this man, at length, became an itinerant player, in which situation he neither asked nor received notice. Jaspar had ambition, or rather that vanity which aspires to ambitious distinction. His profession giving no scope to his passion, he took a trip to France, softening his name of Lisle into De Lille. At
Paris

Paris he engaged the affections of a lovely girl, who was just withdrawn from the convent, and destined by her father, an English baronet, for the son of that lady in whose house she was now an inmate. To escape from an union to which she had conceived an insuperable aversion, Miss Mordaunt listened to De Lille's solicitation for a private marriage, and accompanied him to England, where she was entitled to receive a handsome legacy, which was eventually her only fortune.

The father incensed by this act of disobedience, and shocked to discover that she was united to a man of low family, formally renounced his daughter; and that he might not be tempted to revoke his vows, fixed his residence on the Continent.

The De Lilles were in a few years reduced to indigence; the elegant Jasper found it necessary to dispose of his commission, and gratefully accepted that ambiguous situation which procured his final establishment with Mrs. Vallancy. A short time previous

to his marriage, he was appalled by an application from his uncle, and eagerly purchased his silence and dismissal, by procuring for him an appointment in the West Indies. During his absence, it was reported that he was dead ; and it was under this persuasion, that Celia consulted De Lille on the means of purchasing an estate for Altamont.

The return of Lille to England, his ill-health, the persecution of his creditor, his supplications to his prosperous nephew, and the relief he obtained, all happened precisely as he had detailed in his letter to Mrs. Gladwin. His first stipulation for concealment was prompted by vanity, but to this was soon added a stronger motive of interest. He had originally accepted Celia's confidence, for the pleasure of exciting her enthusiasm and receiving her adulation. He had paid little attention to her ravings of Altamont, and undertook to promote her views, purely to have the *eclat* of disinterested generosity. But in conversing with his uncle, he was apprized of circumstances which

which soon convinced him, that this destitute kinsman was the husband of Mrs. Winited. His views were then soon extended. Avarice was almost supplanted by cupidity, and he was solely occupied in devising plans for securing to himself the money, so invitingly placed within his reach. His first impulse was to divulge the transaction to his uncle; but on second thoughts, he reflected that he might not be benefited by securing his independence; that the property might be dissipated among poorer relations; and that in this case he should have sacrificed his own reputation without obtaining a recompense. In this dilemma of selfishness he had recourse to a refined and elaborate system of artifice. He affected to feel for his uncle the most affectionate solicitude, and besought him to remain on that sequestered spot, for the facility of frequent communication.

The elder Lisle, whose health was really in a perilous state, and who had been hastened by adversity, was not insensible to weakness, and readily acquiesced in the suggestion.

gestion. As his malady gained ground, De Lille thought proper to convey to him some intimations of his wife's clandestine wealth. An anonymous letter was fabricated for this purpose, which being received in London, and at the time he was staying there with his nephew to receive medical advice, rendered him anxious to return to his former retreat. De Lille confirmed him in the persuasion that his wife was dead, and that the property had passed into other hands. He lamented the circumstances which must render any personal interference on his part hazardous to his personal security, and suggested the expedient of a bond being given to himself, which, should any traces of the effects be discovered, would enable him to take the most rigorous measures for their recovery. With this proposal the elder Lille, who could have no suspicion of his latent views, cordially acquiesced, and the legal instrument was accordingly put into De Lille's possession.

On

On the patient's return to the Heath, he grew worse; and as Celia began to manifest great impatience, De Lille determined to bring about the discovery, by means so simple and apparently so natural, that no evidence should be adduced of his immediate interference. The removal to the White House, the mention of Aleck, and the final interview, all followed in due course; and as Celia had always withheld from him Winifred's surname, he took advantage of that circumstance to disclaim all consciousness of the relationship between them.

In withholding the estate from Altamont, he was sheltered, not merely by the privilege of being heir-at-law, but by the specious plea, that were he to relinquish his own rights, he could not annul those of the other relations. He was aware, that he might safely offer a compensation to Altamont, whose high spirit would never stoop to incur pecuniary obligations. To the accusations of such a fantastic being as Celia, he attached little importance. She had certainly been

accessary to a legal fraud, a charge which was revolting to the public ear. Romantic generosity was always scanned by the world with suspicious distrust ; and experience might lead him to expect, not only to divert censure from his own conduct, but to fix it on the very person who had been duped by his artifice and duplicity.

CHAPTER X.

ELILLE had at first disliked Altamont, from the idea that he was an impediment to his views of interest; he then disliked him from the consciousness, that he himself undeserving of confidence; and now hated him, from the conviction he was one whom he had injured, and to whom he could not extort esteem. Jealousity was always his master-spring of action; and this restless passion now suggested her motive for augmenting his prejudice to Altamont. He had not been blind to Frederic's passion for Cordelia; and she appeared to him in many respects more valuable, as a son-in-law, than Vallancy, often contemplated, with rapture, the probability of so splendid an alliance. In the combination of these circumstances he was greatly displeased to observe the lover-like appearance of Alta-

mont and his daughter, whose circumsp^ec-
tion had hitherto eluded his vigilance. No
sooner, therefore, had he dismissed the latter,
than he haughtily asked, if Altamont par-
ticipated in the sentiments of his friend,
Mrs. Gladwin? Altamont replied, that ex-
cellent as she was, he must disown many
of her prejudices; and then, with a grace, a
candor, a frankness, which it was scarcely
possible to resist, disclaimed all pretensions
to the property in question. De Lille com-
plimented his liberality; but not doubting
that he expected from Cordelia his reward,
was more than ever desirous to expel from
his house so dangerous an inmate. Un-
luckily too for Altamont, he happened to
express his satisfaction, that Aleck was to
be benefited from Winifred's liberality.
De Lille's vanity was instantly offended,
and when the ingenuous advocate added,
that he trusted, her interest in the property
was secured under every possible contin-
gency, he coolly replied, the whole would
be submitted to the arbitration of Mr.
Quintin

Quintin and Sir Frederic Mowbray, through whose medium he wished to offer to him some recompense for his disappointed expectations. Altamont negatived the proposal with so much spirit, that De Lille's pride was wounded; and, in spite of himself, he envied and esteemed, where he hated and contemned.

During this conference, Mr. Quintin having heard the story from Aleck, came purposely to talk of it, and to his great delight, found his news had not been forestalled. His details were not long,—but his comments were most copious.. He expatiated with delight on the ignorance of women in business, and their incompetence to any transaction of real importance. His dogmas were no longer controverted by Adela; and he had no other interruption, than that of seeing his auditors one by one glide away. Mrs. De Lille, agitated by doubt and hope, went in quest of her husband. Cordelia, overwhelmed with various feelings, withdrew to her chamber. Val-

lancy, also, having loudly inveighed against De Lille's duplicity, rushed out to deposit his indignation with his injured friend. Adela too rose, and Mr. Quintin, not relishing a tête-a-tête, returned to the Abbey.

Vallancy found Altamont reading a letter, which appeared to have deeply affected him. He put it into his friend's hands, saying, "My mother is perhaps by this time again a widow, in a land of strangers." The letter was written by a friend; and announced that Mr. Bruce was so ill, in consequence of a paralytic seizure, that a few hours might probably terminate his existence. In addition too to this melancholy intelligence, it contained an intimation, that, owing to the neglect of some legal formalities, it was doubted whether Mrs. Bruce might not forfeit the income, which her husband had intended to be a provision in her favour.

"You see, therefore," said Altamont, "how much my presence is required. My mother is so ill-fitted for such struggles, that

“that even with my assistance, she will almost sink under grief and care. I have therefore not one moment to lose, and must instantly proceed to London.”

“I will accompany you thither,” cried Vallancy, touched with genuine sympathy, adding with a new perception of delicacy, “I was already going; and but for you, must have had a solitary journey.” Altamont thanking him for the kindness, began making the necessary preparations for his departure, whilst Vallancy ordered his phaeton with all possible expedition.

This second news spread with no less rapidity than the first; and when Altamont, fully equipt for his journey, returned to the parlour, with the single exception of De Lille, he found the whole family assembled. With what different feelings did he now approach that sofa, on which he had so lately sat indulging every dear romantic vision of hope and love. Absorbed in the idea of his mother’s sufferings, he entered with a mild composed aspect, and

paid his farewell compliments to Mrs. De Lille, and Miss Rouvigny, with dignity and propriety. Hitherto his eyes had not sought Cordelia; but he suddenly perceived her leaning against the window, in a distant corner of the apartment. He approached with a serene, though melancholy, smile, which seemed to attest his resignation; but, when he saw her pale looks, and touched her cold trembling hand, the artificial smile vanished; the heart almost forced a tear; and, with a glance that spoke volumes, he said, in a low voice, "Cordelia!" then, breaking away, he followed his friend to the carriage. They stopt but for two minutes at the Grange, to apprise Mrs. Gladwin of their sudden departure; and then proceeded with the utmost expedition to London.

CHAPTER XI.

NEVER, since early youth; had Altamont and Vallancy been so truly cordial, as during this journey. The recollection of their recent difference served only to endear their present union. It impressed Vallancy with augmented respect, and disposed Altamont to be more affectionate, lest he should seem to harbour any remaining resentment. Vallancy poured forth invectives against De Lille, demanding of Altamont, when he would have suggested any thing in extenuation of his conduct, if he could defend his duplicity to Mrs. Gladwin?

“Certainly not.”

“And would you have taken advantage
“of the most crooked part in the law, to
“steal a fortune to which you had no
“right?”

“Nay,

“Nay, never appeal to me,” rejoined Altamont, pained to hear any thing to the prejudice of De Lille, whom he still wished to respect as the father of Cordelia; “let us rather talk of my mother.”

Vallancy remembered her affectionately; and, though checked by the recollection of his friend’s late assertion, that should he ever be thrown on adversity, he could no longer find anchorage in his affection, ventured to intimate, that he should in future expect to be admitted to a friend’s most honourable privilege.

Altamont easily guessing his intentions, replied, that he was just going to solicit his assistance. Vallancy’s eyes sparkled with pleasure.

“Yes, I must make you my bondfman,
“to fulfil the engagements I had formed
“in my own mind with Mrs. Woodville;
“for I have been romantic enough to
“dispose of part of my visionary property
“before it came into my possession.”

“This

“ This is the kindest thing you ever said to me. What shall I give her ? ”

“ I had intended to remit to her for the present year 60 or 80l.”

“ Pooh, I owe Woodville 100l. for having neglected him ; here’s a 50l. bill, and a draft on my banker to the same amount ; take them both, and in future suffer me, as you have often chidden my idleness, to pursue the profession of a banker to one individual, at least.”

He stopt, checked by the gravity of his friend’s aspect, “ I am pleased with this importunity, since it is so honourable to *your feelings*, that it ought not to be unwelcome to *mine* ; but you know my sentiments on this subject, and they are immutable.” Then fearing lest his friend should think he retained any latent displeasure, he forced a smile, and began talking of Miss Rouvigny.

“ Unparalleled coquette ! ” exclaimed Vallancy. “ And do you really think she
“ is

“ is well affected to me? Come, come,
“ you don’t believe she loves me.”

“ Put that to the test, and don’t trifle
“ with happiness.”

“ Happiness! ‘tis so ridiculous,—and this
“ is the very girl I had determined to
“ dislike.”

“ For which very reason you are bound
“ to make her ample reparation.”

“ Why, yes, I begin to think there’s a
“ fatality in it, as Mrs. Gladwin says; yet
“ the little witch is not beautiful,—she is
“ so low of stature.”

“ So is the Venus de Medicis.”

“ Then her visage is so round.”

“ Doubtless you have never seen her
“ dimples.”

“ She certainly is not half so handsome
“ as Cordelia.”

To this remark Altamont made no rejoinder. Vallancy resumed.

“ Apropos,—I never told you Sir Frederic has at length obtained a dispensation
“ for taking a second wife. He received the
“ account

“ account of Lady Mowbray’s death yesterday, and for that reason was not of our party in the evening. It is, perhaps, well for me she did not set him at liberty sooner, he might have angled for Adela instead of Cordelia.”

Altamont had, two hours before, believed he could renounce hope; love, for the moment, yielding to the imperious dictates of nature; but he now felt an unutterable pang, which convinced him, that if he should resign hope, he could not escape fear; and that jealousy, at least, had still access to his bosom. His emotion was not perceived by his companion; who, having returned to the subject of Miss Rouvigny, after all his affected disparagement, became fluent in her praise, and found the theme so copious, that it was not half exhausted when they reached London.

CHAPTER XII.

HAPPY to escape from the restraints of uncongenial society (for how can sorrow sympathize with hope), Altamont, leaving Vallancy at the hotel, proceeded immediately with the offering of his munificence to Mrs. Woodville's lodging. It was situated in an obscure court, surrounded like a prison by other buildings; and it was not without difficulty that he ascertained which was her penurious habitation. He entered by a low door, and having ascended by a dirty staircase to the second floor, was ushered into a small room of the most gloomy aspect: its close unwholesome atmosphere seemed loaded with care, and on the smoky walls you might trace the dreariness of desolation, darkened by the shadows of disappointment; yet, in spite of the low ceiling.

ceiling and tattered carpet, the three or four rush-bottomed chairs, and the crazy wainscot table, it exhibited some indications of taste and refinement : a few perishing flowers appeared in a glass goblet ; a few shells were arranged on the mantelpiece, and some elegantly sketched patterns were strewn on the floor.

Mrs. Woodville was fondly hanging over one sick child, and endeavouring to appease the clamour of the other. At the sight of a stranger she started, and a faint colour tinged her pale cheeks ; but her eyes brightened when Altamont announced his name ; and she eagerly exclaimed, yes, she had often heard her husband speak of him. Gratified by this proof of remembrance, he now enquired when she had parted from Woodville, and when she hoped to hear of him. She sighed deeply at these enquiries, and confessed she scarcely hoped to hear till he should be arrived in the West Indies. “ I will, then, transfer to you, Madam, the “ commission I am charged with, and which “ has

“ has occasioned you to be troubled with
“ this visit.”

Mrs. Woodville turned pale ; for she had been so long accustomed to calamity, that she fancied in every object the harbinger of evil.

“ I hope, Sir,” said she, and she paused and trembled.

“ A friend of mine, who has been long
“ indebted to Mr. Woodville, returns you
“ this in part of payment.”

A weight seemed removed from her heart — her respiration was again free, she begged him to be seated, flew to reach him a chair, and apologized for the humbleness of his reception. One of her children had been dangerously ill, and she was most anxious to remove to the country for his recovery : this she hoped now to do. Altamont instantly presented to her the pocket-book, a benevolent expression beaming in his countenance.

She took the book respectfully, but seemed loth to examine its contents, unwilling,

ing, perhaps, to discover the precise limitation to those latent hopes which once more arose in her bosom. She then spoke of her Woodville; and looking as if there was something she feared, yet longed to communicate, added, "Yes, indeed, Sir, your name is familiar to me; we shall ever have occasion to remember it."

Altamont expressed his chagrin at his friend's estrangement. Mrs. Woodville frankly confessed that they had lately known many cares, but she trusted the worst was over. "But why should I not tell you all? my husband was lately on the brink of a prison, when some friend of yours—some angel in the form of man, who had heard of him through you, paid the bill, and set him at liberty."

Altamont had no difficulty in attributing this benevolence to Haller, but he was surprised to find he had remained in London so long after his supposed departure. On further enquiry, he learnt that Woodville had seen him on the very day when he was committed

mitted to the Fleet; and that he had no sooner asked his name, than he enquired if he was not acquainted with Altamont. He had then dismissed the writ, and left a small sum for their immediate relief. On the same day Woodville had met with an old acquaintance, who offered him the choice of going to the West Indies. Haller had changed their destiny, and Mrs. Woodville gratefully imputed every thing to his influence; yet she seemed conscious that, in thus frankly disclosing their distress, she had offended her husband's scrupulous delicacy; and she confessed (colouring deeply) he had not wished these particulars should be communicated to Altamont; not that he was unthankful, but he was always so much afraid to appear intruding. "But had he seen you," she rejoined, "I am sure his gratitude could not have been suppressed."

Altamont, wishing to relieve her embarrassment, described Haller's character, and related in what manner he had been introduced to his acquaintance. At the name of
Beachdale,

Beachdale, Mrs. Woodville smiled ; and how soon was her satisfaction reflected to Altamont, when he learnt that the place to which she purposed going was no other than the White House, on that favourite hill from which she might descry the mansion that contained Cordelia.

There was instantly a revulsion in his feelings ; he was again only sensible to hope and love ; and whilst Mrs. Woodville, now yielding to unreserved frankness, mentioned her having been lately employed in drawing patterns, an occupation which, as soon as she should be supplied with orders, she could pursue with equal advantage in town or country, Altamont, scarcely hearing what she said, recollected that she might find a benefactress in Cordelia—recollected too that he could not have wished for a more happy moment to address her. Elated with this thought, he suddenly interrupted her, to desire she would convey a note to Miss De Lille, to introduce her to Vallancy House ; and in the same breath extorted a promise,

that she should transmit some account of herself and his friends immediately on her arrival. At this moment it occurred to him, that he had another pretext for writing to Cordelia, having in his precipitation left behind him the legend of Cornelius. He was cheered by this reflection, merely because it seemed to form a link of communication between them, and gladly accepted pen and ink for his *first* billet to Cordelia.

He was now roused from his pleasing abstraction by an exclamation from Mrs. Woodville; who having, at length, opened the pocket-book, was rapturously contemplating its contents. She gazed on the bills; turned, examined them; and being at length satisfied that it was no illusion, caught her children in her arms, and, to make them partake her joy, lavished her caresses. But her transports were checked by the reflection that her Woodville could not share her happiness. She grieved that he had not been provided with more comforts for his voyage; yet she was consoled by thinking, that she
could

could easily send out any articles he wanted. Then she recollected his debts, and she longed to dedicate the whole sum to discharge them; but, looking on her two sickly children, she believed it sent by heaven for their aid and preservation. She had a thousand uses for the gift, and each of them was sacred.

Altamont, strongly reminded of his mother's trials, could with difficulty restrain his tears; but having urged his request to hear of all his Beachdale friends when Mrs. Woodville should be settled in her new habitation, and committed his address to the pocket-book (precious depository of her new treasure), he took his leave, and returned to the hotel with his heart lightened of half its cares.

He was preparing to reward Vallancy with the description of Mrs. Woodville's raptures, but found, to his surprise, that he was leaving London, having been summoned to attend his grandfather by a special messenger, who had followed him from Beach-

dale. "I must hurry away," my friend, "and have only time to beg you to present this trifling token of remembrance to your mother (putting into his hand a large gold snuff-box), and let her not cease to remember her hare-brained Val-lancy. As brief parting, like a quick operation, is the best, we must now separate: there will soon be tides between us; but remember, as there are some things you cannot forgive, there is one being I can never forget. Farewell."

With these words he shook hands with his friend, and hurried away, leaving him surprized, but not displeased, at his abrupt departure. He was, indeed, relieved by his absence, since it gave him liberty to meditate on Cordelia. Willing, however, not to neglect his friend's memorial to his mother, he took up the snuff-box, but found it fastened by a secret spring, which resisted his efforts to open. Accident, in this case, effected more than exertion. Happening to let the box fall, the spring was touched by the

the shock, he saw the lid open, and immediately drew out an elegant gold purse, on the ribbon appended to which was delicately wrought the name of Sir Frederic Mowbray. This name was of all others least acceptable to Altamont; but as he recollected to have seen the purse in Mrs. De Lille's fingers, he had not a doubt that it had been inclosed in the box by some mistake of Vallancy, whose volatile temper rendered him perpetually liable to commit such blunders. His immediate impulse, therefore, was to restore it to the right owner; and inclosing it in a blank paper, properly directed, he immediately took it to Mrs. Woodville, whose wretched lodging was not far from the hotel.

In this second brief interview he reiterated his entreaties that she would write; and she, imputing all this solicitude to his affectionate interest for her Woodville, thanked him again and again; and, happy to relieve her grateful heart, by performing for him

even the smallest service, received the purse with mingled pride and joy, promising to guard this second deposit with no less fidelity than that to which she owed so many blessings.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR a few days Beachdale appeared deserted. Sir Frederic thought proper to desert himself from Vallancy House, and spent at interval in London, whilst Mrs. Gladwin turned to her friends in Cumberland. De He found himself in an awkward predicament in providing for his deceased kinsman's interment. To avoid the mortification of making a public acknowledgment of their consanguinity at Beachdale, he caused his remains to be removed to a village fifteen miles distant, which happened to be the next parish to the lonely house in which he had so long resided. The funeral was conducted with all possible privacy ; but now a second difficulty might have occurred with regard to mourning ; happily, however, most happily as he thought, a prince of the blood had just paid the debt of nature, and almost

acquisition, good Mrs. Winifred, as she was still called, consented to leave Beachdale, to which she had conceived a superstitious prejudice since her husband's death, and cheerfully accompanied him to London; where, resuming her former habits of activity, she officiated as his housekeeper and seamstress, hoarding for his sake, and dedicating the fruits of her economy to his future good; yet still reserving a portion for her dear Miss Celia; and always speculating on some second prize which, in the revolutions of fortune's wheel, should turn up for Altamont. Aleck was the object of her tenderest care, her fondest hopes; but her heart was peculiarly formed for gratitude and affection, and she deeply regretted that her beloved benefactress should have been so cruelly disappointed on the very verge of conferring benefits and enjoyment on Altamont, whose merits were additionally apparent from his invariable attention to the object of her own fond partiality.

The

The desertion of so many of the inhabitants of Beachdale threw a temporary gloom over the scene; and for ten days Valancy House had scarcely any other visitor than Mr. Quintin; the young member being still detained, much against his will, by his grandfather; and the wary Sir Frederic still remaining, for the sake of decorum, in London. On his return to the Abbey, he became impatient to observe how Cordelia bore her separation from Altamont. At the first glance, she appeared not more thoughtful than Adela, who certainly sighed for more company; but he soon discovered in her mild, uncomplaining look, a quiet, unrejoicing sorrow, a placid yet settled dejection. She affected not to decline society; she continued to listen with complacency, but spoke with reluctance; assenting to the opinions of her companions without interest, and smiling at their sprightly sallies without gladness. Sir Frederic's jealousy was now envenomed by wounded pride and vindictive resentment; and to undermine this absent

favourite in her esteem, to strike at the very roots of her bigotted attachment, became almost as much the object of ambition as of love. But whatever hatred he might nourish against Altamont, he was too well practised in duplicity to have any difficulty in disguising his sentiments; and artfully contrived, by significant looks and half-broken sentences, to insinuate his regrets for the past, and to impress her with the belief, that he did justice to her early preceptor; but he was once indiscreet enough to speak of him with compassion.

Cordelia's cheeks glowed with indignation, as she coolly replied, that "A man of talents ought not to excite pity, but admiration."

"Oh, I merely mean that he has no profession, a situation of all others most perilous to a young man of quick parts and generous feelings."

"He is not too old, Sir, to acquire that distinction."

Sir

Sir Frederic dropt the subject with the unwelcome conviction, that this was no ordinary love, no evanescent impresson of youth, but an ardent, enthusiastic sentiment. Yet was he less than ever disposed to renounce hope. His passion was irritated by opposition; and sometimes he was so much provoked to find how little he could give her pleasure, that he almost wished for the privilege of inflicting pain.

The return of Valiancy restored gaiety and animation to Beachdale. He, at first, so far resented De Lille's conduct, as to take up his quarters at the Abbey; but the representations of Sir Frederic, and what was more the secret influence of Adela, induced him to forbear noticing the duplicity of De Lille; and though he no longer made Valiancy House his home, he was almost its constant guest.

At first, Adela, who had been unusually serious ever since Altamont's departure, and whose gravity sometimes created a most painful sympathy in Cordelia, appeared not

to resume her animation ; and even became more serious than she had been in his absence. But one day, following Cordelia into her favourite retreat, (the classical pavilion,) she exclaimed with all her native gaiety, " Would I had a confessor, in you, " Cordelia."

" I fancy your transgressions are of no
" very serious nature ; conscience has at
" least no power over your smiles."

" No, my dear, I have not the grace to
" feel penitence. I have sinned because I
" was a woman ; and yet I am half sorry
" to have played false to you."

" Played false to me, that is impossible!
" What can you mean ?"

" Why, I understand from my trusty
" Cerberus, Quintin, that Mrs. Celia Glad-
" win, that nectar cup of confidence, the
" chain bearer of Cupid, as Vallancy says,
" took it into her head I was sighing for
" Altamont ; now I do really and verily
" believe you were of the same opinion."

" Nay,

"Nay, now I am sure you did, by that blush, so don't be honest by halves. You really were cheated as much as Celia."

"If I had not perceived your attentions to him I must have been hood-winked."

"Hood-winked you must have been, to think I cared for him; do you think I would stoop to conquer? No, the excess of my attention was the first symptom of my indifference."

"I perceive you do indeed want a confessor, Adela, but really cannot in conscience give you absolution."

"And will you cruelly persist in giving that vile name of coquetry to the charming art of pleasing? an art, Cordelia, so fine, so elegant, so liberal, and, above all, so natural;—how can you be so censorious?"

"But suppose you should have endangered his tranquillity."

"It is perfectly impossible: he is too dignified to be a lover; as Beatrice says, he is

"too

“ too fine for an every day-suit, and should
“ only be worn on Sundays. Not but if
“ one was perfectly at leisure, or shut up
“ with him in a snow storm, it might be
“ worth while to try how far such a
“ sublime being was penetrable.—Apropos,
“ Cordelia, I have a most important ques-
“ tion, whether it is more flattering to
“ make such a man look silly, or a gay,
“ volatile, airy creature, grave?—Or shall
“ I put it in more learned terms, to dis-
“ solve the gold, or fix the quicksilver?
“ there’s a problem for your philosophy.”

“ That problem you have already re-
“ solved, by experimenting on Altamont
“ and Vallancy.”

“ There again, you are quite mischievous
“ this morning,—What has a question of
“ philosophy to do with Vallancy? Heaven
“ knows, there is little in him; he is all
“ impulse and caprice; never has a reason
“ to act on; likes or dislikes, he knows not
“ why, and cares not wherefore; angry or
“ pleased for any thing or nothing, just as
fancy

“ fancy sways him ; and for his talents,
“ though, to be sure, he is not stinted by
“ nature, he seems to use them as the old
“ Indians did their gold, merely for trinkets
“ and baubles to play with. Oh, he has
“ a legion of faults, it would require more
“ arithmetic than I am mistress of to count
“ them.”

“ And for which of them do you like
“ him best ?”

“ Patience forbid, I should like him for
“ any of them ! why I have been using my
“ best endeavours to correct the creature ;
“ and really, Cordelia ; when we set up for
“ school-mistresses to men, we stand greatly
“ in need of that most polite and amiable
“ of arts, which you seem to include with
“ those wicked pomps and vanities which are
“ renounced for us by our god-mothers.”

“ Now, I know you are so kind a mistress,
“ I am not surprised to find you so dutiful
“ a disciple ; for you have surely learnt all
“ the sophisms *of your* Vallancy.”

“ *My*

“ My Vallancy! *mine!* Do you think I
“ include him in my possessions? No, no,
“ he will never be appropriated; he has
“ always one foot at sea, and one on shore.

“ To one thing constant never.”

“ And here he is, to thank you for the
“ compliment.”

“ And pray, ladies,” asked Vallancy, “ is
“ your conference ended?”

“ Ended, indeed! No, Sir,” retorted
Adela, “ it is not even begun; I wonder
“ you should think of such intrusion.”

“ Oh, I perceive the secret is likely to
“ be bottled up as long as the *poor Diable*
“ *Bôteux*, if I do not vigorously make the
“ explosion.”

“ Mischievous man, beware how you in-
“ vade our sanctuary.”

“ Lady, beware how you profane our
“ sanctuary. The truth is, Cordelia, she
“ has used you ill; she has lately listened
“ to a tale she knew long ago, and kept
“ every word of it from you.”

“ Cordelia,

“ Cordelia, don’t take his word.”

“ Cordelia, take the evidence of your
“ own senses; don’t you see how like we
“ are to two reflecting mirrors, or two
“ harps in perfect unison? Every thought
“ of mine has an image in her mind; aye,
“ and to every sentiment of hers, my heart
“ returns an echo. So perfect is the sympathy,
“ I am only afraid that some day or
“ other (Heaven avert it long!) we shall,
“ like good old Baucis and Philemon,
“ shoot into the earth, and become two
“ tender Acacias, piping to the winds
“ together.”

“ No, you will never be stationary, Val-
“ lancy, you could as easily be silent.”

“ There again, how admirably we har-
“ monize; for like two partitioning sove-
“ reigns, we divide the realms of speech
“ between us.”

“ Usurping to himself noun, pronoun,
“ verb, participle; and leaving to me no-
“ thing but a poor, melancholy, mo-
“ notonous interjection!”

“ I protest”

“ I protest she stole that thought from
“ me, yesterday ; I do move, that whoever
“ steals another’s ideas shall, at least, not
“ presume to mould them into a better
“ shape.”

“ So this friend of freedom would ex-
“ tend his authority to the government of
“ the tongue ; dear little franchise ! never
“ shall it part from its chartered privi-
“ leges !”

“ Yet is it never heard, but it might be
“ convicted of *bribery*, to say nothing of
“ corruption. Ask her, Cordelia, which of
“ my faults she best likes.”

“ I have already put this question, and
“ she declines an answer.”

“ I will be more liberal in my conces-
“ sions,—I love her for her worst faults ;
“ her inconstancy, her caprice, and even
“ her coquetry. Stamp but her impression
“ on the coin, and I accept it as sterling ;
“ and yet she used Altamont ill ; he
“ must be of an *asbestine* temperament to
“ resist

“ resist the impresson. Had I been so
“ flattered, so noticed—”

“ You would have cared for me no
“ more than for Celia Gladwin; re-
“ member your prejudices, your per-
“ verseness, your *inconsistency*, and be
“ silent. Your tyrannical sex, by your
“ prohibitions and restrictions, compel
“ us to concealment, and then persecute
“ us for duplicity.”

“ Why, yes, Nature has made women to
“ revolve in a sphere of obliquity.”

“ Not one word against women; Cor-
“ delia has put into her common-place
“ book, a sentence from an anonymous
“ author against you: ‘ Women are the
“ only beings who have not been degraded
“ by slavery. In bondage, they are not
“ fordid; under persecution, they are still
“ generous; they preserve their faith to the
“ faithless; they employ kindness to soften
“ the cruel; in suffering, they lose not be-
“ nevolence; in the most afflictive trials,
“ they

“ they possess magnanimity ; their love of
 “ glory is founded on sympathy ; excluded
 “ from power, privilege, and distinction,
 “ they have enthusiasm for every great
 “ design, for every splendid achievement ;
 “ their affections are purified from selfish-
 “ ness ; they rejoice in diffusing joy, and
 “ are grateful for blessings in which they
 “ are not allowed to participate.” ”

“ Upon my word, they must be fallen
 “ angels to exist in such purgatory.”

“ Viper-tongued wretch ! ”

“ Hush ! softly, and I will for once,
 “ though a lover, confess the truth : wo-
 “ man is here an alien, a wanderer from
 “ some brighter sphere ; she still retains
 “ the impressions of a purer nature ; she
 “ has idioms of truth and goodness, which
 “ belong to a better order of beings ; her
 “ virtues are like a few precious pages of
 “ some divine work, redeemed from *He-*
 “ *culaneum*, of which the original is lost
 “ The felicity to which she would lead
 “ *she* has brought us with her from a pu
 “ wor

“ world ; it is a soft, delicious strain ; a
“ few defultory, delightful notes, belonging
“ to a melody not learned on earth ; for
“ woman is the *mock-bird* of Paradife.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE mutual attachment of Adela and Vallancy was not immediately discovered to Mrs. De Lille, whose extreme solicitude for this favourite object, naturally occasioned a diffidence of its accomplishment. The anxiety she still betrayed was frequently a source of amusement to her mischievous son, in whom even love did not always supply the place of railery. In the mean while, he was surprized at Altamont's silence; at another time he might have been uneasy, but now he was so agreeably occupied, that he had not leisure to reflect on the circumstance.

One evening, on returning to the Abbey, from which he had been absent the whole day, in a pleasant excursion with the ladies, he was surprized by Sir Frederic putting into his hand a bill of exchange on a
Paris

Paris banker, which had been concealed in the gold purse returned by Altamont. This purse he had stolen from his mother in a playful mood, intending to restore it in due time to the right owner. He forgot to execute these righteous intentions, and the purse remained in his pocket-book till he accompanied Altamont to London, when he slipped into it the bill he had just procured for his friend's use; and introducing both into the snuff-box, was persuaded he had found an infallible expedient for forcing his gratuity on his friend's acceptance.

That Altamont should have been either shocked or offended by the discovery of Sir Frederic's name had never entered into his calculation; and he was therefore equally surprized and mortified to have his free-will offering so contemptuously rejected. Sir Frederic had a malicious satisfaction in observing the displeasure, which was but too visible in his countenance; he had this day received a visit from Mrs. Woodville, who, two days after her

her interview with Altamont, received an invitation from a person whose children had been formerly instructed by her husband, to spend a few weeks at a village about fifteen miles distant from Beachdale. This alteration in her plans did not prevent her executing Altamont's commission, and she had thankfully accepted the accommodation of a one-horse chaise, to convey her to St. Quintin's Abbey, where learning from Sir Frederic that Miss De Lille was from home, she surrendered her letter to his care; naturally imagining it was safer with him than with the servants of Vallancy House.

Sir Frederic, whose curiosity had been strongly excited by her appearance, employed all his address to discover her situation; and, under the pretence of having some communication to make on the subject of their mutual friend, Mr. Altamont, requested her permission to call on her during her visit in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Woodville was embarrassed by attentions, she attributed to his ignorance of
her

her humble station, and without relating her history, communicated enough to make him sensible of her indigence. His attentions were now redoubled, and she at length left him, penetrated with gratitude for that respect, which, to the unfortunate, always seems fraught with sympathy. He easily guessed that the sight of the draft would excite irritable feelings in the impetuous Valancy; nor was he disappointed in his expectation; he instantly pronounced a philippic on petulance and pride, and finally begged nothing more might be said on the subject. Sir Frederic easily acquiesced in the charge of secrecy, and then considered in what manner to dispose of the letter so unexpectedly put into his possession. Though hacknied in duplicity, he still revolted from violating the seal committed to his trust, and long held the billet in his hand with a wavering purpose; at length the wax was bent, the last post of honour surrendered. Poorly, however, was this

treachery repaid, for the billet contained only the following lines :

“ I feel I shall not need to apologize to
“ Cordelia for introducing to her Mrs.
“ Woodville, the wife of one of my earliest
“ and most valued friends. To say she is
“ unfortunate is, I well know, giving her
“ the strongest claim on your kindness;
“ she is going to spend some time in the
“ neighbourhood of Beachdale, and in my
“ mind’s eye I shall follow her to that
“ dearest spot on earth. She has promised
“ to write to me from thence, and may
“ perhaps encourage me to hope that the
“ unwilling exile is not wholly forgotten.
“ Remember there is but one thing that
“ can render him an alien to *his* country
“ and *yours*. H. A.— I forgot to tell you
“ the manuscript of Cornelius is left in
“ the private drawer of the bureau in my
“ apartment; it is committed to your care;
“ you will find in it a solution of his mysterious
“ benevolence.”

Sir

Sir Frederic read this letter till every word was stamp'd on his remembrance. At first he detected in it little to inflame his jealousy ; it was obvious that the writer was neither sanguine nor presumptuous. But, on a re-perusal, he was irritated by the insinuation of that only circumstance which might render him an alien to his country ; he blessed the chance which prevented Mrs. Woodville from attaining an interview with Cordelia ; he found his own inquietude augmented, and determined to double his former vigilance and circumspection. Yet he felt degraded in his own eyes by the total dereliction of honour ; he did not even venture to pay his accustomed visit to Vallancy House in the morning,—he deferred it till the evening, and then entered under the protection of twilight. Miss Rouvigny rallied him on his relish for obscurity ; but as Cordelia enquired for his health with more than usual interest, he was satisfied. All his scruples were silenced ; all his regrets dismissed ; the momentary

compunction served only to increase his hatred to Altamont.

Among all the changes incident to human destiny, there is nothing so melancholy as the mutability of the affections. The most trivial accident, a word misapplied, a look misconstrued, an omission the heart disclaimed, shall often interpose between ardent friends, and sunder what had seemed to be a rivetted attachment. Vallancy was offended by the supposed repulse of kindness; and when he received a few short lines from Altamont, merely announcing his arrival, and that Mr. Bruce was still living, he was more offended still. Not one word of acknowledgement or explanation; his impatient spirit could ill brook disdain; and he determined to be in no haste to send an answer to so laconic an epistle. He persevered in this resolution so long, that he missed the opportunity of sending a reply to Geneva.

Mr. Bruce was sufficiently recovered to remove, and attended by his wife and Altamont,

mont, proceeded to the German Spa. Vallancy learnt this intelligence from Sir Frederic, who had paid his promised visit to Mrs. Woodville, to whom Altamont had written, to apprise her of the change, and to request she would transmit to him immediately whatever she had to communicate of Beachdale. Vallancy was ready to ask, why he had not deigned to give him the same notification. Again impatience rendered him unjust. Altamont had written under cover to Lord Marmiton, with whom the letter was detained so long, that it was not probable an answer would reach him at Spa. Vallancy, however, sullenly acquitted himself of this epistolary debt, and no subsequent demand was made on his correspondence. In his confidential conversations with Miss Rouvigny, he would sometimes speak with asperity of his friend's intractable spirit. He once mentioned Mrs. Woodville as his *protégée*, and on being pressed for explanation, hastily changed the subject, merely because he was unwilling to make the avowal of his own liberality.

liberality. His fair companion instantly concluded, that more was meant than met the ear; and, as she had the weakness to wish her lover to have no intimate of the other sex, she was unconsciously disposed, by this sentiment, to cherish any impressions to the prejudice of Altamont. Whatever she thought, she imparted to Cordelia in their late nocturnal conferences, and certainly hazarded some surmises, of no charitable nature, of Mrs. Woodville and her supposed protector.

Cordelia repelled the insinuation with a fervor which excited in Adela some suspicion of her attachment. Hitherto she had fancied her heart impregnable to love, and sometimes regretted there was, on this point, so little sympathy between them; but now she became alarmed for the consequences of such an imprudent choice, and heartily wished, for Cordelia's sake, to persuade her that Altamont was unworthy of her affection. She was perhaps piqued at her friend's obstinate concealment. Like Vallancy, she
demanded

demanded an unrestricted interchange of thought and sentiment, without reflecting that if her surmises were just, the hostility she had avowed for Altamont must exclude her from Cordelia's confidence. Cordelia felt she was alone; and since no one did justice to Altamont, his name was banished from her lips, though his image was ever present to her thoughts.

This mental reservation, without producing apparent abstraction, rendered her indifferent to society. To herself it seemed that her sensibilities were blunted, since she now read, without emotion, the passages by which she had been most deeply affected. Yet, in other instances, they were more exquisite. At the name of *alien* or *exile*, she was ready to weep; if she heard of Switzerland, she was revisited by sensations of pleasure; to speak of it was a still dearer privilege.

This depression was not solely owing to concealed love; it was in part produced by the apprehension of her father's disingenuous
I 4 conduct.

conduct. If the parent is humbled by the unworthy child, the child feels also equally degraded by the dishonourable parent. Cordelia now always trembled at her father's approach, the sound of his voice was painful, she distrusted all his professions, and wished to remain blind to his movements. The conscious De Lille was not slow to perceive what was passing in her mind; and, as one act of injustice inevitably leads to another, he conceived for Altamont, to whom he imputed this estrangement, a hatred equally fervent with Sir Frederic's jealousy.

One day he was so much provoked by witnessing her dejection, that he vented his spleen in poignant satire on Mrs. Gladwin's male *protégé*. Cordelia was too much hurt to offer any reply, and taking refuge in her own reflections, walked into the park, where she was surprized in tears by Sir Frederic Mowbray, who, in his most persuasive accent, entreated he might participate in her sorrows. Cordelia hastily replied, she disclaimed commiseration for the weakness she
sought

fought to combat; adding, "I trust I as little need a confidant as a confessor." She then changed the subject, and Sir Frederic presumed not to press farther; but, perceiving she was deeply affected, he instantly went to De Lille, extorted an avowal of all that had passed, and having convinced him of his error, finally obtained a promise that he would never again mention Altamont in terms of ridicule or reproach, never by word or look convey an insinuation of contempt, by which he could not fail to be endeared to the generous Cordelia.

CHAPTER XV.

WITHIN three months after De Lille's accession of fortune, he was, for some real or imaginary services, advanced to the dignity of knighthood. Whether this elevation was owing to Lord Marmiton, or Sir Frederic, is perhaps not very material; by whatever means obtained, it was highly acceptable to Sir Jaspar and his Lady, who prepared on this occasion to accompany her niece to London, and once more to make her appearance at St. James's.

To complete her satisfaction, she was now assured that her fondest wishes were realized in the reciprocal affection of her son and Miss Rouvigny; and in this happy moment, appeared to think herself absolved for her former trespass against the canons of prudence and propriety, and suddenly to have resumed pretensions to dignity and importance.

tance. So completely was she exhilarated by her new hopes, that she seemed to have cast off the native suspicion of her soul, and to overflow with kindness and confidence to all human beings. This happy change was prelusive to a more awful revolution of nature. She had lived a week in perfect harmony with her husband, and, for the first time since her marriage, had shewn affection to Cordelia; when, one evening, just as she had been speculating on her approaching visit to the metropolis, and speaking with some complacency of her intended restoration to court, she was seized with a chill, the forerunner of a violent fever, which in one fortnight terminated her existence.

In the early part of her illness, she exacted from Miss Rouvigny a promise, that she would abridge her son's probation, by becoming his wife as soon as she should have seen her next birth-day. With this promise she was so well satisfied, that she appeared to leave life with a grateful sense of
1 6 enjoy.

enjoyment. Newspapers announced her husband's grief; the sculptor attested his grateful commemoration of her exalted virtues: all this might be venal, but there were some real mourners, who followed to her grave. Vallancy recalled, with deep, because unavailing, regret, his former levity and caprice. Even Adela had some compunction for having so lately conspired with him, to withhold from her the assurances which were so essential to her tranquillity. Cordelia grieved that she should be snatched from the world, when she seemed most to enjoy it. But Quintin missed her most; he strenuously maintained she was a pattern for her sex; the only surviving model of female elegance and propriety.

In consequence of this melancholy event, Mrs. Rivers, with whom Miss Rouvigny and Cordelia had previously engaged to spend the winter, kindly came to Beachdale, to condole with the mourners, and to claim their immediate presence at her house
in

in Berkeley-square. Cordelia would have preferred remaining in the country; but if she could have resisted her friend's entreaties, she would not oppose her father's commands. De Lille had lately treated her with much more affection; his vanity was gratified by the prospect of Sir Frederic's alliance; and to win his daughter's consent, he now lavished every partial attention, and promised the most tender indulgence. He concurred with her lover in wishing to draw her from a scene of retirement, where she had too much leisure to muse on Altamont; but an incident occurred, previous to her leaving Beachdale, which counteracted the salutary effects he might have expected, from the change of scene, and strongly confirmed her attachment.

One day, in searching for something in the bureau which stood in Altamont's apartment, she accidentally opened the private drawer in which was deposited the legend of Cornelius. At first, she was ready to conclude that the manuscript had been left
by

by accident, but she read on the envelope these words, "To the care and perusal of "Cordelia;" and, simple as they were, they touched Cordelia to the soul. They seemed to intimate that the manuscript was bequeathed to her care, and that its owner would never return to reclaim the trust. At another time, she might have resisted the impression; but here, in this house of death, she found it invincible, and she touched the paper as a relique of one she should see no more, but whom she secretly promised to love for ever.

And now she slowly went over the first part of the narrative; slowly, that she might read each line, each word, as read by Altamont. When she came to the division in the manuscript, she shed torrents of tears; but they no longer flowed for Cornelius. At length, having regained composure, she proceeded with the recommencement of the narrative, the writing of which appeared much more recent.

Sequel

Sequel of the Fragment.

“ From the moment that I anticipated
“ the title of a parent, I reflected with ex-
“ treme pain on the infatuation which
“ had prompted me to renounce the pri-
“ vileges of a Briton. I had insensibly im-
“ bibed my wife’s sentiments on this sub-
“ ject, and was equally anxious with
“ herself, that our children should receive
“ their first impressions from a people not
“ unacquainted with civil and religious
“ liberty. We determined, therefore, to
“ remove to some English settlement, where
“ they would at least be familiar with the
“ language of our native country. To
“ effect this object, we embarked for the
“ Havannah; from thence proceeded to
“ Florida; and finally settled in Albany, on
“ the frontier of Canada. I here pur-
“ chased, under the fictitious name I had
“ assumed at Madeira, a small estate, which
“ at once gave me occupation and indepen-
“ dence. Our habitation, though not
“ elegant,

“ elegant, was commodious. I at first re-
“ gretted those delicious scenes in which
“ we had almost exhausted felicity ; but the
“ presence of Susanna reconciled me to the
“ less genial aspect of the new world ; and
“ the projecting slated roof, under which
“ my son received his birth, was dearer in
“ my eyes than the house of my fathers.
“ Yet never was the memory of those ve-
“ nerable ancestors cherished with such
“ fond enthusiasm, as when I first felt the
“ beatings of his innocent heart, and folded
“ in my arms the fragile little being, by
“ whom I trusted my name should be trans-
“ mitted to posterity.

“ My ambition was not extinguished, and
“ in giving him the patrimonial name of
“ Reginald, I indulged the flattering pre-
“ sage, that he at least was destined to
“ possess that rank in society from which
“ I seemed for ever excluded. The splen-
“ did phantoms which had so long floated
“ in imagination, now found a stationary
“ point in the new object of my affections;
“ and

“ and even whilst I saw him slumbering on
“ his mother’s bosom, I was occupied in
“ suggesting plans for his future aggran-
“ dizement. I imparted not all these specu-
“ lations to Susanna, who, descending with
“ dignified humility to her present station,
“ appeared to have acquired a relish for its
“ homely duties, and even to have for-
“ gotten the rank and elegance she had
“ frankly relinquished. She exerted all her
“ eloquence to persuade me, that since her
“ brother, to whom she had twice written
“ since her departure from England, was
“ still implacable in his resentment, it was
“ better that the Atlantic should roll be-
“ tween us ; but in this single instance her
“ influence was unavailing ; and before
“ Reginald could articulate the name of
“ Britain, I had determined he should
“ receive his education in Europe.

“ For the first ten years, indeed, I be-
“ lieved I should myself be fully competent
“ to his instruction. I had fortunately
“ made a valuable addition to the few clas-
fical

“ fical books we had brought from Lif-
“ bcn, by the purchase of an English
“ library, the collector of which (a new
“ settler) had died within fix months of
“ my arrival in the country. With fuch a
“ refource for our hours of leifure, the
“ winters proved not tedious ; and, though
“ too remote from the town of Albany to
“ have any intercourfe with its inhabitants,
“ we had no regrets for the abfence of
“ fociety.

“ The only difturbance to our tranquil-
“ lity arofe from the occasional incursions
“ of the Indian tribes, who, whether they
“ efpoufed the intereft of the Britifh colo-
“ nies, or of their Canadian neighbours,
“ were almoft constantly engaged in petty
“ warfare with each other. In the third
“ year of our refidence, my wife bleffed
“ me with a daughter ; but the period of
“ her birth was connected with an event
“ which produced the firft cloud to the
“ felicity of our harmonious union.

“ My

“ My wife had humanely taken under
“ her protection a young Indian female,
“ the widow of a French soldier who had
“ been killed during the late season of hos-
“ tilities. Her kindness was repaid with
“ gratitude and attachment. She became
“ our son’s nurse; received religious in-
“ structions with apparent docility; and in
“ all respects behaved with such propriety,
“ as not to leave the smallest reason for
“ suspecting her fidelity. It is not proba-
“ ble that this woman would have betrayed
“ her trust, but for the temptation of
“ returning to her own people; and such
“ was her fondness for my son, that she
“ determined he should be the companion
“ of her flight.

“ Her plan was so well concerted, that
“ we were for some time led to suppose
“ they had both been surprized and for-
“ cibly carried into captivity. Such inci-
“ dents were of no rare occurrence, and at
“ first appeared to be the only probable
“ conjecture; but by the indefatigable
“ zeal

“ zeal of another Indian, who was really
“ honourable and faithful, we at length as-
“ certained that they were both living
“ among the Hurons in perfect safety.

“ On this discovery, a formal applica-
“ tion was made to the French governor
“ of Montreal ; and after many tedious and
“ difficult delays, we at length obtained his
“ restoration. During this interval several
“ years had elapsed ; his parents were to-
“ tally obliterated from his memory ; his
“ native language was forgotten ; he had
“ been dragged by force from his Indian
“ mother ; and was so much altered, that
“ but for a natural mark on his forehead,
“ we should have found it difficult to be-
“ lieve, that the tall, grave, taciturn boy
“ before us, was indeed our own Regi-
“ nald.

“ At the first glance I revolted from his
“ picturesque Indian garb, and passionately
“ exclaimed, ‘ I could not own him till he
“ was dressed like a native of Europe.’ The
“ change of attire produced not the trans-
“ formation

“ formation I expected ; his countenance
“ still bore a resemblance to that of his
“ treacherous, but beloved nurse ; he sub-
“ mitted to our customs with reluctance ; he
“ replied not to our endearments ; he was
“ offended by his sister’s caresses ; and
“ though already imbued with the fortitude
“ peculiar to his adopted people, could not
“ always suppress his secret grief. I was,
“ however, still willing to persuade myself
“ that much of his estrangement was occa-
“ sioned by ignorance of our language, and
“ that this obstacle being once surmounted,
“ he would become more susceptible of
“ kindness and attachment. How eagerly
“ did I catch every English phrase that
“ dropt from his lips ! his mother, too,
“ watched their motions, but from a far
“ different impulse. She longed to hear
“ him express his wants and signify his
“ wishes. It was a solace to her maternal
“ tenderness, to make him sensible of her
“ solicitude to give him pleasure. By de-
“ grees he acquired our language, but his
“ reserve

“ reserve was scarcely diminished ; he had
“ no childish gaiety ; he recoiled from an
“ European playmate ; he disliked our
“ modes and habits of life. To entice him
“ to study, seemed at first impossible ; he
“ took no interest in sedentary pursuits, or
“ domestic pleasures ; his spirits flagged,
“ even his health declined ; under the
“ paternal roof he languished in hopeless
“ captivity.

“ His mother was at infinite pains to
“ instruct him in the Christian religion ; but
“ he could not listen to the divine precept
“ which enjoins forgiveness, without con-
“ tempt and disgust. Any effort to excite
“ in him a liberal ambition, proved equally
“ unsuccessful. If I related a trait of history,
“ he distrusted its truth ; if I tried to win
“ his attention to poetry, he was incapable
“ of transferring its imagery to his own un-
“ cultivated mind. Arithmetic pleased him
“ most, though it cost him such intense
“ labour, as always to occasion stupor ; yet
“ was not this indifference the result of
“ natural

“ natural insensibility. I once took him
“ with me on the lake, in a *bateau* equipt
“ in the Indian style : for the first time I saw
“ his fine features animated with pleasure ;
“ and as we advanced toward the woods,
“ he was all life, soul, and activity. On our
“ turning back, his eyes filled with tears ;
“ he gazed on the country he had left, till
“ it sunk from his view, but no murmur
“ escaped his lips. Touched by his resigna-
“ tion, I would have made any sacrifice for
“ his happiness but that of seeing him a
“ savage. I once said, with my natural
“ vehemence, ‘ I was a rebel to my father’s
“ house, and my son will be a deserter.’
“ I knew not that he was listening ; but a
“ sudden tinge of red in his cheeks con-
“ vinced me he had heard those words,
“ and understood their meaning. My wife
“ gently checked my impatience, and pro-
“ posed that we should no longer persecute
“ him with books ; but trust to time, and
“ the latent spirit of emulation within him,
“ for his future improvement. I desisted,
“ and

“ and despaired ; but suddenly a revolution
“ was effected in his character. He had
“ been severely ill, and during his confine-
“ ment, became sensible to our affections ;
“ his sister read to him, and he presently
“ chose to read for himself. His mother
“ observed that he pursued, by stealth, those
“ studies to which I had so long urged him
“ in vain ; but she was careful to conceal
“ from me this circumstance, hoping, on
“ some future occasion, to enhance my
“ pleasure by the surprise of discovery.

“ One evening, as I pensively approached
“ our parlour, I was struck with the sound
“ of a deep, sonorous voice, in the exercise
“ of poetical recitation. I listened at the
“ door, and was soon convinced that the
“ exclaimer was no other than Reginald ;
“ his sister was his only auditress ; he had
“ himself chosen the subject, which was
“ from Pope’s Prologue to Cato. He
“ pronounced, with an emphasis that
“ electrified my soul, the line,

“ And honoured Cæsar’s, less than Cato’s sword.”

“ At

“ At this moment, Sufanna surprized
 “ me, almost lost in rapturous amazement.
 “ I could hold no longer, but rushing into
 “ the room, embraced my son with trans-
 “ ports of joy and tenderness. His mother
 “ wept with delight ; we all mingled tears
 “ and caresses ; and I eagerly exclaimed,
 “ ‘ I am repaid for all the sufferings of the
 “ past.’ Yet it was on that most happy
 “ evening, I resumed my ambitious projects.
 “ I attributed Reginald’s late efforts to a
 “ transcendent genius ; but not daring
 “ to propose his future separation from
 “ his mother, I determined to make
 “ every effort for my own restoration to
 “ Britain.

“ From this time I bestowed on my son’s
 “ mind classical cultivation ; and as soon
 “ as he was able to read a Latin author,
 “ Cæsar’s Commentaries became his great
 “ delight ; he was still more enamoured
 “ of Plutarch’s Lives ; his eyes flashed at
 “ the name of Coriolanus ; he wished he
 “ had been born a Roman. Yet even
 VOL. II. K “ whilst

“ whilst I was exulting in his heroic senti-
“ ments, he dashed my triumph, by saying,
“ that Regulus, the supreme object of his
“ veneration, had acted like a Huron.

“ I perceived that his prepossessions for
“ savage life still continued ; yet my hopes
“ were ardent. The heir apparent to the
“ throne of England had avowed the most
“ liberal sentiments for the House of Stuart;
“ and I was encouraged to take some active
“ steps for recovering my British birthright.
“ I privately communicated my situation to
“ the governor of New York, who promised
“ to use whatever influence he possessed in
“ my favour.

“ In making this effort, it formed no
“ part of my intentions to enforce any
“ claims on the remnant of my father's
“ property. Misfortune had visited every
“ branch of our family. The uncle, to
“ whose injustice we owed our first lapse
“ from prosperity, had been impoverished
“ by his prodigal children. The estates
“ were sold, and the descendants of the
“ younger

“ younger son were left to indigence and
“ obscurity.

“ Some years elapsed. The governor
“ was recalled ; but still promised his as-
“ sistance. In the meantime, the war was
“ carried on with the French Canadians ;
“ and as Reginald had evidently a predi-
“ lection for military adventure, I took
“ him with me to visit the British lines.
“ He was remarkably tall for his age, and
“ already possessed a martial aspect ; I en-
“ gaged him to serve as a volunteer,
“ imagining I could not devise a more
“ effectual method to eradicate his remain-
“ ing Indian prejudices.

“ In taking this step I had not consulted
“ Susanna, whose maternal tenderness would,
“ I feared, revolt from the suggestion. Yet
“ I could not be easy without apprizing her
“ of the transaction ; and having placed my
“ son, as I hoped, in his proper sphere of
“ action, I returned home to dissipate her
“ fears, and reconcile her to his absence.

“ In announcing my mission, I tried to
“ persuade her that the choice had been
“ my son’s; that it was wholly made for his
“ gratification. She turned pale, but only
“ said, ‘ May Heaven sanctify the choice.’
“ I had been prepared with arguments, but
“ her resignation shook my own confidence,
“ and I could not be satisfied without re-
“ turning to the camp. My daughter ex-
“ pressed her childish delight at the idea
“ of seeing her brother in his military dress,
“ and by her smiles dissipated her mother’s
“ sadness.

“ In a few days I again repaired to the
“ British quarters; but what intelligence
“ awaited me! My son was a deserter. In
“ a slight skirmish with the French he had
“ shewn the most intrepid courage; but
“ two or three Hurons having been cap-
“ tured, his former affection revived, and,
“ to effect their release, he had absconded
“ with them, and thus entailed on his me-
“ mory everlasting reproach.

“ I was

“ I was at first stunned by the calamity,
“ and wounded where I was most irritable,
“ in the point of honour. I seemed, for
“ the second time, banished from society :
“ my fondest hopes were blasted : not even
“ Susanna could now administer to me con-
“ solation ; and it was some days before I
“ could prevail on myself to re-approach
“ my desolated home. Never before had I
“ crossed the threshold without anticipating
“ a smiling welcome ; but now I shuddered
“ at the idea of hearing my wife’s voice, or
“ receiving the caresses of my sole surviving
“ child.

“ I found Susanna alone, and her coun-
“ tenance, though pale, was placid. I
“ knew not how to enter on my dreadful
“ task. I had expected she would make
“ some enquiry concerning her son. I at
“ length thought it best to make the dis-
“ closure in my daughter’s presence, and
“ asked where she was. My wife struggled
“ for speech ; but I at length discovered
“ that this dear child had died, after an ill-

“ nefs of fome hours, during my abfence.
“ We had loft our darling when ſhe ſhould
“ have been our beſt comfort.

“ ‘ This is too much,’ cried I. ‘ I came
“ to afflict thee, Sufanna, and my errand
“ is already anticipated.’

“ She looked at me wiſtfully, and at
“ length ſaid, in a low, almoſt whiſpering
“ voice, ‘ I perceive you are again alone.’
“ A deep groan followed ; and, claſping her
“ hands together, ſhe exclaimed, ‘ Speak !
“ for I will bear. I promiſe to be reſigned.
“ Where is our ſon ?’

“ ‘ Where !’ cried I ; ‘ would he had
“ never exiſted !’

“ ‘ Oh, Cornelius, ſay not ſo ; I can en-
“ dure any thing but this. Surely, he has
“ not diſgraced you ?’

“ I explained, and ſhe wept. At the
“ ſight of her tears my indignation was
“ changed to pity.

“ ‘ Unhappy boy !’ ſaid ſhe, ‘ ’twas the
“ ſin of ignorance.’

“ My

“ My rage was then directed against myself. I cursed my fatal obstinacy, my own unextinguished, unapproved ambition.

“ ‘ No,’ returned she, with her native energy, ‘ I only am to blame. I who entrusted him to an Indian.’

“ ‘ And that also, Sufanna, was the consequence of my furlinets.’

“ ‘ Oh, Cornelius, let us not thus aggravate misery. Man is born to suffer; resist not the will of Providence, but submit meekly to its mysterious dispensations. And here,’ added she, falling on my neck, and shedding a flood of tears, ‘ here is one, that shall at least sorrow with thee.’

“ Thus did this heroic woman recall my fortitude by her own noble magnanimity. She was my angel, my guide, my consoler; but whilst she soothed my spirit to tranquillity, she was herself consumed with grief. At night I was startled by her deep-drawn sighs; she wasted in my
K 4 “ fight;

“ fight ; still she made efforts to smile, but
“ the smile was awful. Generous as ever,
“ it was for me she suffered, whilst she
“ fought to fortify my mind for its ap-
“ proaching trial.

“ On the first symptoms of her indispo-
“ sition, I had transported her to Albany,
“ and called in the most esteemed phy-
“ sician. She submitted to his prescriptions
“ with her accustomed sweetness, but I soon
“ saw that all prescriptions were vain.

“ ‘ Let us leave this country,’ said she one
“ day, with unusual animation ; ‘ we are
“ here reminded of what we have lost. Let
“ us sell our plantations, and seek another
“ home.’

“ I followed this suggestion, and we re-
“ moved to New York, where, feeble as
“ she was, she would have enticed me into
“ society. I too well comprehended her
“ motives for expressing a wish which,
“ during seventeen years, had never passed
“ her lips.

“ One

“ One day she proposed that we should
“ travel. ‘ But whither, Sufanna?’ ‘ To
“ Madeira’. As she spoke, she raised her
“ languid eyes, and appalled me by the
“ view of her dying countenance. Never
“ before had I renounced hope; but now
“ that she mentioned Madeira, and that I
“ beheld her so changed, so faded, from
“ that resplendent beauty in which I had
“ borne her to our delicious paradise, the
“ terrible conviction struck my soul, and I
“ exclaimed, ‘ No, never to Madeira,
“ never!’

“ ‘ Say not so,’ answered she, with a faint
“ smile; ‘ some time hence it may comfort
“ thee to go thither.’

“ She articulated these words with a slow
“ yet tender solemnity, that revealed their
“ secret meaning. She saw she was under-
“ stood; and whilst my impassioned anguish
“ burst forth, said, with an angelic smile,
“ ‘ Shall there not always be this *sub-intelli-*
“ *gence* between us?’ From that moment
“ I had constantly before my eyes the
“ image

“ image of our parting—in every object
“ I beheld the finger of death predicting
“ her destiny. Hope I had none; but
“ there was a sort of suspense, that state
“ of doubt, which, at a happier period, I
“ should have deemed insupportable, but
“ which was now most precious.

“ During this interval, my soul was ab-
“ forbed in one object. I scarcely ever left
“ her—I watched with avaricious vigilance
“ over the few remaining moments—they
“ were all numbered, and each was sacred.

“ It was an unspeakable satisfaction to
“ minister to her those unavailing draughts
“ she took for my sake. Still there was
“ little in her apartment that had the air
“ of sickness: she even strove to disguise
“ the patient under a dress peculiarly ac-
“ ceptable to my taste; for never, to the
“ latest hour, did she remit those sweet at-
“ tentions which endear the most trivial
“ part of existence; but, with all her ge-
“ nerous duplicity, I could not be insensible
“ to the rapid approach of death.

“ On the ever-memorable day of our separation, I received from the agent I had before employed, respecting my restoration to Britain, a letter, in which I was assured of personal indemnity whenever I should return to my native country. At what a moment was this promise given! when I had lost every motive for wishing to return, and could no longer mention, without a sense of degradation, the land of my fathers.

“ Susanna took up the letter I had read in mournful silence. ‘ Yes, you must return,’ cried she; ‘ it is a debt you owe to nature: hitherto you have cared too much for one to think of the many.’

“ ‘ Surely,’ I replied, ‘ you would not have me recall that ambition which has been my destroyer.’

“ ‘ No, Cornelius, I would not leave you in such vassalage. Cherish independence; but even a solitary individual may cast forth a light that shall be reflected through the world. Remember what

“ you once said, that ignorance and prejudice were the roots of all the selfish feelings, and you will advocate the cause of truth. Recall your own lessons, and you will need no other monitor. Let the stigma of slavery be wiped from the Christian name. Think that you have many brothers, many children; and if you can but bequeath one blessing to humanity, you will not have lived in vain.”

“ Here observing that she seemed exhausted, I urged her to lie down on her couch, and kneeling by her side, with one hand locked in mine, I watched her

“ till she sunk into a gentle slumber. Her dark hair, escaping from her cap, was finely contrasted with her pale forehead; a hectic bloom flushed her cheeks—a gracious smile played round her lips. She soon awoke, and turning on me those eyes which beamed with enthusiasm, attempered by sweetness, she said, ‘ I cannot sleep, Cornelius; nor would I now lose in sleep the few moments that

“ may

“ may yet be shared between us. How
“ much would I gather into this little space !
“ My best friend, we must separate. In
“ this, as in every other instance, it has
“ pleased Heaven that I should be the fa-
“ voured partner ; and let it console you
“ for my departure, that you are suffering
“ for my sake.’ She saw my tears, and
“ added, in her most soothing accents, ‘ We
“ have had a long lease of happiness, and
“ our souls have ripened in love. It is for
“ you to pay my part to society. Return
“ to Europe ; let your heart flow out to
“ the human race ; make an interest in the
“ desolate, the persecuted, the afflicted.’

“ She here pronounced her son’s name,
“ and involuntarily I bestowed on him my
“ warmest blessing. An ineffable smile
“ gladdened her countenance, and clasping
“ her hands devoutly, she said, ‘ Be this
“ my sacrament ;’ then dropping her head
“ on the pillow, sunk into a slumber, from
“ which there was no awaking.

“ It

“ It was some time before I was conscious
“ of her dissolution — her spirit seemed ho-
“ vering over me — it was a Sabbath of
“ love and sorrow, in which my soul was
“ incapable of one angry emotion, one vul-
“ gar care : all the ordinary passions retired
“ before the majesty of grief. Recollect-
“ ing her conversations, I laboured to ex-
“ tract from them some parting request,
“ some dying injunction. I could only dis-
“ cover that she wished me to return to
“ Europe, and this I determined to do, as
“ soon as I should have settled my few
“ worldly concerns, and obtained some in-
“ telligence concerning Reginald.

“ Softened by affliction, I could now
“ quietly resign all the dreams of ambition,
“ and I yearned but to behold my son, the
“ solerelic of Sufannah’s love. An exchange
“ of prisoners was about to be made, by
“ some of whom I hoped to trace my fu-
“ gitive. I commenced my journey to-
“ wards the back settlements. In my way
“ I had to pass the British lines, and being
“ muffled

“ muffled up to escape observation, I gained
“ courage to approach the camp. It was
“ a glorious morning, and I felt my spirits
“ somewhat revived by the loveliness of
“ nature.

“ As I advanced to the out-post, I ob-
“ served the soldiers drawn up, as if there
“ was to be some grand military spectacle.
“ On enquiry, I was informed by a sentinel
“ that it was to witness the punishment of
“ some deserters. At this word my blood
“ was congealed with horror, till recollect-
“ ing that Reginald had no associate in his
“ flight, I became somewhat re-assured, and
“ proceeded to the spot where one of the
“ delinquents was submitting to chastise-
“ ment. At the first glance I was easy,
“ for the sufferer was totally unlike my son,
“ and turned my steps to another part of
“ the camp, where I heard a faint murmur
“ of his youth and beauty. I proceeded
“ with faltering steps, too much agitated
“ to make any enquiry, but the word death
“ vibrated on mine ear, and suddenly rais-
“ ing

“ tary comrades standing round him. As
“ I approached, I loudly exclaimed ‘ Save
“ my son.’ The officer, though of a mild,
“ engaging aspect, turned away his head,
“ and desired I might be conducted to his
“ tent. ‘ Hear me,’ I cried, but at that
“ moment, spurring his horse, he darted
“ away ; and, with almost incredible velo-
“ city, vanished from my sight. I would
“ have followed, but was restrained by
“ force, and dragged, in spite of resistance,
“ towards the tent ; where, as I redoubled
“ my efforts to escape, I was put under
“ arrest.

“ A few moments after, I heard the
“ cannon which was to proclaim my son’s
“ doom. All my struggles were then over.
“ I fell prostrate on the ground, and re-
“ mained, I know not how long, in a sort
“ of death-like insensibility. But I was, at
“ length, roused, by hearing the voice of
“ that young man I had before supplicated
“ in vain. I instantly arose, asking, with
“ vehemence, where was my son. He cast
“ down

“ down his eyes, with a mournful expression.
“

“ ‘ If you have murdered him, let me
“ also die, for I was the first transgressor.’

“ ‘ Would it had been possible to save
“ him.’

“ ‘ And is it really finished?’ I said no
“ more ; but again, bowing my head, sunk
“ to the ground.

“ The officer, sighing deeply, exclaimed,
“ ‘ Unhappy father!’

“ ‘ Wretch,’ cried I, rising with un-
“ vernable fury, ‘ can’st thou pity him
“ thou would’st not succour? Why was
“ I not heard? why was not the sentence
“ suspended or repealed? Your rigid
“ discipline has made me desolate; child-
“ less and forsaken I shall descend to the
“ grave. Curfed be the wretches who have
“ bereaved me of my son! curfed be that
“ sense of duty which could sanctify such
“ cruelty! be assured you will some day
“ feel compunction. You, too, may be-
“ come, like me, wretched and desolate;
“ your

“ your wife may be left to mourn ; your
“ fatherless children remain without a
“ helper. Tremble, young man, for your
“ heart was steeled to the holy supplication
“ of nature.’

“ ‘ Hear me,’ he cried, ‘ you are de-
“ ceived. I would have saved your son ;
“ he refused to make submission ; he scorned
“ to accept mercy.’

“ ‘ And could no allowance be made for
“ his youth ?’

“ ‘ I was here but in the place of a supe-
“ rior. I had no authority to absolve his
“ crime ; his condemnation had been al-
“ ready pronounced ; all that remained for
“ me was to suspend its execution.’

“ ‘ And even *that* you refused to do ?’

“ ‘ That, Sir, you will find was done.
“ I waited for the return of my general ;
“ and it was to him that I was hastening at
“ the moment you would have stooped me in
“ the camp.’

“ ‘ And was your general then inhu-
“ man ?’

“ ‘ No,

“ ‘ No, he relented ; but your son had
“ decreed his own destruction ; and no
“ sooner was he released, than, to escape,
“ as he imagined, the degradation of chastisement, he rushed on a naked bayonet,
“ and fell, pierced with a mortal wound.
“ He yet breathes, if you would see him.’

“ In another moment I was with my
“ dying Reginald, who confirmed this
“ statement. When all was over, I was
“ again conveyed to the tent ; where the
“ officer I had so unjustly accused, took
“ upon him the care of a private interment. The foldier who would have
“ rescued my boy was my fellow mourner.
“ I gave him my purse ; I offered him all
“ I possessed ; he refused the gift : he too
“ was a husband, and a father.

“ This last duty performed, I wished
“ once more to see the man who would
“ have been my benefactor. Touched
“ with contrition for my former impatience, I would have offered some excuse,
“ but he refused to listen. I saw tears
“ rolling

“ rolling down his cheeks : overpowered
“ by this mark of sympathy in a stranger,
“ I fell at his feet ; I was wholly un-
“ manned ; I wept : — but what was my
“ anguish when I discovered that he was
“ my kinsman, the descendant of my fa-
“ ther’s brother. I had now an unutter-
“ able pang at the recollection of my male-
“ dictions ; but I divulged not the relation
“ between us ; I had lost all power to
“ allude to the past.

“ I was conducted from the camp by a
“ person who had known me in Albany,
“ and who compelled me to accept his
“ assistance ; of effort or resistance I was
“ no longer capable ; I was seized with a
“ stupor, bordering on derangement. A
“ voyage was thought adviseable, and being
“ now wholly passive, I was easily induced
“ by my host to embark with him for Ja-
“ maica. In this new situation I recovered
“ my perceptions, and with them all the
“ energies of grief.

“ During

“ During my residence in the island, I
“ again sunk into heartless despondence,
“ but was roused by indignation on witness-
“ ing the detested traffic in human beings.
“ I recalled my wife’s dying words, and
“ resolved to expose to Europe the horrors
“ of slavery. I had no sooner formed this
“ resolution than my mind became more
“ easy; and I now recollected, with the
“ longings of affection, that delicious island
“ in which I had tasted every enjoyment.
“ With my friend’s assistance, my business
“ being now transacted, I once more landed
“ in Madeira; where every object spoke
“ to me of Sufanna.

“ It was here I met with a wretched mi-
“ ser, who had remitted money to every
“ considerable bank in Europe, anxious to
“ avert the evil of poverty, though he lived
“ in the privation of every enjoyment. He
“ was in the last stage of atrophy; his reco-
“ very appeared impossible, and he was sud-
“ denly impressed with the desire of making
“ some

“ some atonement for his former rapacity;
“ he had neither wife, nor children, nor
“ any relations for whom he cared ; his
“ hard heart was equally incapable of piety
“ or benevolence. He had heard of my
“ singular opinions, and struck with my
“ contempt for money, determined to make
“ me his almoner ; for this purpose he gave
“ me an order on the Hamburgh bank for
“ a considerable sum, to be solely dedi-
“ cated to objects of charity ; but he an-
“ nexed to this a restriction against using it
“ previous to his own decease. He had an
“ aversion to the idea of making a will ; and
“ at his death, which happened two or three
“ days before I left Madeira, his immense
“ treasures, with the exception of that
“ small portion committed to my trust,
“ enriched only the respective governments
“ of those countries, in which they were
“ placed.

“ From that time to the present, I have
“ religiously observed my engagement, hav-
“ ing

“ ing never diverted from its proper object
 “ this little fund of charity. On my return to
 “ Europe I assumed a new name, and with
 “ it commenced a new career. The recol-
 “ lection of my country was too painful to
 “ be dwelt on ; I had no motive for resum-
 “ ing the privileges of a Briton. I was long
 “ tortured with the agonizing conscious-
 “ ness of privation ; I gave alms without
 “ pity ; I advocated the cause of man with-
 “ out benevolence. I was at length induced
 “ to visit England, where I found, in the
 “ deepest distress, the widow and son of my
 “ unacknowledged kinsman. In witnessing
 “ their afflictions, my heart was again vi-
 “ sited by compunction ; I would not violate
 “ the fund of charity, but I borrowed from
 “ it a sum equivalent to all my own worldly
 “ possessions ; and this I bestowed on them,
 “ with my fervent benediction. The am-
 “ bition that once raged in my soul is ex-
 “ tinguished. The salutary counsels of Su-
 “ fanna have, at length, restored me to
 “ peace. I have yet one wish ungratified :

“ it is, to administer consolation to the com-
“ panion of my youth. Albert yet lives;
“ he has been schooled in adversity; he is
“ chastened by disappointment; could I dis-
“ cover K's retreat, I would seek him in any
“ corner of the globe, and divide with him
“ the peace which is now the inmate of my
“ breast. I would teach him, in Susanna's
“ words, to let his love flow out to the hu-
“ man race. It is with the tears, wiped from
“ other eyes, that we heal our own besom-
“ wounds. It is by renouncing selfishness
“ and cherishing sympathy, that the once
“ wretched, despairing man, restored to the
“ privileges of a human being, learns to say,
“ ‘It is good for me to have been afflicted.’”

On one of the blank pages following the narrative, Altamont had written with a pencil, “ My kinsman and my benefactor,
“ whom my heart has so long sought! The
“ mysterious being to whom I am so greatly
“ indebted, for such you certainly are! mis-
“ fortune has indeed visited our house: its
“ patrimony is dissipated, its honours lapsed,
its

“ its name almost forgotten. We are all
“ wanderers on the earth; but thou hadst
“ thy Sufanna, and with her a term of more
“ than human happiness. I too love, but
“ without hope. I leave my country, and
“ with it the sole object who could make
“ life worth acceptance.”

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR the first three months of their residence in London, neither Adela nor Cordelia had much intercourse with the world. The former was reconciled to her retired life by the society of Vallancy, who was almost their daily guest; the latter had lost all relish for gaiety, and could she have been permitted to make her choice, would have gladly devoted herself to solitude and seclusion. Whenever she saw her father he was cordially affectionate; and she was almost persuaded, the former fluctuations in his deportment had been occasioned by Mrs. De Lille's jealousy. He would sometimes confess the errors of his early life with such apparent candour, that she was ready to pronounce him incapable of deliberate duplicity; and while she lamented Mrs. Gladwin's estrangement, believed she did her father

her great injustice. In these confidential conversations De Lille sometimes intimated, that he was addicted to play, and that he intended to settle on her a certain fortune, to secure her from the effects of his imprudence. He would then add, that he placed implicit confidence in the rectitude of her principles; and that he was convinced, the possession of independence would never weaken her sense of filial duty.

It was impossible that so much kindness should not touch a heart so tender, so susceptible of filial attachment. Cordelia was really endeared to her father by the sensibility she now discovered to his attentions; he became the darling, not of his heart, but his fancy. He delighted to anticipate her future establishment with Sir Frederic; and he had a sort of malignant satisfaction in the belief, that he should inflict mortification on the too presumptuous Altamont. In the meantime, his elected son-in-law was cautious not to hazard an avowal which might exclude him from the privileges of

intimacy which he now enjoyed. In submitting to the restrictions imposed by prudence, he, however, persisted in that course of small, silent attentions which, without authorizing repulse, sufficiently express attachment. In adopting this cautious line of conduct, he pursued the counsels of Miss Rouvigny, who was now his *confidante* and his *advocate*; and who, from well-meant zeal to eradicate what she considered as a most unfortunate prepossession, seized every opportunity to exalt his worth, and depreciate that of his rival.

Cordelia was not insensible to Sir Frederic's merit: his society was really pleasing; she distrusted not the rectitude of his principles; but extreme circumspection often produced in his manners a sort of artificial frigidity, which repressed the genial flow of sympathy and confidence; and, without attempting to define her feelings, she always found something wanting to perfect enjoyment.

Miss Rouvigny certainly injured his cause whenever she hazarded any insinuation which could provoke a comparison between him
and

and Altamont, whose brilliant talents dazzled the imagination of Cordelia, whilst the conviction, that he was neither prosperous nor happy, subdued her heart. Then she was persuaded, that he loved, without cherishing hope, and became ambitious of emulating him in disinterestedness of sentiment. She recollected too her obligation to his mother's kindness, and willingly found in gratitude a plea for constancy and stability. In her conversations with Adela, however, she never mentioned Altamont; but her friend was now perfectly aware, that it was for his sake she professed her resolution never to enter the married state.

One day, perceiving her unusually dejected, she exclaimed, "Cordelia, what
" will you say if I give you some intelligence
" from your first preceptor? You must
" know, Sir Frederic has access to that pretty
" Mrs. Woodville, with whom he keeps up
" a constant correspondence; and who being
" lately in want of money was supplied by
" Sir Frederic's liberality. The *protégée*

“ informed your friend of the circumstance;
“ and here is a note, in which was inclosed
“ a 40l. bill for repayment. So you see he
“ can find money for this pretty woman,
“ we will hope, for his friend’s sake;
“ though to him it might, perhaps, have
“ been indifferent whether the supply
“ came from Sir Frederic or Mr. Alta-
“ mont.”

Cordelia took the note, which, to her extreme surprize, contained an acknowledgment of the money lent to Mrs. Woodville, and a request that he would accept the inclosed in payment.

“ I assure you,” added Adela, with a malicious smile, “ I had some difficulty in coaxing that bit of paper out of him. It was
“ merely to quiet your apprehensions for
“ his safety that I asked the boon; but I
“ promised not to shew it to Vallancy;
“ so you see he is well at least, if he is not
“ happy.”

“ I can perceive,” said Cordelia, “ that
“ he is at least honourable and independent.”

It

It was easy to divine her friend's motive in making this communication; and, for the first time, it occurred to her, that Sir Frederic was capable of artifice and duplicity. Her esteem for Altamont was not destroyed by the insinuations of Miss Rouvigny, who confessed to the Baronet with some chagrin, that she had found her friend more sceptical than she expected."

This intelligence was sufficiently mortifying, as he had employed in this scheme a considerable portion of ingenuity and address.

The idea had been suggested to his mind in one of his friendly visits to Mrs. Woodville, who having sent to London the 40l. draft she had received from Altamont, which was simply an order on Vallancy's banker, was inexpressibly chagrined when it was returned to her, with the unpleasant intimation, that the banker, not having received proper notice of the demand refused payment.

Sir Frederic, who was sitting with her no the receipt of the letter, perceiving the change in her countenance, easily prevailed on her to explain the nature of her embarrassment. He instantly offered to rectify the mistake; supplied the sum she had expected to receive, and took the order into his own possession, advising her to transmit to Altamont an account of the transaction.

Mrs. Woodville obeyed, and her letter, happening to reach Altamont nearly at the same time with Vallancy's laconic epistle, excited, as Sir Frederic had foreseen, strong resentment for his friend's levity and caprice.

Too much offended to avow displeasure, he returned no answer; but, scorning to remain under an obligation to Sir Frederic Mowbray, borrowed of Mr. Bruce, and remitted to him a draft, inclosed in the note which had been shewn to Cordelia. Sir Frederic preserved this note with malicious care; and when Miss Rouvigny intimated, that she feared Cordelia was rendered uneasy by Altamont's silence, he ventured
with

with some hesitation to produce his signature, as a proof of his existence; he then related as much of the history appended to the note as suited his own purpose, and left her to make what report she pleased to Cordelia; but with a strict injunction not to divulge it to Vallancy. For this injunction he had, whenever detection should occur, the all-prevailing plea, that he would not give him pain; a plea every day perverted to gloss over duplicity, and sanctify deception. Had Adela possessed his address, the mention of Mrs. Woodville's correspondence, supported by this document, might have made some impression on Cordelia's mind; but her friend's motives were too palpable to be mistaken, and she perhaps was more than ever attached to Altamont; not for corresponding with a young and pretty woman, but for being, as she conceived, aspersed by calumny. In this instance, the Baronet did not speculate with his usual felicity, being lowered in her esteem at the very moment when he

expected to make some progress in her regard.

His passion was now sustained by a spirit of opposition that ill accorded with the tenderness of affection. Like the gamester, he had hazarded every thing on a single stake; and, beyond the attainment of success, had no dreams of felicity, no anticipations of that mutual confidence and security, which are the true sources of domestic endearment. As his gratification was selfish it was limited. Conscious that he deserved not Cordelia's love, he was unable to conceive that he should ever discard the vigilance and caution of jealousy. In obtaining her hand, he expected not to satisfy her heart: in supplanting his rival; he hoped not to engross the feelings so long devoted to another. Many circumstances, however, conspired in his favour; he had all the privileges of friendship; and month after month elapsed without producing any tidings of Altamont, who was now almost dismissed from Miss Rouvigny's mind; whilst Cordelia so rarely
pro-

pronounced his name, that to all but Sir Frederic it might have appeared, that the interesting subject of her thoughts was consigned not merely to silence but to oblivion.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALTAMONT had left England with the persuasion, that Sir Frederic Mowbray would now devote his hand and heart to Cordelia. To relieve the tortures of suspense he had written to Mrs. Woodville, and was inexpressibly chagrined to find she was so far distant from Beachdale. Unfortunately too, though Sir Frederic had taken the precaution to inform her that the letter intrusted to his care had been lost, she had suppressed all mention of this circumstance; purely because, as she supposed it to have been written on her account, she would not occasion additional trouble to her husband's friend. Altamont was, therefore, disappointed at Cordelia's silence, though without having ever hoped for her correspondence; he endeavoured, indeed, to persuade himself he was philosophic enough to renounce her;
and

and fancied he was making some progress in his restoration to mental independence, when a letter from Mrs. Gladwin, who, though she no longer saw any of the Deville's, had lately heard of them in London, announced the intended marriage of Valancy with Miss Rouvigny, and of Cordelia with Sir Frederic Mowbray.

Though the source of this intelligence was somewhat suspicious, he did not, at first, hesitate to admit its authenticity ; at first, too, he fancied it was a relief to escape from suspense to arrive at any certainty however unwelcome, to exchange doubt and solicitude for indifference and despondence : but where was now his profession, his occupation, the sphere of usefulness and activity in which he had so lately hoped to arrive at honourable eminence ? His engagement had been formed under Cordelia's auspices ; without her he lost the energy inspired by hope ; no other object could gild the perspective of a long and dreary probation ; he had no earnest of reward ; no solace for the
laborious

laborious pursuits and distasteful drudgery inseparable from the profession. Like Woodville, he had dwelt too much in his own world; he was too familiar with the dreams of fancy, too much refined by fastidious sensibility, for persevering exertion or healthful enjoyment. Relieved from all anxiety on his mother's account; he had no motives of duty to rouse him from inactivity; he had almost determined to renounce his English connexions, and make a pedestrian tour over Europe, when love, disguised as pride, prompted him to return to England, to prove that he was still ambitious of Cordelia's esteem, and not unworthy of her friendship.

He had no sooner arrived at this decision than his latent hopes revived, and he became impatient to commence his journey. No objections were started by his mother or Mr. Bruce; but to execute a commission for the latter, he made a deviation from the regular road, which considerably retarded his progress. Provoked by these unseasonable

able delays, he was amazed at his recent listlessness and resignation, and magnanimously resolved never again to submit to the same impression. Impatience became his active principle, till he found himself near London, when, by a strange contradiction, he wished himself at a hundred miles distance.

To what purpose should he be near Cordelia if they never meet? and how shall he intrude on her father's notice; how endure the exultation of her supposed lover? Since his arrival in England he had already observed in the papers an intimation of Vallancy's nuptials, but not one syllable of Sir Frederic Mowbray. He still indulges a hope that resists annihilation; and as he rolls along the streets feels reanimated, even by the consciousness of breathing in the same city as Cordelia.

When the carriage stopt, he suffered his baggage to be carried into the inn, and then proceeded mechanically towards the hotel where he had last parted from Vallancy. As he approached the house he felt his arm grasped,

grasped, and, turning round, beheld not his volatile, thoughtless, captious friend, but the generous, the venerable Haller. "And am I so soon forgotten?" said the sage, perceiving his amazement. The joy that flushed from Altamont's eyes contradicted the assertion; mutual enquiries and explanations succeeded; and Altamont learnt that Haller had arrived in London but the preceding evening, and was to leave it in a few hours. "Let us spend this little interval together," said the old man, conducting him to his quarters; "and now tell me that you are preparing to prove yourself an Englishman. It is time I should hear of your exertions, as well as your attainments."

Altamont shook his head. "It is true I came to this country with the resolution to redeem wasted time, but a spell overhangs my destiny, and there is one contingency on which I should leave it, perhaps, for ever."

"Roufe,

“ Rouse, Altamont ; a noble mind should
“ break the enchantment. Is reason, truth,
“ or principle to hang suspended by a poor
“ contingency? This sophistry is all passion
“ and delusion ; you dream to-night, you
“ will awake to-morrow ; you will the next
“ day wonder whence came the phantom
“ so lately invested with omnipotence.”

Altamont, convinced, but not persuaded,
was unable to reply ; there was a short
pause, when Haller said, “ Where is the
“ volatile Vallancy, and his sedate grand-
“ father ? Where is the polished De Lille,
“ and, above all, the ingenuous Cordelia ?”

“ With Vallancy I have lately had no
“ correspondence ; but I find he is soon to
“ be married to Miss Rouvigny ; and Cor-
“ delia to Sir Frederic Mowbray.”

“ Indeed,” said Haller, looking incre-
dulous, “ I should almost doubt that intelli-
“ gence.”

Altamont, thrown off his guard, ex-
claimed with rapture, “ You really doubt ?
“ She

"She is in London; when will you visit her?"

"Not till I have accomplished the purpose for which I left Germany. Not till I return from the retreat to which I am now hastening, perhaps for her sake; an old man is not swayed by contingencies; and the young man who would rise above an ordinary level in fame or virtue, must restrain the vagrant impulses, which either render him weak or wicked, miserable or contemptible."

He then changed the subject. Altamont was again sensible to the influence of his precepts.

"You will call me unfeeling," said Haller, "if I tell you, that the roots of human misery are to be found in an ill-regulated imagination. To you, indeed, misery is but a name, without a substantial image; but if you can spare me two hours, I will introduce you to a scene which may at once inspire fortitude and pity."

Altamont

Altamont readily acquiesced; and, renovated by Haller's incredulity to the report of Cordelia's marriage, resolved not to let the morrow close without making an effort to see her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE friends stepped into a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to the entrance of a prison. “ I never come to
 “ a great city,” said Haller, “ without pay-
 “ a visit to these haunts of terror and re-
 “ morse. It is one of the hardest trials I
 “ can impose on my nature, and is the only
 “ penance to which I now submit for errors
 “ which, I trust, have been expiated by
 “ former suffering. I carry with me a
 “ purse, which affords relief to some few
 “ debtors; but for the other unfortunates,
 “ what shall be done? Seldom is it in the
 “ power of any man to offer hope, and
 “ without it, what is consolation? I do not
 “ bring you here to soften your heart, but
 “ to call your attention to an evil which
 “ demands redress; the debtor is immured
 “ under

“ under the same roof, and often within
“ the same cell, as the criminal; and the
“ man who has, perhaps, been only weak
“ and unfortunate, is degraded by associa-
“ tion with the guilty : attend to this, and
“ let it be one of your future objects to
“ remove the obloquy from your national
“ legislature.” He then ushered him into
some of the condemned cells; from thence
they proceeded to the other courts of the
prison. Haller having made enquiry con-
cerning some petty debtors whom he wished
to liberate, and not choosing to have any
witness of his bounty, desired Altamont to
wait in one of the outer courts, whilst he
proceeded on his mission of charity.

As he was here ruminating with that so-
lemn awe which impresses an unhacknied
mind on the contemplation of human cala-
mity, he observed a pretty little boy, about
three years old, issuing from one of the
passages; holding in his hand a ball, with
which he was amusing his solitude. Alta-
mont drew near, not a little surprized at
his

his beauty, the neatness of his dress, and his air of gentleness and courtesy. The little fellow at first retreated, as if he had been afraid he should be circumscribed in his liberty. "Where do you live, my pretty child?" "With mamma." "And where is that?" The boy turned towards the passage whence he had issued, and then looked back, as if he had offered to show his habitation. Altamont followed, almost mechanically, till the child led him to a door which was fastened within; here he tapped, calling out mamma; and at the sound of his soft plaintive voice the door was opened, and Altamont was admitted with him.

The room was so dark, that on his first entrance, he merely perceived a female figure standing on one side, and at the other end a man reclining on a couch; but no sooner was the door closed than the lady uttered a piercing shriek, and he recognized Mrs. Woodville; her husband, starting from his retreat, flew to her relief, but on discovering

covering Altamont, spread his hands over his face; whilst his wife, falling on her knees, exclaimed, "Oh, do not, do not ruin him; for mercy's sake befriend him." In the utmost astonishment Altamont demanded an explanation. "Do you not know? Oh, yet then all is well!" and rising with precipitation, she bolted the door, and looking around with fearful vigilance, said, almost in a whisper, "Then pray don't say you knew him; you could not bear to betray him; 'twould break your heart to do it; oh, your heart is kind and good, I know it well."

Here Altamont, recollecting the terrible impression he had received on the heath, exclaimed, "Oh! Woodville, can I believe what I have seen, what I now see?"

"No," cried his wife, clasping her hands in agony, "no, no, you have not seen, you merely fancied that you saw; 'twas all a dream; you did not, could not, know him."

At this moment, Woodville, uncovering his face, cried, "Do not talk thus, my love; for, sunk as I have been, wretched as I must be, I would not purchase existence by a friend's perjury."

"But Sir Frederic," she cried, "has assured me there can be no other evidence produced." At the name of Sir Frederic, Altamont listened with yet stronger interest; and he now learnt that Woodville, who had returned but a few weeks before from the West Indies, had been recognised by De Lille in the gallery of the House of Commons; and being, as he supposed, traced to his lodging, was the next morning apprehended and taken into custody.

After his commitment, Sir Frederic had visited him in prison, professed the utmost sorrow for his situation, and declared, that had De Lille been apprised of his former intimacy with Vallancy, he would by no means have engaged in the prosecution. He added, however, that as Altamont had been stated to be the only witness of the fact, it

was impossible to criminate him without his testimony ; and that on the failure of such evidence he must be discharged without a trial.

Vallancy, though unable to prevail on himself to visit a prison, had remitted money through the medium of Sir Frederic, and had written to Geneva to acquaint Altamont with the melancholy transaction, and to prevent his immediate return to England.

Having related these particulars, Mrs. Woodville, throwing herself at Altamont's feet, exclaimed, " If you are seen and known we are undone. Forgive this opportunity ; to us every moment is precious : save him, and my children will ever, ever bless you."

Here the little boy put up his hands, in imitation of his mother, whilst the father exclaimed, " When I first came hither she believed me innocent ; when I confessed all to her, I seemed to have nothing more to suffer. Altamont ! should I die by your evidence, - I must yet bless you as

“ my preserver : you saved me from that
“ desperate deed ; your voice recalled me
“ from perdition ! ”

“ Cease, if you would not kill me,”
cried Mrs. Woodville, directing an imploring
look to Altamont.

“ Be calm, dear Madam, I will instantly
“ fly from this country : from me you shall
“ have nothing to fear ; ” then hastily unbolting the door, he was preparing to withdraw, when, to his consternation, the venerable Haller entered. A deep crimson flushed Woodville’s cheeks, and his wife observing that Altamont was known to the stranger, staggered to a seat, and sunk down, the image of despondence.

“ Am I quite forgotten ? ” said the sage, with a mildly reproachful aspect.

“ Never,” cried Woodville, “ never can
“ I forget the debt of gratitude I owe you.”

“ I fear,” said Haller, “ you are now
“ suffering under still greater calamity ; but
“ you are, I doubt not, supported by the
“ consciousness of innocence.”

There

There was a momentary pause. Mrs. Woodville, recovering presence of mind, exclaimed, "Oh yes, he is, he must be innocent."

"Then fear nothing; it is the privilege of every Englishman to be protected by the laws of his country. If this charge be brought forward in malice, it will be defeated of its end."

Here Woodville, raising his eyes, whilst a hectic colour flushed his cheeks, said, "Your friend, Sir, can best explain why I am here; and as the last favour I shall, perhaps, ever ask, I earnestly beseech him to relate to you all he knows of this unfortunate transaction."

At these words his wife relapsed into terror; her limbs shook—her heart beat audibly—the cold drops of sweat stood on her forehead—her lips moved—she struggled to speak, but a convulsive groan alone escaped her.

"My love, forgive me," cried Woodville; "but I would not deceive my benefactor for worlds. No, no," added he,

his eyes once more beaming with generous exultation, "there is a point of degradation not to be survived."

Haller now comprehending the whole, taking her hand with a look of ineffable benignity, said, "Be comforted, we are all faithful friends."

Woodville then drew from his pocket an unfinished letter, and, giving it to Altamont, said, "This will explain what cannot be excused."

At that moment Haller pronounced his farewell in the most soothing accent. Altamont followed him in silence to the portal of the prison, where having re-entered the coach that was in waiting for them, he drew up both glasses, and leaned back in his seat as if he had still been conscious to Mrs. Woodville's terrors. After a mournful pause, he began to relate the adventure on the heath; but suddenly interrupting himself, exclaimed, "And yet it seems but a dream,—the man to whom I have looked up with such admiration; the accomplished being to whose precepts

" precepts I have to cherish inward with
 " delight."

" I see," replied Fiauer, " how it has
 " been : you shall alight at the inn, whilst
 " I return to the prison, to give them con-
 " fort : wait but here at home, and you
 " shall hear what has passed."

This suggestion was pursued ; Fiamore
 withdrew to a private apartment, and there
 read the following letter :

" It is some years since I last addressed
 " you ;—to me it appears as if some
 " many ages. I have experienced such
 " awful changes ; I have fallen into such
 " an abyss of misery. Scarcely will you
 " comprehend by what misfortune I have
 " been involved in this deplorable situation."

" On retracing my steps I am astonished
 " I could have mistaken my way ; the path
 " was too obvious to be mist. I was un-
 " happily cherished a sentiment of egotism,
 " which led me to attribute to my own
 " circumstances all the errors of my con-
 " duct, all the infirmities of my nature."

“ At present, how light appear those evils
“ at which I once repined, and which my
“ own weakness rendered omnipotent. Oh!
“ Altamont, when I recollect at what phan-
“ toms I once started, by what chimerical
“ barriers I was once appalled ; and look
“ at the substantial walls of my prison, and
“ feel at my heart the insufferable weight
“ of remorse, I am stupified with grief, my
“ reason is shaken ; I lose myself in deep
“ and fearful amazement.

“ The true source of my misery has
“ been the weak and pernicious indulgence
“ of an ardent and too susceptible imagina-
“ tion. From early youth, whilst I basked
“ in the sunshine of prosperity, I was ac-
“ customed to impoverish my stock of hap-
“ piness by an anxious anticipation of en-
“ joyment : at that period when I was
“ called amiable, and the language of
“ candour dwelt on my lips, I harboured
“ a fastidious spirit, repugnant to friendship
“ and benevolence ; I measured character
“ by other rules than those of truth and
“ rectitude ;

“ rectitude ; I required a certain fantastic
“ elegance, a romantic delicacy and re-
“ finement, to excite confidence and affec-
“ tion ; and seldom could any being be
“ found to satisfy my visionary expectation.
“ When it was my fortune to taste of
“ adversity, to be exposed to trials and
“ disappointments, I was still the same
“ creature of impulse, the fool of fancy,
“ the victim of caprice ! I can now discern
“ the modifications of egotism in the false
“ shame shuddering at the detection of
“ poverty ; the spurious delicacy, shrinking
“ from exertion ; the mock dignity, not
“ only refusing solicitation, but almost
“ deprecating assistance. Whatever I at-
“ tempted, failed ; my efforts were too
“ spiritless to succeed. Often were the
“ interests of my wife and children sacri-
“ ficed to the stubborn pretensions of pride,
“ and the puerile affectation of magnanimity.
“ At length, when I saw the dear infants
“ committed to my care, withering with
“ disease, their mother faded, and myself
“ wasting

“ wasting in premature decay, I became
“ impressed with a dreadful presage, that I
“ was destined to commit some atrocious
“ crime.

“ In vain did I seek to escape this new
“ chimera of a restless imagination. It was
“ a dark speck ever flitting before my
“ sight ; and shuddering at the penalties of
“ remorse, I longed most passionately for
“ the moment of my dissolution. One day
“ when I had left home to attend a few
“ pupils, and afterwards failed in my ap-
“ plication for money which was really
“ owing to me, but for which I still
“ wanted the courage to proclaim my
“ pressing necessities ; it suddenly occurred
“ to me, that if I was to leave London and
“ enter as a sailor, I should, at least, escape
“ the ignominy of a jail, with which I had
“ been repeatedly menaced by an impatient
“ creditor. I had been wandering all the day,
“ and, on returning in the evening, fancied
“ I caught a glimpse of your face, and
“ that you looked after me as if you ex-
“ pected

pected a recognition ; to escape such notice, I proceeded in an opposite direction from my own habitation, to the west end of the town : from a sudden impulse of desperation, I placed myself on the top of one of the public stages, and was conveyed, before morning, to a considerable distance from London. Luckily I had left it doubtful whether I should return to my wife on that evening ; I therefore trusted she would not experience much solicitude for my absence. I proceeded without any settled purpose to an obscure village, and there finding my money reduced to one shilling, and having nothing in my pocket but a pistol, which with superfluous caution I had been accustomed to carry with me in my little excursions near London, I alighted ; and having procured bread to satisfy hunger, struck into the neighbouring fields, and there spent several hours in gloomy solitude, abandoned to the most dark and terrible meditations.

“ Hitherto, ardently as I longed for
“ death, the idea of suicide had never
“ been admitted to my mind. The rites
“ of our church had rendered it abhorrent
“ to my thoughts; but now, that the self-
“ created phantom of imagination pursued
“ my steps, that the scaffold or the gibbet
“ rose before my eyes, that I saw my
“ children stigmatized for my wretched
“ sake, I resisted no longer; I even believed
“ they would find friends when I was no
“ longer with them; and that the curse
“ by which I was pursued would be re-
“ pealed when my fate was severed from
“ theirs. From this suggestion I gained cou-
“ rage, and only waited for a favourable
“ moment to fulfil my awful purpose. At
“ this moment I was accosted by a beggar-
“ woman, with two helpless infants, soli-
“ citing my charity; I started from her
“ with horror; my own wife and fatherless
“ children came before my eyes! I cursed
“ my cowardly purpose of desertion; and,
“ rushing towards the heath, exclaimed,
“ ‘ Rather

“ ‘ Rather let me perish for their sake
“ in fulfilling my destiny.’ * * * * *
“ Altamont, you can fill up this blank.
“ You well know whose voice arrested my
“ hand, and recalled me to reason and
“ nature. I instantly returned to the road,
“ and, sacrificing pride to duty, solicited
“ and obtained a gratuitous conveyance to
“ London.

“ When I arrived, it was yet early; I
“ scarcely ventured to hope I should find
“ any one risen in our habitation; I even
“ dreaded to enquire for my wife. I was
“ prepossessed with the idea that some
“ new calamity had befallen her in my
“ absence. I approached the house with
“ trembling limbs; I scarce lifted the
“ knocker, and then dropped it with a
“ most feeble sound; but it was sufficient
“ for my wife’s wakeful ear, she hurried
“ down stairs, she could scarcely contain
“ her transports at my return. My first
“ impulse of joy was quickly changed for
“ contrition and remorse; I evaded her
“ enquiries,

“enquiries, but I could not silence her
“rapturous exclamations for my safety. I
“secretly blessed heaven for my escape;
“I wondered at my own perversion and
“delusion; and vowed never again to
“desert her.

“I was soothing her with these assurances
“when the door was opened, and after the
“circumlocution usual in such cases, the
“writ was served, on which I was con-
“ducted to prison, but almost immediately
“liberated by the munificence of a venera-
“ble man, who had no sooner learnt that
“you had been my friend, than he became
“my benefactor.”

Here the letter broke off. Altamont was still musing on its contents, when Haller re-entered; from whom he learnt that Woodville was to be remanded to the prison of the county where the offence was committed; he added, that they had settled a plan for future correspondence: on his discharge he was to leave England;
“and then,” added Haller, “you will be at
“liberty

“ liberty to return to it. In the meantime,
“ you could console me much by partaking
“ my journey ; and I think it may open to
“ you new sources of pleasure and informa-
“ tion.” To this proposal Altamont re-
turned a grateful acquiescence, and in a few
hours they left London together.

CHAPTER XIX.

CORDELIA was naturally so ingenuous, that she experienced peculiar pain in submitting to concealment;—confidence was her element; and though long accustomed to subdue her will, she knew not how to suppress her feelings; happily, the irksomeness of her situation was softened by the ingenious expedient of keeping a short-hand journal, which being written in a character she had learnt from Altamont, seemed to establish a certain tacit communication between them.

The following extracts from this secret register of sentiment, will sufficiently prove how little time and absence had diminished his influence on her affections.

“ Another day, another week is gone,
“ and like the former has not left one vestige of its course. I seem to myself to be
“ in

“ in a sort of trance, in which my most ac-
“ tive faculties are suspended. Those I
“ meet with to-day I shall forget to-mor-
“ row; and should I even live with them a
“ century, I should still know them as little
“ as at this moment: every thing is vague,
“ desultory, and shadowy; the phantoms
“ are for ever changing; my own sadness
“ remains the same. A year ago, how dif-
“ ferent were my feelings; how delightful
“ was the month into which we are now
“ entering. Little do those about me sus-
“ pect my real motive for declining to join
“ the brilliant party for this evening. I could
“ not support the contrast presented by a
“ room crowded with indifferent spectators,
“ to the recollection of that delicious scene
“ which nature formed for our hearts, on
“ which we both gazed with such delight.
“ It was there that confidence was established
“ between us, and we became friends. It
“ appears to me that life commenced but
“ from that moment; and I hold its anni-
“ versary too sacred to be wasted in frivo-
“ lous amusement.

“ How

“ How little do they know my heart,
“ who think that its affections can be
“ checked by so poor a thing as vanity.
“ They tell me he is susceptible of im-
“ pressions ; that he has been often
“ touched, but never attached ; that he re-
“ sists love, and that ambition is the master-
“ passion of his soul. I can listen to all this
“ with patience, and even with docility ;
“ and yet is my faith unshaken in the recti-
“ tude of his principles, his honour, and
“ integrity. How, indeed, should I exact
“ constancy from one, who received no
“ hope ? How should I expect him to waste
“ in fond futile repinings those best and
“ most precious years of his existence ? It
“ would ill become him to yield to such
“ weakness. How many women will he find
“ to console him for her he once loved ?
“ Yes, it is proper he should respect him-
“ self, and act up to his dignity ; but with
“ me the case is quite otherwife. To what
“ purpose should I seek to wean my heart
“ from him, who first infused into it the
“ love

“ love of virtue? For whom should I reclaim
“ those long dedicated affections? For an
“ establishment, a title, a name? Oh how
“ shall I learn to discover in these an equi-
“ valent for Herbert? To forget him,
“ would be a dereliction of principle and
“ sentiment, a degradation of character, an
“ apostacy equally base and contemptible.
“ What a perversion of language, to talk
“ of enjoying happiness with any but the
“ beings we love! Happiness! it is surely
“ an arbitrary idiom; I lose all conception
“ of its meaning, when Adela tells me, Sir
“ Frederic Mowbray is formed to give me
“ happiness. I am not conscious that I che-
“ rish any prejudice against him. I can
“ assent to all the good she reports of this
“ man; and yet he wants that openness
“ of countenance, that manly frankness,
“ that energy of thought and feeling,
“ which can alone inspire my confidence.
“ He is too cautious, too circumspect,
“ too measured, too elaborate, I will not
“ say artificial, to give me pleasure. A
“ week

“ week has been spent in dissipation, and,
“ methinks, I was never more completely in solitude. I endeavour to conceal what would be called extravagance
“ and romance. I would not grieve my
“ father by declaring that splendor oppresses
“ me with fatigue. I will not shock Adela
“ by confessing that all I have seen in this
“ great city, would not compensate for the
“ sacrifice of one dear quiet delicious hour
“ at Beachdale. If I should be called romantic, I cannot help it. I am incapable
“ of altering my tastes; pleasure must be
“ spontaneous; I cannot force my heart
“ to dance with hope, to throb with delight.
“ A year ago, those sensations came to it
“ without a prompter.

“ The knot is tied. Adela will, I trust,
“ be happy with her Vallancy; gay, I
“ should rather say, since neither of them
“ seems to understand the pensive spirit of
“ happiness. They know not how much
“ two intelligent hearts can bestow. There
“ is a little world within the soul, to which
“ they

“ they have never penetrated ; it was surely
“ reserved for the unprosperous, or those,
“ at least, who have no part in the revolu-
“ tions of fortune. It is the paradise of ad-
“ versity, into which the great cannot enter.
“ This Sir Frederic gives me pain ; his at-
“ tentions are now too marked to be mis-
“ taken ; yet, will he not be explicit enough
“ to allow me the privilege of explanation.
“ I have repeatedly avowed before him, my
“ election of the single state : he has seen
“ with what firmness I withstood raillery
“ and even reproach ; he will, perhaps,
“ spare us the mutual pain of rejection. I
“ fear my father is interested in his success.
“ How often have I wished that he had
“ another daughter, who could enter into
“ his views of life, and gratify that ambition
“ of which I am unable to participate ! I am
“ grieved to discover this eternal barrier
“ between us : sometimes he looks at me
“ with such pleasure, and so kindly antici-
“ pates my wishes ; he even permits me to
“ be his almoner, he desires me to distri-
“ bute

“bute a part of his property in charity. In such moments I would give the world to make him happy ; every thing, but my heart, and that is inalienable.”

Immediately on the marriage of Vallancy and Miss Rouvigny, they set out accompanied by Cordelia, on a tour through Wales, from whence they proceeded to Ireland, with the intention of spending some months among the beautiful scenes of Killarney.

The bride had a villa in the neighbourhood of Mucrufs ; which having been her father's birth-place, was on that account particularly selected for their retreat. It was a house in the cottage style, erected at the foot of Greenhill, and commanded various interesting views of the lake.

Cordelia was charmed with the retreat ; but she soon found that it was sufficiently accessible to society. Several of Vallancy's acquaintance were in the neighbourhood, as tourists ; with whom many parties were formed ; and many aquatic excursions projected.

jected. The first week brought another visitor, who, to the Vallancy's at least, was neither unexpected, nor unwelcome: this was Sir Frederic Mowbray, who had suddenly discovered some serious call of business to Dublin, and most ingeniously contrived, that his friend De Lille should have the same motives for taking the journey. Sympathy did not, however, conduct the latter to Greenhill; he contented himself with paying a visit to one of Sir Frederic's friends, at about forty miles distance, where he was sufficiently near to watch the progress of his suit, and to aid it with all his parental influence. As he was persuaded that Cordelia had no correspondence with Altamont, the Baronet hoped to find her disposed to receive impressions in his own favour; he trusted she would be stimulated by pique or jealousy, or ambition, to give him encouragement; but he was deceived; her rejection was decided, though softened with assurances of esteem, and professions of friendship.

Cor-

Cordelia imagined he professed too much delicacy and generosity to persist in his importunities; but, she also was deceived; he renewed his solicitations, enforced with all the eloquence of Mrs. Valancy; he even protested he should relinquish hope, but with life.

Cordelia, shuddering at his vehemence, exclaimed, "When you know all, you will retract this sentiment."

For the first time it occurred to him, that she might have formed some clandestine engagement, and he cried with unguarded warmth, "Surely you cannot belong to another?"

"I will not deceive you. I have formed no engagement, but to you I dare not be dissingenuous. You asked for my heart, and it cannot be given twice. After this frankness, you will not I am sure renew the only subject which can ever make a breach in our friendship."

Disconcerted by her ingenuous simplicity, he took her offered hand in sullen silence;
but

but soon recollecting himself, replied, "But
 " if that heart should be reclaimed, should
 " you be but once convinced, that it has been
 " thrown away on one who cares not for
 " the gem I would give my life to purchase ;
 " should it be proved that the man pre-
 " ferred to me is an ungrateful prodigal,
 " will you then, Cordelia, condemn me to
 " despair ?"

" I did not expect, Sir, my frankness
 " would extort such cruel insinuations, but
 " the heart which had been so blasted
 " would be unworthy of your acceptance ;
 " and pardon me if I add, that were I once
 " so cruelly deceived, I should lose all faith
 " in human virtue."

Sir Frederic perceiving he had gone too far, passionately conjured her to pronounce his pardon.

" Well, then, let all the past be consigned
 " to oblivion ; let this be a farewell to the
 " subject."

" It will be more easy to say farewell to
 " life, Cordelia."

She left him with extreme sadness; seriously alarmed by his perseverance, and anxious to extinguish those hopes she could not realize. She immediately wrote to her father, avowing what had past, and entreating his permission to return with him to England. Though naturally timid, the apprehension of exciting his displeasure, was less powerful than the dread of failing in her own internal fidelity to Altamont. For the rest of the day, she avoided her importunate lover; and in the evening, when the company went as usual on the lake, contrived to separate herself from him entirely, by going in another barge. Vexed at this desertion, he proposed to Mrs. Valancy to land at the peninsula, to explore the habitation of a recluse, who had for some time lived in this neighbourhood. Though averse to society, he had been occasionally met in his lonely rambles, and was often seen in a light boat, navigated by an Irish boy, who formed part of his small household. He was supposed to be fond of music,

music, as the minstrels of Killarney were often hired to play on the lake, which was at a short distance from his sequestered dwelling. Mrs. Vallancy's curiosity being strongly excited by this description, the whole party landed at Camillan Point. The path running over a ledge of rocks, proved tedious and fatiguing. Vallancy at length observed, he saw no vestige of any human habitation. "Yet," replied Sir Frederic, "you are now within a few paces of the entrance; that ash tree springs from the rock which conceals the roof."

Mrs. Vallancy advanced with redoubled eagerness, when lo! in the narrow pass before them appeared two men bearing a coffin, which was destined for the recluse. At this unwelcome sight she started, and insisted on turning back; she even returned with precipitation; and eagerly reentered herself in the barge, as if she had still feared she was pursued by the image of death. During this interruption, Sir Frederic regained his accustomed station by Cordelia. Some

of the company waited for the return of the two men, from whom they learnt, that the death of the recluse was occasioned by his having fallen, a few days before, from the cliff; some internal injury having caused his dissolution.

“ His name,” said Sir Frederic, observing she was interested in the subject, “ was as singular as his character : he was called Valsinore.”

“ Valsinore ! ” echoed Cordelia, with unutterable astonishment, “ are you sure it was Valsinore ? ”

“ Yes, that was the name.”

Is it possible, thought she, it should have been Altamont’s mysterious friend ? She was more reserved than ever to Sir Frederic. The name of Valsinore brought Altamont before her eyes ; and she could scarcely feel complacency for his rival. She was offended with his perseverance ; she secretly accused him of wanting delicacy and generosity ; and neither looked at him, nor spoke to him, but with repugnance.

That

That night Cordelia felicitated herself in her journal, on having taken the first steps to cure his passion ; but the next morning, she was not a little surprized to find him missing at the breakfast table. Mrs. Valancy informed her with much chagrin, that he had left the house at day-break, and without any intimation of his return. “ I am grieved, wrote Cordelia, that I treated an old friend with such unkindness : why would he not sooner prove that he possessed delicacy and generosity ? methinks I would fain soothe him with renewed assurances of my esteem and friendship.” These reflections prevented her not from thinking of Valsinore : but the subject was distasteful to Adela, and the house was full of company, and resounded with music and merriment.

On the third evening after Sir Frederic’s departure, she excused herself from attending her friends on the lake, and indulged her pensiveness with a ramble to Mucrus Abbey ; once the venerable seat of monastic

learning, and still the popular place of interment. On approaching these venerable walls she passed an oak, that appeared coeval with their foundation ; and on entering the grove of ash-trees leading to the church, she seemed to have suddenly plunged into the shades of night : she found the doors of the Abbey open ; a funeral procession having just crossed the cloister, towards the cemetery, unattended by the crouds and boisterous clamours, so common with the Irish people. The pall had but four supporters, and was followed by as many mourners, whose silence deepened the impressions of religious solemnity. Cordelia approached with secret awe the patriarchal yew ; whose dusky foliage, fitfully moved by the bat's rustling pinions, threw over the antique pillars, and each long-echoing aisle a sort of superstitious gloom and fearful obscurity ; whilst every object presented an image of death, or a memorial of desolation. She advanced to the narrow postern through which the procession had disappeared, and
which

which evidently conducted to the chambers of the dead. As she lingered near the portal, she recalled Altamont's description of his sensations on descending to Herculaneum; and was still meditating on this subject, when the procession re-crossed the cloister, and she observed that one of the mourners was missing; it immediately occurred to her, that he was perhaps the only one really interested in the fate of the deceased, and that he had returned to the grave to weep unobserved. Touched with this reflection, she waited for his return, till she fancied she heard a deep groan; pity giving her courage, she was advancing towards the passage whence the sound proceeded, when she felt her arm grasped; and turning round, beheld Sir Frederic Mowbray. It required some fortitude to suppress the emotion of terror this sudden apparition excited; but her own agitation seemed not equal to his. He trembled as he drew her away, exclaiming, "Cordelia, whither are you going?" "let me bear you from this house of death."

She was at first passive from surprize; but when she reached the extremity of the cloister, she recollected the groan, and entreated him to return to the assistance of the solitary mourner.

“ Let me first see you in safety,” replied he, hurrying her on, till they again emerged to the open day, where she perceived De Lille, who, at Sir Frederic’s request, undertook to explore the cloisters, whilst he attended Cordelia to the cottage.

In their way, he informed her, that having met with her father on his way to Dublin, he had returned with him to Greenhill, “ Not,” added he reproachfully, “ again to offend you with my importunities: I am going to another part of the country. I should not even have staid here one night, had I not been alarmed for your safety, by hearing of your solitary ramble.”

“ And what danger could be apprehended in this peaceful spot?”

“ Oh,

- " Oh, there is danger every where. —
" Have you seen no one ? "
" Only a funeral procession."
" And had you really no motive for
" visiting this spot ? "
" What motive should I have ? I know
" no one ; and have not exchanged a syllable
" with one human being."

Evidently relieved by this assurance, he endeavoured to divert her attention to another subject, by observing, that the funeral she had seen was that of the recluse.

- " How !" cried Cordelia, " of Valsinore ! and have I unconsciously followed
" him to his grave ? "

- " And what interest then have you in
" his name ? "

- " Oh, the strongest interest possible :
" but it is not my own secret, and I have
" no right to divulge that of another."

Sir Frederic again eyed her with suspicion, and walked by her side in gloomy silence. When they reached the house, they found the Vallancy's, who rallied her

on her taste for solitude; but cordially welcomed back her companion. Scarcely waiting to receive their compliments, he hurried out to meet De Lille, with whom he at length returned, with a still more perturbed aspect. After the first salutations, De Lille announced his intention of taking back his daughter to England. Mrs. Vallancy protested it was impossible: but Cordelia insisted on obeying her father's summons.

"It is true," said he, "I am come rather abruptly: but I do not despair of restoring her to you a few weeks hence. I have at present serious motives for claiming her society."

Mrs. Vallancy again resisted: but when she heard it was his intention to commence the journey on the morrow evening, she became almost offended: since she had formed a party for Innisfallen, and could not submit to Cordelia's absence. De Lille was at length compelled to promise that she should partake

partake of the excursion, before Adela would be appeased. He then drew his daughter aside, and said, "You see, Cordelia, what I do to oblige you."

"And I trust you will not find me ungrateful."

"But if I was destined to fly to another country—if I was forced to go to *France* instead of *England*, would you still accompany me?"

"Can my father ask that question?"

"You would not then repine at exile?"

"Not with my father."

"Well, be ready for your departure; we must commence our journey to-morrow evening. I have been unfortunate, but whilst I have such a daughter I shall not be unhappy."

Cordelia, who had expected reproofs and displeasure, was so touched with this unlooked for kindness, that she melted into tears. The solitary mourner and the recluse were dismissed from her mind; even the

influence of Altamont yielded for the present to her filial sentiments: and she longed most ardently to discover the cause of her father's uneasiness, and to administer sympathy and consolation.

CHAPTER XX.

ON his late rejection, Sir Frederic had immediately repaired to the house at which De Lille was visiting, to consult with him on the best means of vanquishing his daughter's inflexibility. The disappointed father, who had just received her application for permission to return with him to England, at first suggested schemes of severity; but to this Sir Frederic would by no means consent: he insisted that he should have recourse to artifice and address, and rather operate on her generosity than her timidity. It was then agreed, that he should acquiesce in her present wishes; but that in taking her to England he should communicate an exaggerated account of his losses at play, confessing he was under the strongest obligations to Sir Frederic's liberality.

“ And

“ And what do you expect from this plan ?” asked De Lille.

“ Every thing, if you manage wisely ; for the present, however, you cannot be too prompt in conveying her from Ireland.”

De Lille submitted to this advice, and they travelled together towards Greenhill ; when stopping at Killarney to give some orders respecting letters, they saw entering the inn a person in whom they easily recognised Altamont.

At this unwelcome apparition Sir Frederic exclaimed, “ We are betrayed ; he has carried on a clandestine correspondence with Cordelia.”

“ In that case,” said De Lille, “ she would not have wished to leave Greenhill.”

“ You are mistaken ; that is merely a feint to amuse you, whilst she conceals a plan for the elopement.”

“ My dear Sir Frederic, this is so extravagant, so totally unsuited to her character,

“ter, I will pledge myself his appearance
“is accidental.”

He then privately applied to the landlady, from whom he learnt that Altamont had been for several weeks in the habit of frequenting her house, from whence he was accustomed to make excursions in the mountains of Kerry. He was just returned from a long pilgrimage to Iveragh, and was to sleep at the inn that night, but on the next morning to take his departure to explore the beauties of the lakes. De Lille insisted on this circumstance as a proof of his daughter's innocence. Sir Frederic's suspicions were at length appeased; and as they proceeded to Greenhill, it was determined that no time should be lost in transporting Cordelia to some spot where she would be in no danger of meeting with Altamont.

On their arrival they were almost equally alarmed to find her absent, and both were again ready to impute to her the most complicated duplicity. Luckily, a servant, whom she had passed in her lonely walk, was enabled

abled to apprise them of her movements, and by his direction they traced her to the abbey, where her ingenuous simplicity almost dissipated Sir Frederic's former impressions. He concurred, however, strongly with De Lille in conceiving it necessary to remove her immediately from Greenhill. The latter having lately been engaged as second in an affair of honour, was to allege the necessity of withdrawing for some time to France. Cordelia was to be the companion of his flight: Sir Frederic was to join them at a convenient season, when either artifice or persecution was to extort her consent to their union. Had De Lille trusted implicitly to his daughter's integrity, he would have revolted from so desperate an expedient; but, duped by his own artifice, he was incapable of generous confidence, and doubted not that Cordelia would seize the first opportunity to elope with a favoured lover. Sir Frederic, on the other hand, who distrusted all mankind, scarcely relied even on De Lille's friendship, and wished to

involve him in some labyrinth of iniquity, which should render their interests inseparable.

During these machinations, Altamont, who had seen in the papers an account of Vallancy's marriage, but was wholly unsuspicious of his being in Ireland, left Killarney to proceed, according to Haller's directions, to his sequestered retreat.

Since his first arrival in the country he had not seen his venerable friend, who had been stationary near the lakes, whilst he himself had visited the scite of his forefathers by Ballyshannon, and penetrated to the remote region of Iveragh.

He had taken his departure from Killarney at an early hour, and with the assistance of a guide, who had been previously sent to the inn for the occasion, and which was simply an experienced dog, had no difficulty in discovering the entrance to the cottage, which, though built almost on the water edge, was completely screened from view by a rampart of projecting cliffs. His faithful

faithful scout, who belonged to the cottage, eager to return home, clambered up the rock, and struck into the little shelving path which led to this retired dwelling. Haller appeared resting on a rock before the house; one hand crossed on his breast, the other supporting his venerable head. His eyes were fixed on the ground: he raised them at Altamont's approach: they were glistening with tears.

“ You are welcome, my young friend;
“ I cannot say, indeed, with joy, for of
“ that sensation I am no longer capable,
“ but with satisfaction and affection. Since
“ our separation, I have parted from the
“ only being to whose mind I could refer
“ for the register of my own past recollections: he was a remnant of myself — my
“ coeval — the survivor of my youth. These
“ are the last drops of nature: to-day, I
“ can only think of him; to-morrow, we
“ will talk of other things.” He then conducted him to the house, the entrance to which was by a window, reaching from top
to

to bottom, which in warm weather was left open, a lattice being let down, which at once excluded the rain and admitted the air. There were two rooms, one within the other, on the ground floor, and as many on the floor above. The furniture was extremely plain and simple; but Altamont was surprised to observe a head of Christ, by Guido, placed by one of Raphael's Madonnas. Haller then put into his hands a letter he had received from Woodville, who from the deficiency of evidence had been necessarily liberated, and had embarked with his family for Canada, where a small appointment had been procured him by the interest of Vallancy. In this affecting letter he took an everlasting leave of England, in which he could no longer hope to enjoy an unblemished reputation.

“ He who has been arraigned cannot be
“ cleared without a public trial, and, till
“ thus absolved of delinquency, has forfeited all pretensions to the confidence of
“ his countrymen. Farewell, then, to my
“ dear native country, of which I am no
“ longer

“ longer worthy to be called the son, and
“ in which my children must be disgraced
“ by the memory of their misguided father !
“ Farewell to you, my generous benefactor,
“ with whom, at a happier season, I should
“ have been proud to hold communion, but
“ whom I could not now meet without the
“ anguish of reproach ! . Let not Altamont
“ suppose I can ever cease to cherish his re-
“ membrance, though I scarcely regret
“ having been spared that solemn parting
“ which is to prove eternal. Never could
“ I have been readmitted to the privileges
“ of his friendship. A suspected criminal is
“ no associate for upright honourable men ;
“ any coalition with my dishonoured name
“ would sully his unblemished reputation.
“ I am a weed which must be rooted from
“ society ; I have been a brand plucked
“ from the flames, and am now moulder-
“ ing in silence and oblivion. In my wife
“ and my children I still possess objects of
“ tender endearment. May I but live to
“ secure peace to the one, and to lay the
“ foundation

“ foundation of respectability for the other !
“ May I but guard them from the errors on
“ which I was wrecked ! May I but pre-
“ serve them from that too sensible pore of
“ feeling, that restless imagination, by which
“ my principles were undermined, my rea-
“ son perverted, my peace and integrity
“ destroyed, and I shall not have lived in
“ vain ! I shall perhaps die with the sweet
“ consolation that my sons are making a
“ happy voyage, though their father was
“ fatally shipwrecked !”

Altamont was deeply affected by the perusal of this letter ; and whilst Haller was engaged in looking over some papers committed to his care by his late friend, he left the cottage, and took a ramble, exploring the beauties of the lake. It will easily be divined to what point his fancy was attracted by this delicious landscape—the thoughts of Cordelia ; no other object was wanting to render this romantic spot a paradise. After having gazed long on the majestic sweep of mountains, whose deepening shadows

dows were reflected on the smooth-translucent lake, he was suddenly attracted by a little sylvan path, closely fenced by the delicate ash and silvery birch, whilst the crimson blossoms of the *Arbutus* spread luxuriantly along the cliff. He turned into this umbrageous path, and beheld, instead of the capacious lake, a serpentizing stream, a river, or rather a rivulet, flowing under the base of the towering cliff, and forming between its wooded banks a little sheltered bay. Altamont paused with delight on this scene of seclusion, when suddenly he heard a strain of music, which should seem to have been wafted thither by enchantment. He listened in delicious amazement, when suddenly the sweeps of the measured oar fell on his ear, and he perceived, as shooting from the woods, an elegant barge, with its gaudy pennon and sprightly company, followed by a smaller boat, from whence issued sounds of delightful music. Altamont, though himself concealed, had a distinct view of the party ; but what was his emotion when he beheld
first

first his friend Vallancy, and then, seated between De Lille and Sir Frederic Mowbray, his Cordelia! He scarcely breathed or moved for astonishment, and anxiously strained his sight to take another and another glance. But the first moment of joy was cruelly alloyed by jealousy; and rushing from the spot, he hastened back to the cottage to impart his discovery to Haller, who gravely answered, "It is true; I find they have been some days in the neighbourhood?"

"And is she married, or engaged?" cried Altamont. "Not married, surely?"

"I know no more at present, but shall hope to see her to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed Altamont, whose eyes seemed to add, "and why not to-day?" Haller noticed not his emotion; he was writing something by which he seemed deeply affected. Altamont turning away, internally exclaimed, "He was right when he said there could be no friendship ship

“ship between youth and age, for there is
“no sympathy.”

Though no longer capable of relishing the beauties of nature, he continued to wander on the margin of the lake. A variety of vessels was exhibited on the water; many of them were destined for Innisfallen, which is the fairy region of love and pleasure. The Vallancys were to dine in the grove of ash trees which shade the ruins of the abbey; from thence, till the evening, they were to wander in little social groupes, with a promise of re-assembling for the dance in the ivy-covered oratory that overtops the cliff. Ignorant of this arrangement, Altamont repeatedly climbed the highest bank of the peninsula, poring through his pocket telescope, with the hope of descrying the barge on its return. After repeated disappointments, he began to relinquish expectation, but he still mechanically hovered near the spot from whence he had snatched that momentary glimpse of Cordelia.

It

It was now late in the afternoon, and dark voluminous shadows were falling from the mountains, when suddenly a white cloud appearing in the horizon, their lofty summits were wrapt in a mist of darkness; a tremendous clap of thunder reverberated from the hollow cliffs, the waters of the lake were agitated; the white spray mounting over the flood, which presented the mimic waves and billows of the ocean. Altamont, who had so long wished for the appearance of the barge, now rejoiced in its absence; still he looked with a sort of uneasy solicitude towards the lake, and was struck with the perilous position of a little skiff, which contained but three persons: a gentleman, a lady, and the rower, who had imprudently diminished the labours of the oar, by extending his flimsy sail. Though tossed on the flood, the boat still seemed capable of preserving its balance, till it came near the one-arched bridge on which he stood; here the current becoming stronger, the gentleman tore down the sail, and by that move-

ment overfet the boat, Altamont, who had anticipated its fate, and confided in his skill in swimming, precipitated himfelf from the parapet, grasped the lady's robe, and continued to draw her towards the fhore. He at length bore her to a little cove into which a fifherman had juft pushed his fkiif for fhelter; he defired the man to row to the affiftance of the other fufferers, whilft he fupported his fenfelefs charge towards the cottage.

Hitherto he had only followed the dictates of humanity. The lady's long difhevelled trefles were fpread over her face, and completely difguifed her features; but in removing this matted veil, he difcovered, almoft increduloufly, the countenance of Cordelia. His agitation, on this difcovery, almoft deprived him of the power to make any efforts for her affiftance; happily, however, he met with the male domeftic of the cottage, with whole affiftance fhe was foon fheltered under its quiet roof, where the old houfe-keeper,

keeper, under Haller's directions, pursued the proper means for her recovery.

She had been thrown into this perilous state by the imprudence of De Lille, who had persuaded her to steal with him from the party at Innisfallen, under the pretext of proceeding immediately on their intended journey. He had laid such stress on this point, that she became anxious to fulfil his wishes; and, not doubting that the Val-lancys would easily forgive this clandestine movement, when they knew by what motive it was dictated, she eagerly assented to his proposal of engaging a little boat, which had been plying round the island, to transport them to the opposite side of the lake.

The execution of the plan was facilitated by the party having dispersed in various groupes through the island; and De Lille and his daughter had been long absent before they were missed by any of the company except Sir Frederic Mowbray, whose duplicity was sufficiently punished, during the storm, by the tortures of suspense.

Unable to suffer in silence, he imparted his suspicions of De Lille's elopement; and as soon as the elements were cleared, embarked in the smaller vessel, in pursuit of the *deserters*.

On arriving at Mucrufs, he found De Lille, who, by clinging to the keel of the boat, had floated towards the narrow channel communicating with the inner lake, where, by grasping some branches of birch and ash, he had gained the shore in safety.

The boatman, whose senses had been previously dulled by libations of whiskey, had swam across the lake; but no traces were discovered of Cordelia. De Lille fancied he had seen a person leap from the bridge to her assistance; but the impression was vague and unsatisfactory, and he fully participated with his coadjutor in the torments of shame and suspense, of terror and remorse.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT was long before Cordelia gave any signs of returning animation ; by degrees she began to have a most painful consciousness of existence : every object swam before her ; she fancied she was in a cabin, and opening her eyes, looked around for the imaginary waves. A cup was presented to her lips, of which she tasted, and then sunk into a heavy slumber. On awaking, she observed a venerable form, familiar to her eyes, though the name had escaped her remembrance ; she was again lulled asleep, and awoke no more till the morning, when she was so perfectly recovered as to have a distinct recollection of what had befallen her ; and observing an old woman sitting on a chair by her bed-side, she asked for her clothes, and became extremely importunate to leave her apartment. The house-keeper, who being Flemish, was by no

means familiar with the English language, instantly called in Haller, who, having quieted her apprehensions for her father's safety, promised to gratify her curiosity, when she should join him at breakfast. Her drenched garments had been dried by the housekeeper's care, and she soon descended to the parlour, where she found only Haller, who thus addressed her :
" From your astonishment on meeting
" me, I should almost conclude you were
" ignorant of my having been in this
" country, yet your father met me the
" other evening in Mucrus's Abbey."

" Good heavens ! were you, then, the so-
" litary mourner ? did you follow the re-
" cluse to the grave ?"

" I did, Cordelia. . In returning to the
" church-yard I met your father, and an-
" nounced my intention of seeing you in a
" few days. In reply he gave me an in-
" formation, at which I was somewhat sur-
" prized, that you were on the eve of
" marriage ; I presume, with Sir Frederic
" Mowbray."

" Impossible !

"Impossible! could my father say so?
"impossible! His news, then, was prema-
"ture; he deceived you, Sir."

"You, perhaps, deceive yourself; you
"may not know how much your affections
"are engaged."

"Yes, yes, I know, I feel I shall never
"be the wife of Sir Frederic Mowbray."

"Well, well, let us drop the subject.
"When did you see Altamont?"

"It is long, indeed."

"When did you hear of him?"

"That, too, is long. He is dead to us
"all; he has renounced our friendship."

"Have you then heard nothing of him?"

"Nothing, but that he corresponded
"with one Mrs. Woodville. I know not
"who she is."

"I do; that correspondence does him
"honour."

"'Twas all calumny, then," exclaimed
she, half rising from her seat; "my heart
"told me he was incapable of baseness."

"I will confide to you one secret respect-
"ing him, Cordelia. He has just won my

“ eternal gratitude, by preserving your
“ life.”

“ Was it he ? Then my life shall ever be
“ precious for his sake.”

Here Altamont, who had been purposely placed within the inner room, rushing from concealment, threw himself before Cordelia, who shrieked with surprise ; and, leaning back on Haller, concealed, under the air of terror, her excess of joy and tenderness. “ Compose yourself, my child,” cried Haller, “ and I will soon remove your
“ perplexity.”

After some time passed in mutual expressions of delight, from the pleasure of an intercourse so painfully regretted, and so unexpectedly renewed, Cordelia called upon Haller for the promised explanation.

“ You remember,” said the venerable sage, “ I left in your hands the manuscript
“ of Cornelius ; and I doubt not you have
“ both grieved for his many sorrows. The
“ manuscript put into my hands by Altamont, was merely a manual of monastic
“ devotion ; that which I left with you, as
“ its

“ its substitute, contained my own history.
“ I was once that Cornelius. Your father,
“ Altamont, was my kinsman. I, too, was
“ that Valsinore, who endeavoured to repair,
“ by present kindness, former injustice.”

Exclamations of wonder burst from his auditors; and both enquired, at the same moment, who then was the Valsinore who lived here so lately.

“ That you shall soon hear. The name
“ of Valsinore had often been assumed by
“ my friend Albert in his youth; and it
“ was, perhaps, from some association with
“ his memory, that I was induced to annex
“ that signature to the letter I left with
“ your widowed mother. I had previously
“ borne a French name; on my return to
“ Germany I exchanged it for Haller, by
“ which I have ever since been known.
“ On my first arrival in Europe I had re-
“ solved not to make any enquiries respect-
“ ing my own or Sufanna’s family, lest I
“ should relapse into that dreadful state
“ from which I had been so lately restored.

“ Many years had elapsed ; and I was, in
“ many respects, become a new being,
“ when I accidentally heard of Albert’s
“ domestic misfortunes : his wife had proved
“ unfaithful ; his daughter had eloped with
“ an adventurer ; he had renounced his
“ country, and, having lodged his property
“ in the Hamburgh bank, lived in total
“ seclusion from the world. By his annual
“ demands on this bank I ascertained his
“ existence, without being able to discover
“ his retreat. It was from Baron Rou-
“ vigny I first learnt that he had a grand-
“ daughter, not unworthy to claim affinity
“ with my Sufanna. To see you, there-
“ fore, Cordelia, was one of my motives
“ for visiting England ; and my sole in-
“ ducement for cultivating your father’s
“ acquaintance. From your account of
“ the monkish manuscript, I conjectured
“ that Albert might have been the person
“ who had assumed the name of Valsinore ;
“ and that, instead of having perished in the

“ Avalanche, he had selected some other
“ place of retirement.

“ Pursuing this hint on my return to
“ Germany, I learnt, from my banker, that
“ Sir John Mordaunt was certainly living
“ in Ireland, but by what name was un-
“ known. I soon after learnt of a recluse
“ near Killarney, whose unsocial habits cor-
“ responded with the account I had re-
“ ceived of Albert. It was to pursue this
“ hint that I arrived in this romantic
“ country. I had in my possession a short-
“ hand copy of the history I had left at
“ Beachdale, written in the character I
“ had been accustomed to employ with
“ Albert in my youth. I connected it with
“ the monkish manuscript I had received
“ from Altamont, and prepared to explore
“ his lonely dwelling. Happily, however,
“ on the same day I went to the church
“ at Mucrufs, where it was whispered that
“ the strange man was come to perform
“ his devotions. I kept my eyes fixed on
“ this object; but though I had before
“ tried

“ tried to imagine all the alterations which
“ time might have produced, I was shocked
“ to find myself unable to discern one
“ vestige of Albert’s countenance. After
“ the service I followed his steps, and took
“ the opportunity, whilst he was distributing
“ alms to some poor children, to ask if he
“ could direct me where to find a person
“ of the name of Valsinore. He hesitated
“ at the question, but at length asked my
“ business; I stated, that I had certain
“ papers to surrender to his possession. He
“ looked perplexed, and yet invited me to
“ attend him home.

“ In the way we conversed on various
“ subjects, but his observations were always
“ tinged with misanthropy. When he
“ heard that I was a solitary, unconnected
“ stranger, he regarded me with more
“ complacency. When I accidentally
“ mentioned my birth-day, which was
“ within three days of his own, he ex-
“ claimed, ‘ Then we came into the world
“ nearly at the same moment.’ Observing

“ the satisfaction he derived from this pas-
“ sive sympathy, I intimated that I had
“ known many heavy calamities, but was
“ restored to tranquillity; he shook his
“ head, and coldly answered, there were
“ some wounds never to be healed. When
“ we reached his cottage, he invited me in
“ homely language to take refreshments.
“ I was again alarmed by the idea that it
“ could not be Albert, who had been
“ always remarkable for elegance and cour-
“ tesy. Not to offend, however, I ac-
“ cepted his offer; and, at parting, had an
“ invitation to repeat my visit. I returned
“ on the next day, and for many succeed-
“ ing ones, and thus made with him, by
“ degrees, a new acquaintance: at length,
“ speaking of Switzerland, I mentioned the
“ manuscript in my possession, as belonging
“ to a person of his name; and put into
“ his hands, with the monkish manual, the
“ history of my own adventures. He fixed
“ his eyes on the latter, exclaiming, ‘ I
“ should know this character, I have still
“ the

“ the key.’ He unlocked a cabinet, from
“ which he drew out a folio, with the help
“ of which he began reading my manu-
“ script. I stole out of the room unper-
“ ceived, surprized at my own strong emo-
“ tions : it seemed almost beyond my faith
“ to conceive the possibility of having met
“ with one so nearly related to Susanna.
“ At length I arose, and returning to the
“ room, beheld him, with his eyes full of
“ tears, alternately looking at the manu-
“ script and a miniature he held in his
“ hand. On seeing me he started, and, in
“ a tone of displeasure, said, ‘ And pray,
“ Sir, who are you ?’ At that moment he
“ had dropt the miniature, which I hastily
“ picked up, and beheld a picture of my
“ wife, taken in early life. I could not
“ now answer his question, I could only
“ articulate Susanna ; by that name was
“ our negotiation made ; and we seemed
“ mutually restored to the affections of our
“ youth.”

Here

Here Haller paused, but checking his emotion, proceeded : “ To be brief, I discovered that he had long wished for this meeting ; we determined not to separate ; we even ventured to form a plan for futurity ; you know how suddenly this has been reversed. Previous to his death, he had made a new will.

“ But here, Cordelia, I must frankly confess, that I have failed to obviate his scruples respecting his vow : he has left his whole property to another ; on one condition, however, that you should marry his heir.” Cordelia started. Altamont threw an anxious glance on Haller, who continued : “ And I confess, I trust you will not refuse to ratify this compact.” Cordelia had raised her eyes in wonder : but they were cast down in tender confusion. When he added, “ For your love is due to him, who has preserved your life.”

Here Altamont protested, that he would not usurp Cordelia's rights. But she recovering

covering from her first amazement, declared, it was an act of justice. Haller, delighted with their contest, joining their hands, exclaimed, "My children, your hearts have ratified the compact; and let the last wishes of the dead be sacred."

Cordelia made a gentle effort to withdraw her hand: but it was obstinately resisted; and she tacitly acquiesced in the sentence. But when Haller was leaving the room, no longer able to restrain the feelings recalled by memory, she cast on him a wistful glance, as if she would have deprecated his desertion. At that moment the latticed door was pushed open, and Sir Frederic Mowbray rushed into the room, exclaiming, "You shall kill me first." Terrified for Altamont, she threw herself before him, as if to implore the Baronet to withdraw. When frantic with rage, he discharged his pistol, and she fell back senseless on the couch, supported by Altamont. "What have I done!" cried Sir Frederic; "take my life! I am a villain!" At that moment the

vene-

venerable Haller, issuing from the other apartment, arrested his hand, which was now raised against his own existence—“Unhappy man, what frenzy is this?” Luckily De Lille and Vallancy, who had both watched his steps, now entered the apartment, and forced him from the scene, on which he had committed such atrocious violence. He had been prompted to this desperation, by hearing from the fishermen, who had assisted Altamont in carrying Cordelia to the cottage, that she had been preserved by a young man, whom he instantly divined to be his rival. At this news he snatched up his pistols—was rowed across—clambered up the bank, and stole to the latticed door, where he heard enough of Haller’s relation to be satisfied that he had nothing to hope for. Possessed with fury, and resolving that Altamont should fight for her, he rushed into the apartment. The sudden impulse of tenderness betrayed by Cordelia, inflamed his rage; he was no longer a rational being; and till he saw her fall, apparently

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vene-

“ committed murder.” In a short time, however, it appeared, that the medical assistance procured by De Lille was not unnecessary. The agitation of her spirits had completely disordered her frame; and in a few hours, she was in a high fever, which for some days menaced her existence. During this anxious interval, De Lille and Vallancy prevailed on Sir Frederic to withdraw to France; and in his cooler moments, he was not equally eager to part from existence. He consented to travel, and thus escaped the pain of hearing of Cordelia’s union with another. Cordelia was removed as soon as possible to Greenhill, where Mrs. Vallancy, perfectly apprized of the obliquity of Sir Frederic’s conduct, heartily felicitated her friend on her firmness, and gave a most friendly reception to Altamont; who was cordially reconciled to her husband. De Lille, ashamed of his late artifice, no sooner saw his daughter restored to health, than he quitted Ireland, went abroad, visited Germany, and having at length obtained the
title

title of Baron from the Emperor, finally settled in that country.

Altamont, at the suggestion of Haller, purchased the family-estates, and the seat of his father on the banks of the Shannon. Haller himself consented to occupy an apartment in this mansion. On the day that Cordelia became its mistress, her venerable uncle said to Altamont, “ I trust you
“ will prove yourself worthy of your happiness. You once wished yourself a Roman:
“ believe me the Briton possesses a much nobler name. You once repined at finding so
“ little scope for enthusiasm ; be assured the
“ age you live in, will command the reverence of posterity. I have lived long
“ enough to measure the progress of improvement. Had the same liberal spirit
“ prevailed in my youth, I had never been
“ an alien from my native country ; had
“ the same establishment for education then
“ existed, I had never imbibed the prejudices which proved so fatal to my tranquillity. If you would be a true patriot,
“ you

“ you must be a philanthropist. In diffu-
“ sing knowledge and benevolence; in pro-
“ moting habits of activity and virtue; in
“ giving lessons of morality, and examples
“ of happiness, you will at once exalt the
“ honour of your own country, and the
“ dignity of the human race. You will
“ equally establish your claims to the cha-
“ racter of a Briton, and a friend to the best
“ interests of mankind.

From the period of his marriage, Altamont, dismissing those reveries of fancy, in which he had wasted so many precious years of youth, became a zealous advocate for useful pursuits, and both in public and private life, discharged his duties to the community. His residence was fixed in Ireland; for in reclaiming the honours of his house, he did not desert the father-land to which he owed them. His winters were spent in Dublin, but, in the summer, his house was the seat of hospitality. Neither his mother nor Mr. Bruce could be persuaded to leave Switzerland,

Switzerland ; but Mrs. Winifred, with her favourite Aleck, found a happy asylum near the grateful Altamont ; Celia Gladwin became his constant guest, and, in the contemplation of real happiness, almost forgot the dreams of fancy.

Haller transferred his fund of charity to his native country, establishing schools, improving agriculture, promoting the best interests of the community. He lived to witness the assembling of two families, in the children of Vallancy and Altamont ; and to welcome Woodville's sons, who, at his suggestion, were sent to Europe for education. On such occasions, Haller was restored to the sensibilities of youth ; he examined the countenances of the children, and gave to each a paternal benediction—" Oh ! happy beings," cried he, " to have been born in an age like this ; your minds will never imbibe the errors which embittered my life. May they discharge their debt of patriotism and humanity ! As long as there shall exist one prejudice founded on selfish feelings, to narrow the sphere of usefulness.

“ usefulness and felicity, to check the course
 “ of piety and benevolence, mankind are
 “ not truly civilized, and the christian is
 “ disappointed, whilst the philosopher is
 “ unsatisfied.”

IN the beloved land of his fathers, enshrined in the hearts of all who had known, or who have heard of the excellence of this disciple of virtue and philanthropy, the mortal remains of the venerable HALLER now peacefully rest. A simple stone, with the following inscription, alone attests the place :

Blest be this spot where HALLER lies ;
 No cloister'd walls to guard his tomb ;
 'Tis open to the changeful skies,
 And deck'd with Nature's gayest bloom,
 On this dear shrine no tapers burn,
 But sun and stars their radiance shed ;
 And, sweeter than the incens'd urn,
 A snow-white shroud the lillies spread :
 The lark, too innocent to mourn,
 Chaunts his blithe matin to the dead.

Blest be this spot—'twas here, that last
 He watch'd the slow-departing sun ;
 A tender wistful glance he cast,
 As though he deemed his race was run.

That

That eve, as in the social hall
He took, 'mid friends, his 'custom'd place,
His soul to each o'erflow'd — on all
He smil'd with venerable grace :
He seem'd to feel the whisper'd call,
And Hope shone radiant on his face.

That night, when all unheard, unseen,
His filial pray'r to Heaven had sped,
(Clasp'd were his hands, devout his mien)
'Twas then the immortal spirit fled.
None heard his last, his murmur'd sighs,
If such his parting spirit breath'd,
The joy of heav'n was in those eyes,
That peace and love to earth bequeath'd.
So sweetly was life's farewell made,
His debt to man and nature paid.

THE END.











